

Chatelaine

March

1933



10¢

Nation-Wide Comment on the Domestic Servant Problem

Why
Risk this
Danger?



Wet or stormy days mean fogged windows in a conventional-type closed car.

Why
Suffer this
Discomfort?



In the cause of safety, windows must often be kept lowered on rainy days, regardless of the driver's or passengers' comfort.

Fisher

No Draft I. C. V. Ventilation

(Individually Controlled Ventilation)

Ends These Annoyances!

The Fisher No Draft Ventilation system inaugurates a new era of comfort and safety for everyone who drives or rides in an automobile.

Ever since its introduction, this remarkable Fisher development has been hailed by motorists everywhere as the most important advancement in motoring comfort and safety since the advent of the closed body.

And this is why the new Fisher No Draft Ventilation system is proving such an outstanding success:

It entirely eliminates the annoyance of chilling drafts; it abolishes the dangers of driving with clouded windshield and windows; and it does away completely with the inconveniences and unhealthfulness of a close, stuffy atmosphere within the car.

This new ventilation system is extremely simple to operate, and very effective in its results. It makes possible a constant circulation of fresh air without a single discomforting draft.

It puts complete *individual* control of ventilation at the command of every passenger. It avoids dangerous fogging of windshield and windows without letting weather into the car. And it provides a greatly increased volume of fresh air for comfort on hot summer days.

But, to appreciate fully this truly remarkable advance in motoring safety and comfort, have the Fisher No Draft Ventilation system demonstrated at any General Motors salesroom, where you may also view the many other impressive new value-features of Bodies by Fisher—in General Motors cars.



Exclusively in CADILLAC • LASALLE • MCLAUGHLIN-BUICK • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET



A sunny corner with a cheery floor..

JUST picture yourself at breakfast in this charming nook. The morning sun dances on the warm amber of its walls. Its gay linoleum tile floor bids you a smiling "Good Morning". Could you start the day in a cheerier setting?

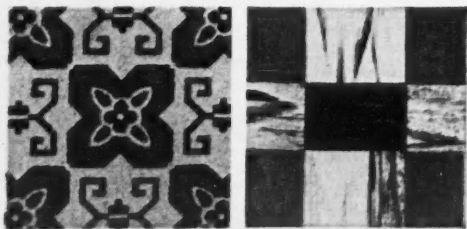
The new Dominion Embossed and Straight Line Inlaids lend the same charm and brightness to every room . . . with designs for each and a range of colours to suit all tastes.

Put character as well as colour in your floors with these fine Inlaids that offer you the beauty of Old-World tiles in warm, resilient, permanent linoleum.

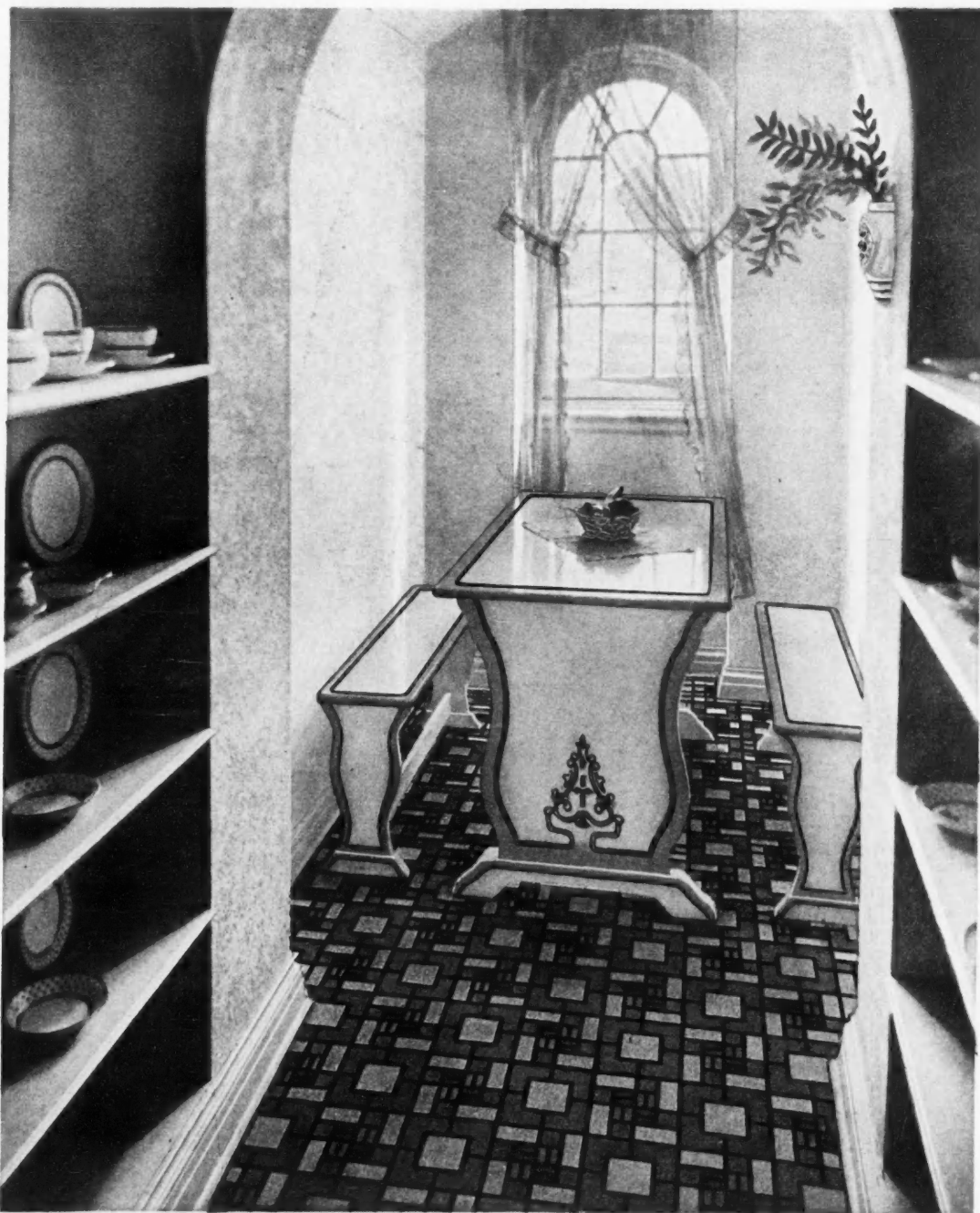
Dominion Embossed and Straight Line Inlaids all feature the famous soft-lustre Domolac Finish, for easy cleaning and to give them that mellow loveliness heretofore attained only after frequent polishings.

At all floor covering dealers.

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COMPANY, LIMITED
MONTREAL



Patterns illustrated above are 7079 and 7309.
Pattern shown on floor of breakfast nook is 8513.



DOMINION *Inlaid* LINOLEUM



FAR BETTER for BABIES

—and better for cooking, too

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that you have when you use this pure, safe, uniform milk "From Contented Cows".

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Carnation Milk is superior because it is *protected at the source*. You cannot take good milk out of a can unless you put good milk in. The Carnation field force sees that nothing but the best milk reaches a Carnation condensery.

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Every mother, every housewife, will be bountifully repaid for reading two booklets—"100 Glorified Recipes" and "Contented Babies". They are free. Write for them to Carnation Co., Ltd., Aylmer, Ont.

TUNE IN the Carnation "Contented Hour" every Monday evening—international chain of NBC stations, including CKGW (Toronto) and CFCF (Montreal).

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[to the specialist who prescribed]
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Carnation Milk

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BRAND OF EVAPORATED MILK

A CANADIAN PRODUCT - "FROM CONTENTED COWS"



Chatelaine

"Mistress of her Castle"

This magazine is equipped to serve the chatelaines of Canada with authoritative information on housekeeping, child care, beauty and fashions, and with entertaining fiction and articles of national interest.



H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor

GEORGE H. TYNDALL, Business Manager.

HERE'S hoping, friends, that you're going to find a well-balanced diet in the pages ahead. Your editorial staff has worked and planned for many weeks to prepare it. And just as you have probably felt a little sad sometimes when, after an afternoon's preparation, a dinner is eaten in half-an-hour, so we sometimes consider sadly that our weeks and weeks of work are read in a few evenings. But then come letters from women who tell us how their issues are passed on from friend to friend; from those who have saved copies for many months; and from others who say that "Meals of the Month"—as an instance—is pinned inside their kitchen cabinet door for constant reference. And just as chatelaines throughout the country plan their menus that their family may grow strong and vital, so the *Chatelaine* plans its editorial menus that our readers may find a growing interest, hours of real enjoyment, and much that is of practical help a woman cannot do without.

The stories this month are widely varied in their themes and ideas. R. V. Gery, a writer of vivid action stories, has set his "Strange Girl" to bewilder us with her mystery, among the mists and wooded shores of the Bay of Fundy. Mr. Gery is living in Toronto, although for many years he was out West. Allan Swinton hails from beautiful Victoria and brings us a story I found particularly intriguing—"Chances"—set on the Western coast. Margaret Barnard, of Montreal, wife of the well-known writer, Leslie Gordon Barnard, has a charming idyll of the St. Lawrence River and the Quebec Festival—"Bateau from St. Luce." How little Canadian writers have explored the charms of Quebec as vivid settings for their stories! And what charming sequences there are awaiting our writers! "Bateau from St. Luce" could only have been written and told of Canada, although its theme is as old as time. By way of contrast comes "Kid Sister," the story of a girl who loved a man who had not learned to love her, and an amusing tale, "We Men Must Stick Together."



It is with particular pleasure—as the stage folk say—that we present the prize letters in our recent contest, "Why I Have a Good Mistress," for an astonishing amount of interest has been discovered in the human stories from maids and mistresses in all parts of Canada. Undoubtedly this is one of the dominant questions of the day for Canadian women, whether we are concerned with the happy management of our homes and our maids, or for the happiness of our daughters who must choose between a constant struggle in office work, or the natural life of home-making in someone's household. And since this is one of those questions which can best be settled by frank opinions from those who know most about it, *Chatelaine* is going to follow the matter through with further practical suggestions from women in all parts of Canada.

It's a question that's worth taking seriously, for if domestic service could be put on a professional basis there would be thousands of happier young women in the country today.

Next month brings a notable event—a new animal story from Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, dean of Canadian literature. In the April *Chatelaine* you will read of the adventures and indiscretions of "Tabitha," a blue Persian who was taken to the Muskoka lakes and met many strange adventures there. "Tabitha" will be one of those stories every magazine wants—a story which everyone will enjoy. There will be a "first" story from a new young writer from Montreal, Jean May Burt—"The Adoption," which strikes a new note. And, in contrast to this "first" story, will be one from a well-known favorite—an Easter story by Norma Phillips Muir—and many others as well. Don't forget that it is always a great help to us in the office to know which stories you liked best in any issue.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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Chatelaine



STRANGE GIRL

MY SIX-TON YAWL, *Valerie*, flounced over the bar at the river's mouth, swung over on to the other tack, and headed for the tiny jetty that was ours, and the clump of heavy trees about the house we called home.

I was at the tiller, and rejoiced in the familiar sights as the little ship ran onward. It was six months since I had seen any of them, and *Valerie* had had many strange waters beneath her keel since last she had set out from the estuary among the marshes. All down the Atlantic seaboard we had been, the three of us—for Spike Murphy must here be introduced, the scarlet-headed longshoreman who is the best small-boat hand in the Americas and a born adventurer to boot—across to Havana, dodging for weeks among the jewelled islands of the Caribbean; finally a long leg home again, to Fundy and its mists and tides, and the purple flats by the sea. I had been given money to burn—we are a rich family in these times, and the Hewetson pearls have been famous for a quarter-century—and thus I was in the habit of burning it, to the no small scandal of my old Aunt

A mystery serial that will keep you guessing to the end

Euphemia, who waited for me up in the house among the trees.

I was casting my mind forward to her welcome, and the precise reproaches she would have ready for me, when Spike, lying forward at the headsheets, cried out and pointed. I stooped, peering under the boom, and stared in astonishment.

A new craft was on our placid river. Normally, and for the years I have known its calm stretches, there was nothing there save *Valerie* herself, an odd flat-bottomed fishing dory or two, and once in a great while a brown-sailed schooner with coal. The place was a nook of quietude, set away from the rush and scurry of commerce and the jar of modern things; we kept it so, of set purpose, and maybe because

we ourselves were more than a little old-fashioned and outdated. Even *Valerie* was a veteran, stout and well-found as she might be.

But this craft that came roaring down the straight reach between the marshes was something new. Thirty knots at least it must have been making, a curved wall of water flung high from each bow, its wake a seething track of churned foam. In the fashion of speed-boats, its stern stood high out of the water, knife-edged and somehow menacing; there was a raked-back cowl behind it, with a man's head peering over the top, leather-capped and goggled against the wind, and I found intimidation, too, in its expressionless stare, and the shoulders hunched as over a wheel.

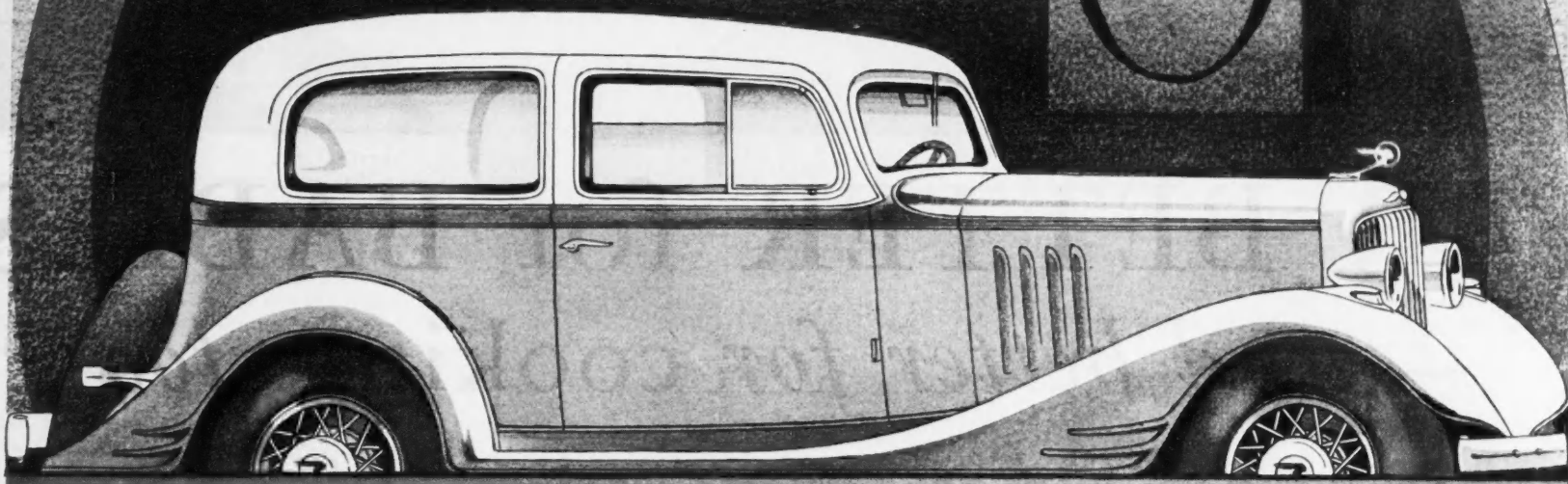
By R. V. GERY

There's a **NEW CAR**
in the **LOW PRICE FIELD**

AND IT'S A

Straight

8



P O N T I A C

IGNORE all past limitations. Forget traditions. Open your mind to what has been impossible until now . . . a new car with Features suggested by Canadian Motorists themselves in their replies to the questionnaire of the General Motors Customer Research survey . . . a Pontiac Straight Eight so sharply reduced in price that it is now definitely in the lowest price field. You'll find sleek Fisher bodies styled in the brisk, modern, air-stream manner, with grilled V-radiator and sweeping, anti-splash fenders. Closed models have Fisher No-Draft Ventilation, the greatest automotive advancement since the advent of the closed body. And a mighty 77-horsepower engine develops new power . . . new top speeds. Pontiac is capable of rocketing from a dead stop to 60 miles per hour in 26 seconds. Two years of research and 750,000 miles of actual road testing were required to place such performance within reach of such low price.

If these advantages are face cards of value, consider this ace . . . operating costs have been as drastically cut as original price. You don't have to put up with "little" car standards today. Try all the low-priced cars, then look at Pontiac . . . the new Straight Eight that trims everything in sight—including your motoring costs!



WHAT 30,000 MOTORISTS TOLD US

This "Automobile Buyer's Guide" summarizes the results of our recent survey among Canadian motorists. Not an advertisement, this book provides information which you will find valuable in choosing your next car. Write for free copy to Customer Research Dept., General Motors Products of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario.

with the **NEW FEATURES** *Canadians asked for*

- | | |
|--|--|
| FISHER NO-DRAFT VENTILATION, INDIVIDUALLY CONTROLLED | ★ LOUVRES IN PLACE OF PORTS ON THE ENGINE HOOD |
| ★ NEW SAFETY GLASS | ★ COWL VENTILATOR, FULLY SCREENED |
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| | AUTOMATIC, HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS |



THE
ECONOMY



8

★ Stars indicate features especially asked for by Canadian motorists 30,000 strong as expressed in their replies to the unique automobile questionnaire sent to them during the General Motors Customer Research Activities.

THE GREAT CANADIAN VALUE PRODUCED IN CANADA



I thought I saw his face change, and the woman, girl rather, looked up quickly. "At your service," I said, a little stiffly. There was a note about him I did not like.

looked as finished a fool as I felt. Then the unknown, whoever he was, turned quietly about and marched off along the quay once more, with Spike and me watching him. As an exit it would have been difficult to beat; our friend took all the honors of the field with him.

"Well," I said to Spike, "of all the . . . What on earth have we walked into here?"

"Dunno, sir," said Spike unemotionally.

MY AUNT EUPHEMIA awaited me on the steps of the house, looking like something out of a bygone age in her black bombazine, silver spectacles, and with her hands folded before her in the attitude of meekness that is so completely misleading.

"Humph!" she said at sight of me. "Back again, eh, Mr. Burt? About time, I should imagine."

She is seventy, my aunt Euphemia, my father's sister, and a notable plain-spoken old party. Plenty of people are afraid of her for her caustic tongue and the thin-lipped clever smile which may mean so very many things. Here in this backwater of ours she had ruled the roost for years; but our Fundy solitudes were not by any means, her true setting, one always felt. She had been places and done things forty, fifty years back, adventuring with my adventuring father, before he came home to the old house among the trees, to the life of old-fashioned ease with my mother—somehow one sensed that it was that that had killed him early—and my own upbringing. In that last my aunt Euphemia had had more than a hand, after my mother had followed her husband into the shadows.

"Back again, aunt," I said to her. "And about time it is, considering the kind of welcome I'm getting."

She cocked her head on one side and regarded me quizzically. "So?" she enquired. "And what might you mean by that, Mr. Burt?"

"Mean?" I said to her, not without heat. "What's the matter with this place, anyhow? There was a lunatic in a speed-boat in the river, and a gunman on the quay—"

My aunt was standing on the top step, looking down at me with the expression I had seen any time these twenty years—the expression of half-amusement at the antics of a little boy. "Lunatic, eh?" she said half to herself. "No, hardly. Jason Harg's no lunatic, Mr. Burt."

"What do you know about him?" I asked.

She grimaced a little at that, turned and went indoors, while I followed her, mystified and angry. There was something about this business that was beginning to get heavily on my nerves.

My aunt Euphemia led the way into the long drawing-room, with its haunting scent of pot-pourri and the glass cases of curios from all over the East, that she and my father had brought back with them so many years ago. She fits into the setting of the room now beautifully, with her manners of another day, and one might expect her to have a high-backed chair there, and to sit knitting or reading works of devotion or busy over a patience deck. The chair is there, and she dropped into it now, but otherwise the details are inapplicable, for my aunt Euphemia does not knit, within human knowledge; her reading is beyond me for variety and height of flavor, and I doubt whether she has touched a card in her life.

She waved me to a seat. "Now, Mr. Burt," she began, with the old vinegary tang in her voice.

"Now—" I said. "What's all this, aunt, about this man Harg? What's been happening here?"

She threw me a look across the top of her glasses.

"You saw him, then?" she asked.

"Saw him?" I exploded again. "Of course I saw him! Couldn't help it. He was nearly aboard us in that racing affair of his."

"Did he speak to you?"

"Said he'd be seeing more of me. Uncivil kind of a cuss, I thought."

My aunt burst into a cackle of eldritch laughter.

"Uncivil!" she said. "Burt, you'll be the death of me yet. Uncivil—Jason Harg!"

There are limits to what even a placid temper will endure. I had come to the end of mine.

"See here, aunt," I said. "There's enough of this nonsense. Out with it! What's in the wind? Tell me or I'll find out for myself." And I got up and went to the door. With my fingers on the handle she stopped me.

"Come back, Burt," she said, in a low voice, "and talk to an old woman."

I went back. This was the first time I had heard my aunt Euphemia refer to herself so, or confess the years, and that in itself was startling enough to turn me. Her appearance, too, had altered; she seemed suddenly frail, almost defeated.

"Well," I said, "what is it, aunt?"

She looked at me doubtfully. "Jason Harg," she said. "Burt, you must be careful of that man."

"Why?" I asked. "Who is this Harg, anyhow?"

My aunt came as near a sigh as I have ever heard from her. "Who?" she said. "I'd give a deal, Burt, to be able to say I didn't know. He's something—something out of a past I'd hoped I'd forgotten. Out of the old days in the Indies, Burt."

Her sharp old eyes roamed round the room, over the carved and feathered trinkets behind the glass cases, the minor treasures Tom Hewetson and she had brought back with them from their mysterious wanderings; then they met mine once again. She was obviously extremely perturbed about something. I waited for her to continue; and at once regretted it, for there was a knock at the door. I got up and opened it; Spike Murphy stood outside, and there was indignation upon his honest ugly face.

"He's here, Mr. Burt, sir!" he said, and withdrew.

Spike considers himself privileged where I am concerned; but this intrusion of his tarry, {Continued on page 31}

Illustrated
by
HENRY
DAVIS



"Who's this, Spike?" I said and beckoned him to look. "Beyond me, by cracky!" He had risen to his feet and stood clinging to the weather stay. "Wonder what he's doing here, anyways."

"We'll know soon enough," I said. "He's making for us." He was, and in a minute he slackened the stuttering bellow of his engines to a murmur, swung about our stern in a wide circle, and paralleled *Valerie's* course, not twenty yards distant. I saw he had a woman in the cockpit with him.

He thrust the goggles back from his forehead and looked across to me—a crag of a head, with bleak blue eyes and the jowls of a Roman emperor. I thought, here is someone not too safe to trifle with; and his hail—deep, harsh, peremptory—only went to confirm the impression.

"Ahoy!" he called, and placed himself at once as a seaman, for all his racing driver's get-up. "Stranger here?"

I grinned. "Scarcely," I said. "Lived here all my life—over in the trees yonder."

I thought I saw his face change, and the woman—girl, rather—looked up quickly.

"Um!" he said, a kind of deep-chested grunt that might have meant anything at all. "You'll be Burt Hewetson, then?"

"At your service," I said, a little stiffly. There was a note about him I did not care for.

He edged his white-painted vessel nearer and favored me with a long inspection.

"Jason Harg," he said, in the manner of one making an announcement rather than as an introduction. "Be seeing some more of you, I reckon!"

And with that, while I had my mouth open to make a conventional reply, he threw wide his throttle and went roaring and bouncing off over the quiet river. The girl in the stern looked backward as they fled.

I gaped at Spike Murphy, and Spike at me. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" I said. "What was all that about, anyhow?"

Spike said nothing for a long time. He is an inarticulate fellow at best, which doesn't in the least signify any lack of

intelligence. He has a way of noticing things, and then packing them away in his red head for future reference, that I have found useful often enough.

So here we were at the ramshackle jetty, and *Valerie's* mainsail was lowered and in process of housing, when he looked up at me, lace in hand.

"Did ye see the woman?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," I said. "Not to notice, though, except that she was young. What of her?"

Spike was holding the lace in his mouth now, and mumbled through it without looking up at me.

"Scairt!" he said. "Plumb scairt, Mr. Burt, sir."

"Scared!" I said. "What d'ye mean, scared? You're seeing things, Spike, my lad."

He only grunted in his stolid way and continued to put *Valerie* to bed with deft hands. "Scairt sure enough, Mr. Burt," he pronounced finally. "Ye didn't see her eyes—"

"No," I said irritably. "And what were you doing watching them, Spike? Better be careful!"

"Yes," he said, without hesitation. "I'll be careful, by cracky! Ye don't see that kind of look on anyone without there's a meaning for it. Oh, yes, I'll be careful with Mister—what was his name, now?—Harg. Don't keer for the look of him."

Well, privately, neither did I. But I have a reputation to keep up with Spike.

"Nonsense!" I scoffed. "The land's turned your head, Spike. He's a queer fish to look at, but you've nothing else to pin on him. What's he doing here, though?"

Spike was in the cabin for a last tidy round. "Dunno, sir," he said. "Likker, mebbe."

"A bootlegger—here!" I laughed. "Not likely. Miss Euphemia'd have him out of it in two twos. No, that's not it, whatever it is . . ."

I stopped, for Spike had thrust his head out of the cabin doors, and his expression altered abruptly as he looked over my shoulder. I turned hastily, and there was a man standing on the stringer of the quay not a dozen feet from me.

He was a queer looking customer, whatever Harg had been. A little rat of a fellow, yellow skinned and dark-eyed, in a trim brown suit of some thin material or other; small handed, small footed, and with an indefinable air of agility about him. He was bareheaded, and stood with his hands in his pockets, staring down at us expressionlessly.

"Well?" I asked sharply. "What is it? This is a private wharf. Who are you?"

He did not reply, but his wary glance swung over *Valerie* and ourselves; then he turned away, still with his hands in his side pockets, and began to slither on along the little quay.

I was beginning to grow very warm at all this mystery, for things I don't understand have a way of stirring my temper. I jumped out and ran after him.

"Here, you!" I snapped. "Turn round and let's have a look at you. What's your business?"

He walked on, unhurrying, as if he had not heard. He didn't even look aside.

I took him by the shoulder—and it was, as I suspected, hard as iron—and whirled about.

"Talk, will you!" I said viciously. "What the deuce d'ye mean, hanging round here?"

He stood balancing himself on the balls of his feet, and instinctively I braced for a backward jump. His eyes, the color of gun metal and perfectly blank, were flickering up and down me, as if taking in the details of my appearance for some future purpose. This cool scrutiny destroyed the last remnants of my temper, and I took half a pace forward, threateningly and with clenched fists. The man remained quite still, but the eyes steadied and caught mine with the intense, half-expectant glance of the fighter.

Spike suddenly shouted behind me. "Look out, sir! look out! He's got a gun!"

I dropped my own gaze and observed at once that he was gripping something far too suggestively in his right coat pocket. My hands automatically fell to my sides, and I detected the ghost of a grin on his sallow cheeks.

For a moment we stood there so, and I have no doubt I

"Bob'd get a kick out of hearing you say that. He may be a great doctor to you, Sis. But as far as I can see, he's just an interne, and married at that. He's got as far to go as you have."

In the passing months, Marie lived the life of a "probe" nurse. Up at six-thirty in the morning, when the dew still wet the grass. Then twelve hours of work. Long weary hours for some girls, but for Marie an adventure.

She learned how to smooth white linen sheets into a bed, soft as a baby's blanket. Old Abigail smiled when she passed. "Lordy, there's no lumps in the beds you make, child. I couldn't be more comfortable in Kingdom Come." Marie's hands had the nurse's touch. The magic touch which patients feel—the gentleness of genius. Her sponge baths were like the warmth of spring sun, her bandages comfortable as old slippers.

And her trays had a hominess about them. She broke the buttered toast in old man Welton's soft-boiled eggs—because his eggs tasted better that way. She hunted up a checkered bib for rheumatic Mr. Sprout—he always had one at home. For the smart young Mrs. Croydon, she garnished food with green parsley and made fancy cups from lettuce leaves.

Under her care, even the crankiest patients tried to reform.

NURSING TRAINING began in earnest. She studied dietetics, learned how to balance a diet, plan nourishment which coaxed life back into sinking bodies.

She went through all the fascinating departments of the hospital. The chemistry laboratory, for blood counts and physiological research—with its spotless test tubes, green and red chemicals in scientific bottles, shining microscopes. The X-ray room, a scientific wonderland where invisible rays sought out secrets no eye can see. The general wards, long lines of white beds. The surgical rooms, strong with the ether smell. The maternity wards, and the children's rehabilitation department, where shrewd fingers of orthopedic surgeons straightened twisted legs and arms, and put smiles back on children's faces.

She tried not to think of Robert, and never quite succeeded. Robert is a doctor. I am a nurse. And I am happy. Then she would break off thinking.

Their work in the same hospital brought them together frequently. If Marie had ever loved him, Robert never suspected it. To him Marie always remained the kid sister of his closest friend—a pal almost like his own sister, a pal to be ducked in the swimming pool, danced with at parties, and remembered at birthdays. Nothing more.

Marie watched him grow from an interne clumsy as a young puppy, to a rising young medical man whose opinions were sought by older heads. Robert was darkly handsome for a doctor. Most of the doctors were old men, with pointed beards and trousers that weren't always white and pressed. Robert was tall, and carried himself like a military man. The medical chief used to tell the young internes, "Take a tip from Doctor Catton. That man is a scientist, an explorer after truth. But don't forget that a doctor has to have a bedside manner too. He has to be a man people like and admire." Marie gloried in his rise, and was happy.

MARIE and Dr. Catton were working late in the research lab. Marie always called him "doctor," never Robert. And Doctor Catton called her "Marie," never nurse.

Marie lifted one of the tiny white mice from its cage, placed it carefully on the scales, and read the weight. "The little fellow is getting fat—just like you said he would, Doctor."

Robert put down his notebook. "You know, Marie, sometimes I think I couldn't carry on my work alone. I'd get tired of talking to white mice. It's pretty lucky for me that John's kid sister likes research. You've given up night after night. And after working twelve hours too. When I write up the research notes, you go down as joint-author."

"No, doctor, I can't take credit for your work. Besides, I'm not doing it for myself, or even for you. I'm working because it's important to babies . . ."

Dr. Catton's black eyes followed the revolving cage of white mice. Round and round. The cage spun round and round. Life goes round like that, generation after generation. A tiny seed falls in black soil, shoots tendrils through the earth, the tall tree rises, rises, rises toward the sun. Tonight they were working with white mice, weighing, recording, eagerly following new thoughts, rejecting false starts, praying, hoping—for what? For new generations as yet unborn, for new lives, new destinies.

"Marie," he said.

"Yes, doctor?"

"I wasn't going to tell you. I thought I'd let you be surprised. But you're the best nurse here. I want you to take care of Shirley. She's going to have a baby."

"Mrs. Catton is going to have—a baby!"

"I hope it's a boy. You'll take care of Shirley, won't you?"

"Yes, doctor." And she turned back to the white mice.

THE hospital rooms have white walls. Shirley was looking at the walls, they didn't seem clear. She seemed to see Robert, and a nurse, and a baby, and white walls.

"A boy—just what you wanted, doctor, she smiled at him."

Marie placed an ice-pack on Mrs. Catton's head. Shirley seemed better now. She looked at Marie. "Having a baby is exciting. But I feel so dizzy. Almost like I'd had too many cocktails. It's foolish for a mother to talk like that, isn't it, dear? You must have a baby yourself some time. But my head is so dizzy."

Robert stood near his wife. "Try to rest," he said. "The boy is great, Shirley. He looks just like you. A flaming little red-head."

Shirley was unquestionably beautiful. Delicate gobs of curly hair, auburn like the tones of some of Leonardo's paintings; gay eyes, big, and round, and blue; petulant lips that could pout sometimes, but



"You will take care of Shirley, won't you?" he said.

better than I do. Of course I don't really mean that. I mean, you seem to know just what to do with babies. Why didn't you ever get married?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I wasn't asked."

"I can't believe it. Everybody gets asked. But really if you do get married I don't think you'd ought to marry a doctor. Doctors are such responsible people. They never laugh at life. I'd recommend—well, ah, a musician, or an artist, or a writer. Or a great actor in a musical show would be very nice too."

"I think you should try to sleep a little," said Marie. She tucked the blankets around Mrs. Catton, and drew the shades. Then she walked down the hall, to the white mice.

THE YEARS raced by on flying feet. For Marie, they were five busy years.

When she graduated as a nurse she might have taken up private duty at a very respectable salary. Instead she chose hospital work—the tedious hours, fatiguing work with cross patients, endless trips back and forth down the endless corridor.

"In a hospital," she would say, "people are really sick. The kiddie patients are helpless as new-born kittens, and just as lovable. I'd go wild working for a society doctor. Saying 'Yes Madam' and 'No Madam' to neurotic ladies with more money than sense. I couldn't do it. I like the research in hospitals—finding new ways of making people well; making life longer and richer."

She loved the children's ward. When the board of trustees had voted new decorations, the superintendent assigned Marie to work with the decorator.

She and Miss Brandon, the interior decorator, designed a kind of children's paradise. The ugly white walls were covered with fantastic pictures, friendly toy lions with yellow hair, jacks which jumped from gorgeous colored boxes, monkeys riding the long-necked giraffes, clowns with big red noses, brown gingerbread houses, yellow sunflowers growing from nowhere, and a bright circus parade. They didn't stop with the walls. "A turkey is no good without the trimmings," she told the superintendent. And when the superintendent had cudgelled more [Continued on page 34]

lips to be kissed. Beside her, Marie felt plain and ordinary.

In the following days, Marie got to know Shirley better. While bringing her trays and cool drinks, fluffing her pillows, and reading by her bedside, a bond of sisterhood sprang up. Marie better understood Shirley's charm. It was a wilful charm, the charm of a half-spoiled girl who rushed about in a world of balloons, bursting them for the sheer joy of hearing the pops. A gay girl in a world of laughter. A smiling girl in a world without care.

Shirley's eyes looked up at the white walls. "I hate hospitals," she said. "Don't hospitals give you the willies?"

Marie smiled and kept on reading.

"Will you please stop reading, nurse? Stories give me frightful headaches. Or if you want to read to me, read something important—something like the tags on the flowers."

"Orchids, 'with love, Bob.' The lilies of the valley, 'from your mother.' Tulips, 'from Sybil.' Orchids, 'a song from Larry.'"

"Oh, Larry sent me orchids. How adorable! How simply adorable! You know Larry is a great musician. He writes all the popular songs, and he says I have a great voice."

Marie smoothed the pillow.

"Of course, you mustn't misunderstand me. Doctors are very nice too. Bob is a dear. But he thinks white mice are more important than bridge. And he calls evening clothes 'waiter-suits.' And he isn't a good dancer at all. Are you married, nurse?"

"No." Marie colored slightly.

"And you're so fond of babies. I believe you like mine

Illustrated by Kay Avery



Shirley had all the charm of a smiling girl in a world without care.

KID SISTER

By Howard W. Roper

IN TEN MINUTES he will walk down this aisle. Robert will walk down the aisle. And he will be married.

Marie looked about the quiet church. A thrush sang on the sill of an open window. Light shone through the red and purple glass windows, through the brown of Jesus' beard. The ushers walked back and forth, or talked in little groups. Two girls giggled. The church was sweet with roses.

In five minutes he will walk down this aisle . . .

Marie pressed her lips together. Her eyes strayed across the church. How serene the landscape looks through church windows. The green of the grass on the hills, the brittle whiteness of the marble stones, the green and whiteness blending together.

No, I mustn't think foolish things. Robert would never understand. "Your brother has the sweetest kid sister in the world." He used to tell me that. Of course he meant it. If he didn't mean it, Robert wouldn't have said so. But why did he have to marry her? Her of all the girls. I wish I could cry out, "Robert, you don't know! Your love-blind eyes cannot see Shirley Remington." No, that would sound foolish in church. People don't cry out in church . . .

The church was filling up. The organist played Grieg's Pastorale, softly like the light of the altar candles. The chantry was a garden in bloom. Pernet and Talisman roses banked the altar.

Two girls giggled. "I think weddings are so exciting. Shirley will like her wedding. Shirley always likes exciting things. But Robert isn't her type at all. I'd never have said that Shirley would marry Robert. Imagine Shirley a doctor's wife!"

The strains of the Pastorale died down. The organ burst forth in the triumphant tones of Lohengrin.

The bridal procession entered the church. Shirley was a piquant bride. Auburn hair peeked through her long veil of old Belgian thread lace. Her feet danced lightly under her train. She looked like a musical comedy bride, a toy-bride in a make-believe world—but the strains of Lohengrin were real.

The bride and groom met in the chantry. The best man fumbled for the ring. The bridesmaid started to titter; the minister looked severe. Robert and Shirley joined hands. The church was very still, even the thrush had stopped singing. The church was sweet with roses. It was over now. The organist played Mendelssohn's wedding march.

Friends and relatives crowded to the vestibule of the chantry. The church was full of people pressing forward to the receiving line. It was over now. It was as if it never had been. Marie slipped quietly through the open door.

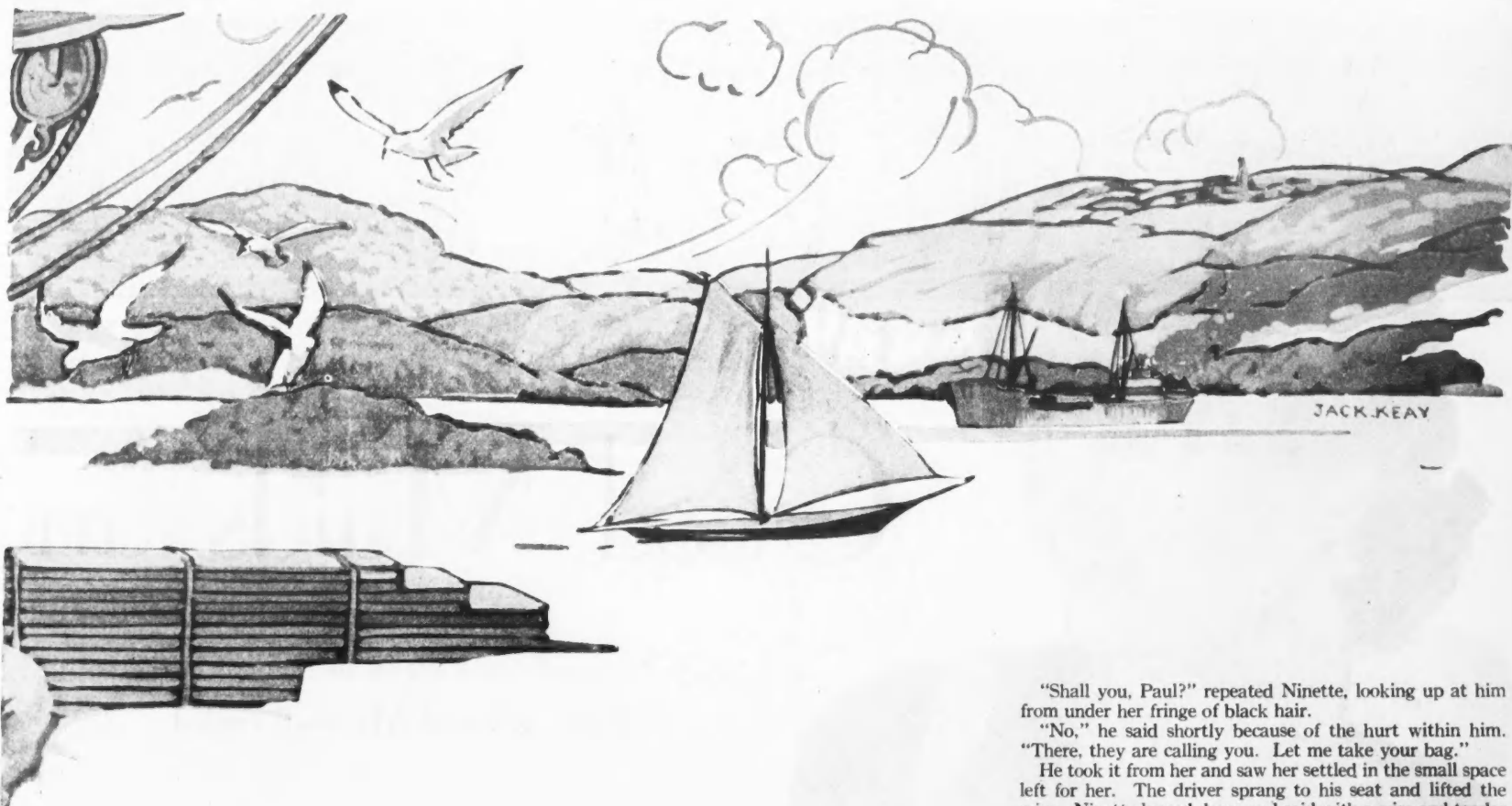
THE NEXT DAY Marie fingered the garments of a probation nurse. The blue and white uniform. The jaunty blue cape. In the uniform of a student nurse, she looked older than her eighteen years.

Marie was not a beautiful girl. Her brown hair combed straight back gave her face a suggestion of maturity, of strength. Her mouth was not the Shirley mouth. She looked a bit as Florence Nightingale must have looked, a girl in England.

Nursing ran in her blood. Some girls could pick a dozen careers with equal chance of success. They might become executives building in the business world, or real estate agents, or stylists and designers. But not Marie. She had a surer, but a single talent. Her heart was in her work.

Her brother John smiled. "Gee, Sis, I'd hardly know you. You can't fool me, hiding behind all that blue. You're still my kid sister, and I'm going to beat you a game of tennis."

"Go on play with your building blocks," laughed Marie. "Can't you see I've got a serious job? I've got a date with a scrub pail and mop. I'm not crazy about that end of nursing. But don't you suppose Robert had to learn unpleasant things, before he became a great doctor?"



was jealous of it as he had been of no man—yet. He bore resentment in his heart for the niece of Madame Troismaisons whom he had never seen. It was she who detected the quality in Ninette's voice when Ninette had been at the convent in Quebec a year ago. From that discovery of Sister Marie-Joseph had come extra training, and finally, the invitation to sing at the great festival of French folk-music at Quebec. From it, too, Paul was not unmindful, came these few days on the river.

Fortunate it was, he thought, that this trip up to Quebec with a consignment of lumber, came just in time. Ninette's people were better pleased to have her go with Donat and Madame Beaurivage in the *Sir Wilfrid* than by train. And Madame Troismaisons, who was to spin at the *Château* for all the world to see an almost lost art, would look after her well. In Quebec they would stay at the convent, and when the festival was over, they would return to St. Luce again on the *Sir Wilfrid's* outward trip with a cargo of mixed merchandise for the isolated hamlets of the south shore.

Nature smiled on them from the beginning. There was no need to run up the huge brown sail on the forward mast. Donat Beaurivage preferred the slow, steady punk-a-punk, punk-a-punk of the engine to a wind, which, however much it might fill the sail and speed them up river, would bring with it from the east smothering pockets of fog. The sun shone down on new green, and freshly turned earth, diminishing patches of snow that still lay, like lace shawls, on some of the farther hills. High fleecy clouds played hide-and-seek with the hamlets of whitewashed cottages scattered in the coves. The right hand shore of the river gradually became visible, growing in two days from a faintly perceived haze to more discernible heights. Ships, inward and outward bound with early travellers, long low freighters flying flags of many lands, rakish coasting vessels of no pedigree at all, were the daily companions of the *Sir Wilfrid*. The river danced and sparkled with the joyousness of release from winter emptiness.

When the vegetables for dinner were all prepared, and such household tasks as existed in so small a compass completed, the two elderly women would sit and rock comfortably on the tiny sheltered space aft. There they would talk, and never know satiation, of sorrows and deaths, of marriages and births, and things domestic, while staunch grey wool socks for her man lengthened under the flashing needles of Madame Beaurivage. Then Ninette would seek out Paul, and if it were not his turn at the wheel they would pile one straw mattress on the other and sit, watching the gulls wheeling in the sunshine above them, and picking out the familiar landmarks as they passed.

"Poor Paul," said Ninette on the first day, patting the ticking with her slim hand, "will you not be cold here at night?"

Her eyes, warm as the tones of her voice were turned upon him. Paul could feel them, but dared not meet them, so stirred he was by her concern for him. He kept his gaze on the slowly moving shoreline, where the spires of the village churches, like beckoning fingers, urged them onward against

the thrust of the strong and occasionally heavy current.

"We shall be well covered with blankets," answered Paul.

How tell her that he would gladly welcome cold that she might sleep in his bunk, cosy and secure from the night winds and frosty stars of May? He would do even more: he would lie on the hard boards of the deck with no blanket at all, if that would add for one moment to her comfort. But he could find no words to express all this. Suddenly, sitting beside her in the sunshine, a fountain of prescience gushed within him. This river, these days, were eternal, and they two were immortal.

THEN ONE DAY, from his place at the wheel, he saw far, far ahead and to the right, the outline of a great promontory. In spite of the gauzy blueness of its form it loomed fateful and inevitable against the sky. Quebec. Paul's feeling of godlikeness dropped from him at the sight, leaving him but a miserable mortal baffled by finite limitations. On that frowning height lay a world ready to snatch Ninette from him. If he could oppose it, do battle with it, conquer it, he would not dread it so. But he had the wrong weapons. There one fought with fine clothes, fine manners, fine surroundings, and Paul knew little of these. Homespun, the directness of simple dealing with his fellows, the open air and clean muscle, were all he had. Ninette was different. Her year at the convent had taught her something of those strange ways of life and brought her a measure of familiarity with them. No effort of Paul, however heroic, could sweep that from her experience. He grew morose as the great blue shoulder of rock grew nearer. The first gentle contact of the *Sir Wilfrid* with the timbers of the dock was to him the crack of doom.

He took no pleasure in the bustle of the wharf and busied himself mechanically with the preparations for unloading. Madame Troismaisons, voluble and perspiring, debarked with her treasure clutched in her ample arms. Two or three onlookers who were openly amused and pleased with the incident enraged Paul. They were of the world that would stare at Ninette when she sang in the towering *Château* above. They would crowd round her, flatter her, turn her head, and wean her away from the old things of her own people. Hating them Paul went blindly to the outer side of the bateau and let down totally unnecessary buffers.

"And shall you come to hear me sing, Paul?" asked Ninette.

She stood before him in her little brown hat and homespun dress, her bag in her hand. On the dock, Madame Troismaisons was picking the safest place in the cab from the convent for her spinning-wheel. Madame Beaurivage was struggling to help, with little success. The driver was putting Madame Troismaison's bag in the box behind. The horse drew an impatient hoof along the planks of the wharf.

"Shall you, Paul?" repeated Ninette, looking up at him from under her fringe of black hair.

"No," he said shortly because of the hurt within him. "There, they are calling you. Let me take your bag."

He took it from her and saw her settled in the small space left for her. The driver sprang to his seat and lifted the reins. Ninette leaned down and said with a wise and tender patience:

"I shall look for you, Paul."

Before he could mutter a reiteration of his intention not to go, they were off, with a thunder of hoofs on wood, and then a clatter on the cobbled way that led upward.

ALL DAY he worked furiously, trying not to think, but at night, when the stars reminded him of the days of his immortality, and Donat and his Madame had gone to visit friends, Paul made his way up the steep winding streets to stand in a dark doorway, gazing at the roof under which Ninette was sleeping.

Although he had said he would not go to hear her sing, his best black suit lay in his bag. On the following evening, as though driven by a force outside his will, Paul shook it out. The more decisive creases he tried to smooth away with his hand, but their refusal to yield was of small importance. He scrubbed himself shiny, shaved, and when the full moon stood above Cap Diamante, he made his way once more up the tortuous narrow streets to Upper Town.

As he went, his Sunday shoes of yellow calf none too comfortable on his unaccustomed feet, the world he feared and was braving for the sake of Ninette, came to meet him. The Terrace was not altogether strange to him. He had walked there before. But the thronging crowds and dazzling lights of tonight were bewildering. He wondered that Ninette, who so loved the smell of the sea-turn, and the scarlet partridge berries that clustered in the spruce woods, had cared to come here at all.

A definite trend of movement carried him with it to the wide entrance of the *Château*. On its very threshold he hesitated, a figure of alien simplicity almost engulfed by social complexities in which Caesar's superscription on a penny weighed more than a clean heart and an ancient faith.

"Fool!" said Paul to himself, but went in.

How he reached the huge ballroom, glittering with lights that seemed trying to shatter his eyeballs, he never knew. The hum of countless voices beat on his ears more painfully than ever the crashing of waves on the rocks of Gaspé. More painful still was the sight of the bare arms and shoulders of the women. When a group of singers, decently covered in the homespun that was more familiar to him than silk and velvet, appeared far to the front, Paul looked around him for signs of shame at the contrast. Lack of them increased his dislike for this strange *monde*, and the unaccustomed discomfort of a gilt chair added to his aversion. Only the prospect of seeing Ninette held him constant. He longed to see her now, with the longing of an exile for one familiar face. Deeper still was a craving to hear the freshness of her voice in this unnatural air.

And suddenly she appeared, as if from nowhere, walking easily on to the dais in front, distaff in hand, the winged cap of old Provence standing out on either side of her little brown face. She opened her mouth [Continued on page 30]

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY



An exquisite idyll of the
St. Lawrence River and
the Quebec Festival

By Margaret E. Barnard

PAUL WAS GLAD when they swung out into the channel, and the wharf and curving bay of St. Luce were enfolded in the shore line. So long as one single call of farewell could be heard and one dot of waving white still visible, Ninette belonged to them. And with the first looming of the citadel at Quebec another world was waiting to grasp her. But that was not to be thought of just yet. In between were days bounded only by the silent, powerful flow of the river, and the hills slipping by on either side. In them Ninette would be his, as she never could be even in the familiar home scenes, and, as Paul tried not to fear within himself, might never be again.

Ninette was below now in the small living quarters of the *Sir Wilfrid*, arranging her things. Paul thrilled to hear her voice, chattering gaily with fat Madame Troismaisons and Madame Beurivage. Lost in the sweetness of her nearness to him, his fingers fumbled with the engine, causing a cylinder to miss. It brought the shaggy head of Donat Beurivage, master of the bateau, around from the wheel-house.

"Hola, Paul," he called indulgently, "Keep thy wits in thy fingers lest we find our bodies in the water!"

A flush began on Paul's neck and spread to his ears. Everybody in the countryside knew how it was with Paul and Ninette Painchaud. This trip had already provided, and would provide for long after they returned, appetizing material for many a conversation over fish-net, bake-board and counter. Sitting here with the warmth of the mid-May sun on his back, the familiar smell of oil and gasoline in his nostrils, and the sound of Ninette's voice in his ears, Paul drew about himself an armor of indifference to anything but these few days on the river, and Ninette.

Down below, fat Madame Troismaisons was much concerned about the disposition of her spinning-wheel. It must not be shoved into any old corner, it must not be touched by anyone but her. In her own hands it had come aboard, and in her own hands would it be taken off at Quebec. Madame Beurivage goodnaturedly endeavored to find a satisfactory and safe place for it. Delighted with the prospect of feminine companionship on this voyage she would have given up the best bunk to the spinning-wheel for the sake of having its owner aboard—only then Madame Troismaisons would have had hard sleeping, for the best bunk had been assigned to her. Donat and Paul were to sleep on deck on straw mattresses newly filled for the occasion, and placed in the alley between two piles of freshly-sawn lumber. Madame Beurivage had Donat's bunk, and

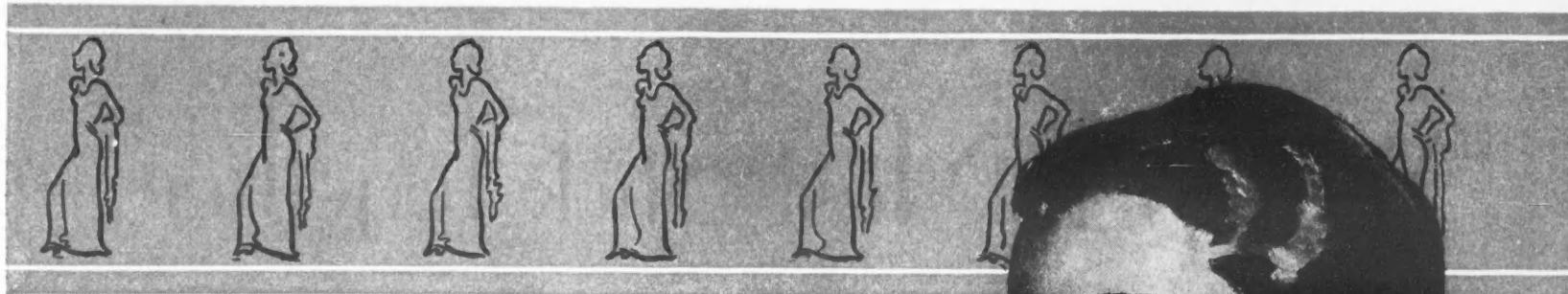
They would sit together for hours
watching the gulls wheeling in the
sunshine above them.

the third one, belonging to the crew—who this year happened to be Paul Labrecque—was given to Ninette.

The three women chattered on—fat Madam Troismaisons, lonely Madame Beurivage, and Ninette, not yet eighteen, slender, and quick as a bird. Many mothers of eligible sons in the parish of St. Luce prayed that their boys might not fall under her spell. Not that they disapproved of Ninette in any way; in fact, many a Marie, Blanche and Françoise had suffered under private maternal comparisons between the slowness of their actions and dullness of manner and those of Ninette; but when it came to matters of future importance the mothers of sons had other ideas. Such a little thing, Ninette. It was not possible that she could present her unfortunate husband with the fine, lusty family of twelve or so that it was the duty to everyone to rear. But Paul Labrecque, veiled warnings, hints and sighs of his mother to the contrary, found his blood turning to water in his veins at sight of Ninette's eyes under the fringe of straight black hair that lay in a line along her forehead. Such big eyes they were, and soft, like the rich darkness of mold on the edge of the

mad little streams that plunged down from the hills to the salty river. Sometimes they sparkled like those streams, with mischief or gaiety, and sometimes they seemed to be looking at things far off—things that tore the heart from Paul because he could not know what they might be.

Of her singing he seldom said anything, to her or anyone else. Even now, when it rose to him with the clarity and freshness of a bird song at dawn, he tried to smother the emotions it roused in him. If it affected him so, what of others, those others who would hear her at Quebec? He was afraid, he was desperately afraid that through her singing Ninette would be lost to him. And because of his fear he



their Mistresses

Nation-wide comment from women
on the domestic servant problem



CAN DOMESTIC SERVICE be run on a business basis?

Mistresses and maids have recently been telling *Chatelaine* what they think about it. Most agree that it is anything but businesslike now. "I would not like my daughters to train for domestic service," writes one woman, "because it is the hardest, worst organized, and most unprotected work available to women."

How could it be organized, if it could be? Why can't it be organized, if it can't be?

Following are extracts from some of the opinions proffered by thinking Canadian women—and men! More are to follow next month.

Montreal Social Worker.

Stated hours of work are most practical, as a mistress is thus enabled to systematize her work. She knows exactly when a maid will be on and when off duty. A systematically run household is conducive to a happier family life. Sometimes it is impossible to adhere rigidly to set hours, due to unforeseen circumstances, such as unexpected guests, sickness and so on; but every profession has these to contend with, and staff adjustments are made to meet emergencies.

The great deterrent to professionalized domestic service at present exists, I think, in the points of view of both the employer and the maid. The word professional as we understand it today suggests satisfactory compensation for educational standing. Would the average employer welcome a professionalized worker who is cognizant of such standing?

The deterrent on the girl's side would be unwillingness to equip herself for a standard in the profession, for she does not plan to make it her life work. Most girls anticipate marriage, and realize it.

We have graded help now. It is determined by the employer's budget. If the budget is not sufficient to allow employment of experienced help, then the household management must be adjusted to the services of an inexperienced domestic.—W. W., Montreal.

President of a Western Branch, Canadian Handicrafts Guild

No, I do not think domestic service can be run on a business basis. At least, that can never be the case in the one-maid family. It is possible in a hotel and should be in a household where three, four or more maids are kept, but to obtain the best results in the one-maid family, success must depend so much on the personal relation between the maid and the mistress that an eight-hour day would, in my opinion, be quite impossible. Of course, the mistress must be as concerned with the welfare of the maid as the maid is interested in the smooth working and the happiness of the household.

I think classes for maids are quite necessary and in some cases should be obligatory. They are good for her work and

help her take a pride in it, and they also occupy her mind. Often a maid falls into the hands of a really capable mistress who is able to teach her more than any organized class could, but that is rare.

As to the wearing of uniforms, why not? It improves the appearance of any maid, and surely raises her status to wear the worker's official uniform.—E. K., Edmonton.

An Active Woman's Worker, Club Woman and Educationalist, Vancouver, B.C.

Having enjoyed *Chatelaine* since its inception, I was most interested in your recent articles on domestic service. Several statements reflected some of my own experiences; and I am hoping that a practical solution is offered through your efforts in giving publicity to the greatest of housewives' problems: How to acquire efficient domestic service?

After some years experience, the greatest deterrent to professionalized domestic service is, I think, ignorance on the part of the employee. Many domestics have left elementary schools at an early age, and do not realize what courses are offered, and what their return in respect and money would mean.

Foreign-born girls are thorough, and anxious to learn Canadian customs. However, they are handicapped in regard to language, and few understand the value and care of fine china, and good silver, copper and brass.

From observation I find that the most efficient and contented domestics are those who have a fair salary, and are provided with adequate time for companionship.—J. R. G., Vancouver.

The Wife of a Prominent Saskatchewan Lawyer.

I am delighted that you are tackling the servant problem. Certainly it is one field where much can be done. But surely it is something for the mistress when we get at least one man to admit that there is a science to housework and running the home!

Unfortunately there is still a stigma attached to housework. There is a certain romance in working in our own kitchen, but very little in working in someone else's. Before we attempt to train domestics to the extent where they can be graded, we must first change their point of view and put romance in the kitchen!

This need not be difficult in this modern age where homes boast so many attractive electric devices to ease work.

Good maids are difficult to get. Stated hours for work have not been tried out here to my knowledge, but I believe in this day of socialized reform, it is bound to come. Maids are for ever thinking they are overworked, and one finds

oneself chasing about doing very menial tasks in order to avoid the trouble of finding a new maid, should this one give notice! I prefer the country girl from the good, clean, honest Canadian home. She has pride without being proud. She is usually a good cook, and more often than not comes from a large family and likes and understands children. The latter is the first thing I ask when engaging a maid.

The old country girl, whether she is trained or not, often comes to this country with the idea that all women are equal, and money flows freely. She does not like doing general housework, and objects to the servants' door. Some one in England has told her she would not have to "do that" in Canada.

In poor—meaning hard-up!—Saskatchewan, the mistress is lucky who has a maid, and the servant lucky who has a job. But that does not mean our ideas of servants have altered. We like one who is willing to learn, who is clean and honest, who does something with her spare hours besides dance, and get up in the morning too weary to tackle the day's work.

Can someone not write an article on putting romance into housework? This might be an inspiration—without a man as an objective, of course!—"S. F.," Regina.

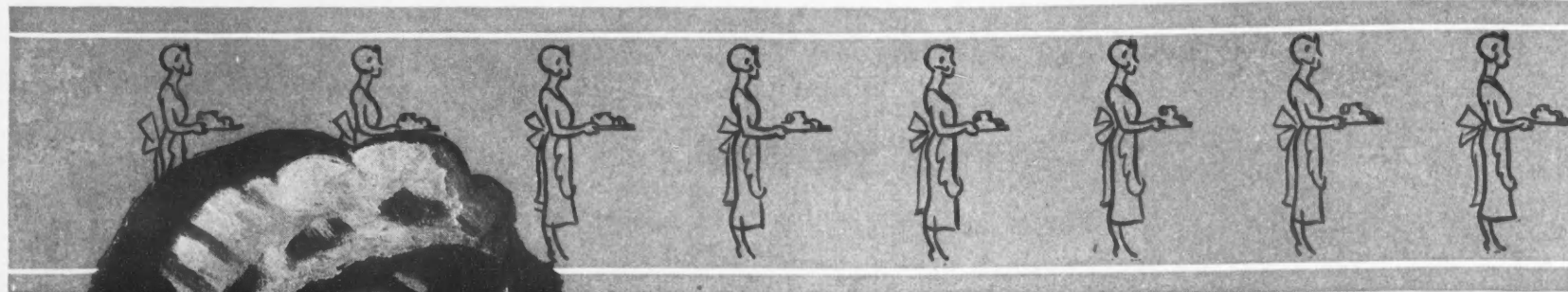
An Ottawa Official.

I have been frankly amazed at the number of business girls and women who have admitted that they could be exceedingly happy and contented in domestic service, many of them more so than doing the routine work of the ordinary office. But they could never contemplate it under existing circumstances. They prefer to live on a crust in an attic!

It is quite within the realm of possibility that domestic service may be graded, just as civil servants are today, but to remove the stigma which has generally attached itself will require the concentrated efforts of a female Mussolini, with vision and undaunted courage.

I consider *Chatelaine* is to be congratulated for its enterprising spirit. This is a subject of vital interest to every Canadian woman. The solution cannot be reached in any half-hearted way but requires complete analysis, and this *Chatelaine* is apparently

[Continued on page 68]



Good Maids and

Prize-winning letters in the "Why I Have a Good Mistress" contest

MISTRESSES who are looking for help, and maids who are not satisfied—cheer up! There are hundreds of good maids in Canada, and hundreds of good mistresses.

A flood of letters has poured into *Chatelaine* from maids all over Canada, each claiming to have the best mistress in the world and very graphically showing why.

What makes a good mistress?

No one knows better than a good maid. These Canadian workers like their mistresses, not because they pay high wages or ask the minimum of work. Here are the attributes of a good mistress in the order of their popularity among the maids.

She is efficient herself
She is polite.
She is interested in her maid and her maid's work.
She is trusting.
She is thoughtful.
She is not gossipy.

Selection of the prize-winning letter was very difficult as the entries were of a very high order. The following letter was chosen as meriting first prize by a small but definite margin of points over the "runners-up." This letter has clear definite reasons and constructive suggestions. Too many entries were made up of points that were too general to be of definite value. A number of the letters, however, were so good, that they will be published in coming issues. This is the prize-winning letter.

Why I Have a Good Mistress

CONSIDER myself exceptionally fortunate in having an intelligent, well-bred and considerate mistress. The following points will serve to illustrate these qualities:

My mistress has my time so planned that the forenoon suffices for the "housework," so many rooms to be cleaned each day. After luncheon I have only my kitchen to clean and the

dinner to prepare. My bedroom is very prettily curtained, adequately furnished and the bed has good springs.

My wages, though not above the average, are promptly paid.

My "afternoon out" is scrupulously respected.

The early Sunday dinner gives me Sunday evenings.

Special privileges, such as use of the telephone, and having evening callers, are given subject to an understanding as to hours, frequency and suitability. As I consider the arrangement generous I am careful to observe the requirements.

When, through presence of guests, illness or other cause, extra labor is put upon me an effort is made to lighten it at some other point.

A word of praise or appreciation for a successful dish or dinner encourages me and rewards me for extra effort.

Little courtesies are tendered me, as the daily paper handed me with a smile instead of being thrown into the waste basket.

No attempt is made to see that my personal life, friends, religion or way of spending my leisure is "her business."

If I look ill or overtired a sympathetic interest is shown and perhaps I am told to give a simpler dessert and lie down in the time saved.

Chatelaine and other magazines are handed me with the suggestion that I might like to try some of the recipes, which adds to my interest in cooking.

Helen O'Kelly—Toronto

Following are extracts from a few letters telling why maids think they have good mistresses—each one is a valuable, practical suggestion.

Mabel Northy, Toronto: During my first few days of service in this household, each day's work was written out

in full so that in the excitement of new duties I was not embarrassed by unnecessary mistakes, and I learned the routine of the household in a very short time. I know each day what is expected of me. Orders come only through my mistress. My work is considered important, and I have a very necessary and useful place in the household.

Mary Moffat, Manitoba: Except for two specified holidays each week the amount of spare time I have depends on my speed and efficiency while working, as I have a regular routine schedule for each day. When through with that, I am free to attend to my own interests.

Marion Jones, Ontario: There is something so reassuring about her poise. One cannot help feeling that behind such a calm exterior lie efficiency and power to cope with emergency. To be able to look ahead and plan a day's work is better than to carry out that work personally. Mrs. — sets an example of orderliness and neatness that is an inspiration to the entire staff.

Shella Baker, Quebec: All ordering is done early; which means that delivery is made well before noon, thus making it possible to prepare a good part of the dinner in the morning.

May Quirk, Ontario: My mistress understands the fundamentals of good housekeeping, good cooking and entertaining so thoroughly that it makes it easy for me to work for her. My mistress has a real system for me to follow, and by this special routine I do not work as hard as other maids I know personally, and I accomplish a great deal more. Just like any other position properly governed by someone knowing the business.

Erma Calverley, Saskatchewan: On beginning work in this home I was given clear and definite instructions what I was expected to do, and was shown how I was expected to do it. I was also given to understand that if I wished to hold my position these orders were to be carried out. Any hours not required to accomplish this end were to be my own.

Isabella Robson, British Columbia: My mistress is herself an efficient housekeeper. She has taught me to plan my day's work, rise early, and apply myself until it is finished, instead of putting and loitering with no time for relaxation during the latter part of the day.

Nellie Hagey, Ontario: My mistress trains her maids. She does not leave them to their own way and then tell her friends how "stupid" they are. Her maids know just what is expected of them and when they are through. She is punctual, for she knows that a maid [Continued on page 68]

By CONSTANCE TEMPLETON



Illustrated by
H. E. ELDRIDGE

He came, and brought, of all imaginable things, a baby.
"It's alive, too," he chuckled. "It squalls something terrible."

could measure up to the impression left by her first. She rose from the table, dismissing her pensive mood. "Jackie," she said, "you haven't opened that package of new books I got for you. They're out in the hall. You don't have to go to bed so early. You can read for an hour while we play bridge."

"Thank you, mother." He came around to kiss her. This was not a dutiful formality but a genuine pleasure to Jack. It was like kissing Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich. His mother always was prettily dressed. She never went around the house looking sloppy like some of the boys' mothers did.

"Thank you for the books," he said again. "I'll go upstairs and read in bed, if you don't mind. I've got my reading lamp all fixed up now."

He was proud of the light he had rigged up at the head of his bed.

"All right, sonny," agreed Frances cheerfully, "but don't read too long. It's bad for the eyes to read lying down."

"I'll close the door to your room," said Jack carelessly.

"Oh, no, no," she objected quickly. "You mustn't do that."

"But other boys have rooms to themselves and close their doors," he argued unhappily. "Chick Green has."

"No, Jackie; you must leave your door open, always, so I can hear you if you call to me in your sleep. I have to go in to see you in the night to be sure that you haven't kicked the cover off. You have a bad habit of doing that."

"But, mother, it's summer now. I'm not going to catch cold from kicking off the cover."

"There, now, Jackie, mother knows best. Good night, dear."

Jack took the package of books up to his room and opened them dismally. *Boy's Lines of Heroes*, *Treasure Island*, *Adventures of a Young Scientist*, *The Water Babies*—more of that sort. He had read *Treasure Island* twice, so he glanced at the illustrations appreciatively. He scattered

them all ostentatiously on his bed. Then he reached far under the chifforobe and retrieved a copy of Edgar Wallace at his luridest, which he took to bed for immediate perusal without bothering to undress.

He heard his mother's friends arrive and was conscious of an occasional phrase or two that floated upstairs afterward—"My make, isn't it?" "Three no trumps."

"Oh, my goodness—and we're vulnerable, too!" He was engrossed in the exploits of a Scotland Yard inspector who had stumbled into an underground city peopled exclusively by master criminals, when there came an unwonted rattle at a window screen, followed presently by another. He listened, startled. Somebody was throwing pebbles. He hurried to the window excitedly and unlatched the swinging screen so that he could look below.

On the side lawn there were the shadowy forms of five boys.

He recognized Chick Green's voice in a stage whisper:

"Come on down. What's the matter with you? We're waitin' to initiate you tonight."

"I can't," replied Jack hoarsely. "I've got some reading to do."

"Aw, yeah? You mean you're scared. Your mommer won't let you; is that the reason?"

"Sure she'll let me," boasted Jack recklessly. "I've got some reading to catch up with—that's the reason."

"You mean you don't want to join the Hi-Jack Club, huh?" accused Chick, dropping his cautious whisper.

"You're yellow—that's what's the matter with you. We mighta known it."

"Sshh!" implored Jack. "Everybody in the house'll hear you."

"Well, come on down, you crazy. Your mommer's in the front of the house playing cards. Ain't nobody gonna know about it."

"Matilda's in the back somewhere," whispered Jack tragically. "I can't get out without somebody seeing me."

Matilda was his nurse of former days, now retained as a companion for his mother.

"Sure you can. We got a rope we'll throw up to you. Here!"

Jack stabbed at the end of the emergency towline which Chick had swiped from his father's garage. A clothesline had been tied to it for greater length.

A series of noisy attempts was necessary before Jack, panting in excitement, caught the end of the line.

"Now tie it to a leg of your bed or something," directed Chick, "and slide down."

The sheer romance of the situation overrode all the saving caution that had been schooled into Jack's nature. He assured himself feverishly that he could attend the ceremonies of the Hi-Jack Club in Slim Carter's mother's greenhouse down the street, and get back home and into bed well before his mother and her friends had finished their accustomed three hours of bridge.

HE FOUND his stolen freedom more marvellous than he had expected it to be. It was far better than if he had been inanely permitted by his mother to go out for an evening. Chick

Green even slapped him on the back, in a hearty, man-of-the-world fashion that sent the red blood of a Scotland Yard inspector coursing through Jack's every fibre.

"That's the stuff," applauded Chick. "I believe you got more insides than we thought." But Chick used a shorter Anglo-Saxon synonym for insides.

It was the sinister custom of members of the Hi-Jack Club to drift furtively, one by one, through the shadows of Mrs. Carter's backyard and into the haven of the unused and unlighted greenhouse. In a rear corner of this edifice there was a bricked-in tool house with a single door and a single small window, and it served excellently as a rendezvous for the desperate gang. A flickering candle lighted the den, and a lap robe, descended from the legendary days of horses, had been hung over the window.

A look-out with a sawed-off shotgun—intact except for trigger and hammer—guarded the door, and the password necessary to appease him consisted of the phrase, sardonically twisted out of the side of the mouth, "Stick 'em up, guy!"

Jack was required to say this four times before he was adjudged to have said it with the proper shade of cold ferocity. Then he was admitted.

Chick Green, the Big Shot of the Hi-Jack Club, directed its whispered proceedings with many a cruel leer. It was an organization dedicated to bomb outrages, payroll hold-ups, raids on the banks, and any other activities which would give discomfort to a venal and corrupt police department and also to a mythical rival mob on the other side of town. The philosophy of the evil-doers was colored, however, by a Robin Hood spirit of protectiveness for the weak, the poor and oppressed. They victimized only the rich. They stole peaches, for instance, only from rich old guys like Mr. Leacock, who had a swell peach tree in his yard not far from his front porch.

Jack Harmon had fancied that his initiation tonight would consist of some such exploit [Continued on page 39]

"We Men Must Stick Together"

Whether it's against a young widow you want to marry or the prettiest mother in town

By Edwin
Dial Torgerson



JACK! Oh, Ja-ack!"

He heard the siren call from the front sidewalk. It was the voice of freedom calling to the fettered.

Jack eyed his mother unhopely across the dinner table.

"Oh, you Jackie!"

The second appeal had mock and banter in it. Some busybody had told the gang that his mother called him Jackie, with a rising, melted-sugar inflection. He hadn't had a scrap about it yet, but he would have; it was bound to come.

"Mother," Jack begged, "can't I go out with them for just a little while?"

"No, Jackie, not at night."

"But this is Friday night. I told 'em I would—"

"No, Jackie."

Again the tantalizing call, from another throat:

"Oh, you Jackie boy!"

This time it was poisoned with the derisive intimation that he heard them, all right, but he couldn't come out because his mommer wouldn't let him—he was too nice for us tough kids—his clothes were too clean. Pretty boy!

"But, mother, they'll play right up and down the street—hare and hounds, or somep'n like that."

"No, Jackie. You must stay home and take care of your mother. You're mother's Big Man."

Jack squirmed. He always squirmed when he was mother's Big Man. "But Matilda is here with you: she's here all the time."

His mother looked at him in reproach, prettily mournful. "But, Jackie, suppose mother had one of those awful spells, wouldn't you be dreadfully sorry if you weren't here with her?"

Jack was abashed. It was an answer that always silenced him. He glanced at her with covert pride and affection as she sipped her coffee from her tiny eggshell cup. Doctor Easton had said coffee was bad for her heart, bad for those spells, but she had a way of coolly and prettily disobeying the doctor's orders. Maybe she did it so she'd be sick again, and Doctor Easton would have to come back to see her. Doctor Easton was a swell egg. Jack had overheard some lady bridge-players saying that he had a lovely bedside

manner—whatever that was, he didn't know it.

Jack wished, while he was soliloquizing, that his mother wasn't so much like that little cup she held—so fragile, pink and dainty. He almost wished she was like one of those thick china mugs at the Bon Ton Café—but that was graveyard stuff—wouldn't she die if she knew it! What I mean, said Jack to his inner self, if she could stand more smashing about—a mother you could stand up to, once in a while, and tell her where to head in. Shame overwhelmed him quickly. Of course he would never tell his mother where to head in. It might bring on one of those spells.

And she was too pretty to be made to hurt. Whatever else the boys could say about him, they couldn't rob him of the grandeur of having the prettiest mother in town, bar none. Young, too. People wondered how she could have a son his age. One of the boys had said his mother had told him to ask Jack if Jack's mother hadn't been in the movies once. Jack's spirit had soared in elation for weeks after that. It still gave him a thrill. It was almost as good as Jack's other claim to local fame. His father had been killed, when Jack was two years old, playing polo. Jack always told this with laconic dignity. "My father was killed playing polo," he said, in a tone that implied strongly, "I'll bet your father wasn't killed playing polo or anything."

Jack's father had been very dashing and indiscreet, and the boy inherited his eager profile.

Jack ceased to ponder. "All right, mother," he said

resignedly. "I guess I'll stay in and go to bed early, then, so I can get up early in the morning and fill my lungs with fresh air, and not get to looking undernourished."

The slightly theatrical flavor of this speech caused his mother to look at him circumspectly.

"Precocious child for eleven," she thought. "A little pale. He isn't getting food with enough vitamins in it. He hasn't a good appetite. Fred Easton says he's just a light eater, but Fred's a chronic Pollyanna. Perhaps I ought to take Jackie to a specialist. It wouldn't be disloyalty to Fred, really it wouldn't. Fred is a surgeon, anyhow, not a pediatrician."

DR. FRED EASTON proposed to her, on an average, twice a year, and on an equal average of occasions she said regretfully, no. Her sole reason, she explained to Fred, was that she as a child had had a stepmother; and she had registered a vow that her son should never have a stepfather. Better no father at all than a stepfather. She had dedicated her life to her son—too much dedication for the boy's good, Fred Easton had told her bluntly, and that had led to a long coolness on Frances Harmon's part. She had got over it, of course. They were fast friends now, but that was all they could ever be.

She had long ago canonized her youthful husband who had died gallantly playing polo. She told Fred Easton frankly that no man would ever be happy as her second husband; she would never find a man who in any respect

wrench even photographs away from them for publication! But movie history is changing season by season, and in time pictures from this side may move out from the cycles of prisons, gang riots, down-and-out ladies of the street, crook gangs, and such unsavory details that apparently must appear in any successful movie.

It is interesting to see that the man who first put the "talkies" on the map, so to speak, Al Jolson, is returning to the screen after a long absence. Remember how we jammed the theatres to hear him sing? In his new picture, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," he comes back in the rôle of a gay-hearted tramp with an optimistic philosophy of life. His great idol is the mayor of the town, until one evening he sees a girl jump into the river. He rescues her, only to find that she is suffering from amnesia and remembers nothing of her past life. Jolson takes the girl to the home of some friends who agree to keep her if Jolson will pay the bill. He astonishes the mayor by asking for a job, and without telling anything, indicates he has a new reason for working. He is utterly devoted to the girl, as played by Madge Evans; but in the end, in the manner of Charlie Chaplin, he loses her, for it turns out that she is the mayor's fiancée. When she "comes to," she begs to be taken away from this "horrible place;" and Al Jolson is left singing alone.

Kate Smith, too, in her first starring picture, "Hello Everybody," must sing in spite of a broken heart, for she loses the man she might have loved to her pretty young sister. The story was written especially for her by Fannie Hurst and tells of the struggle of a big-hearted young farm woman to save her family's farm and those of her neighbors from a water-power company who want to build a dam on the lands. A young engineer visits the farm continually to try and persuade Kate to sell; and she believes he is in love with her until she discovers that it is her sister who interests him. However, Kate tries out on the radio, makes an overnight sensation and enough money to save the community's farms.

| CAME AWAY from "Life Begins" feeling that I had seen a little masterpiece of the screen. Daring, because it dealt with the most dramatic episode in a woman's existence—childbirth; beautiful, because the theme, which could have been made so sordid, was handled with fastidious restraint and delicacy.

The whole action of the film takes place within the walls of a lying-in hospital; most of it in the woman's waiting ward, to which cases requiring special care are sent. There are some half dozen

spins the thread of an intensely human and dramatic story—that of a young girl paroled from a twenty-year prison sentence for the birth of her child.

Tragic, yes, but there are no melodramatics in this film—none of the "broken on the wheel of justice" type of presentation. The story is simply and movingly told. Loretta Young, who plays the young wife, to my mind really acts for the first time in her film career. She has always worn clothes so beautifully that she has given the impression in most of her films of being merely an engaging fashion model. But, as the lovely, fragile



James Cagney, Mary Brian and Ruth Donnelly in Warner Bros. "Hard to Handle," the story of a dance marathon.



Ann Grey, a glamorous English star is playing in "Leap Year," a United Artists film.



Jack Buchanan and Margot Graham, a new English star in "Yes, Mr. Brown."

women in the ward, and by the end of the film you feel that you know each of them intimately, their homes and their husbands and their worries; the grey-haired, kind-eyed woman, already mother of a large family; the hard-boiled wise-cracking little actress, chafing under the brick life has handed her—twins; the young unmarried woman of advanced ideas, quite determined to treat her child as a purely impersonal psychological study.

And through all the skilful blending of humor and pathos

Mrs. Sutton, in shabby, shapeless garments and hair in braids, she is more beautiful than I had ever thought possible. Eric Linden's portrayal of the highly strung, emotional young husband is a fine, sensitive piece of acting. This young man, I am afraid, is destined to play the highly strung and

much-tormented for ever more: he does it so very well. Aileen McMahon, whom you will remember as Edward G. Robinson's capable secretary in "Five Star Final," plays the kindly, humorous head nurse who had "never lost a husband yet," as if she had been born with a nurse's cap on her head.

THE KID from Spain," Eddie Cantor's latest film is one of the smartest and most hilarious bits of entertainment I have seen in some time. As usual Cantor has surrounded himself with some gorgeously beautiful girls and after so many realistic and emotional stories, it was a genuine treat to watch the brilliant photography of the dozens of lovely young things. You see them in a fantastic college dormitory dancing on an enormous stage in the centre of the room; diving rhythmically into the swimming tank, and forming enchanting patterns in the water—a new idea in dance formations. Later they appear again in dance numbers with Cantor that are a sheer delight to the eye.

Against this charming background Cantor dashes through a ridiculous story, pulls some new—and many old—gags, and generally keeps one in spasms of laughter. He is involved with trouble at the college and so expelled with his chum; he is waiting outside a bank when four bank

[Continued on page 67]



Owen Nares and Jessie Matthews argue stormily throughout the British picture "There Goes the Bride."

AT THE MOVIES

A page of monthly news and notes, of previews and reviews—for movie fans everywhere

By ELIZABETH HOPE



Clark Gable and Carole Lombard in Paramount's "No Man of Her Own."

THE OTHER DAY I was amused at a letter from a girl, who wrote to complain of the general air of gloom to be found in movie houses. "I felt I needed a little cheering up," she said, "and went to a big downtown theatre and wept at the tragedy of 'A Farewell to Arms.' Next night I went to another theatre with a good stage show, and wept at the picture 'Life Begins,' in which a young mother, condemned to a twenty-year sentence, is paroled for the birth of her child—and dies. Other choices at the big theatres that week included 'I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang,' and 'Madame Butterfly'—not the best to raise one's spirits. Why so many sad movies?"

I read this letter just after I had seen Ralph Lyn in the British picture, "Mischief." Quite frankly, I am not a Ralph Lyn fan, but there was so much real humor and charm to this picture that I had left the pre-view feeling that life was, after all, a pleasant affair. And it seems as if the British producers are realizing that a movie is for entertainment, and that the more trouble there is in life, the more the average man and his wife want a bit of fun.

There have been so many gay British pictures in the past few months—"After the Ball," a witty modern comedy of a wise wife who fooled the professional heart-breaker; "Marry Me," with Renate Muller, the "Sunshine Susie" girl; "There Goes the Bride," with Jessie Matthews and Owen Nares; the "Love Contract;" and "Say it with Music." "Wedding Rehearsal" was particularly delightful. These typify the general tone of recent British pictures—a general air of gay, infectious humor.

Consider, for instance, "Mischief," which co-stars Ralph Lyn with Winnifred Shutter. The story is simple; the settings are those of a very modern, very exclusive apartment, a smart dance club—and the genuine English village countryside. Ralph Lyn in the rôle of a kindly person, always eager to poke his nose into other people's business, takes on the responsibility of "looking after" the pretty wife of a jealous friend who has to leave town on a business trip. The wife, furious at her husband's suspicions, runs off with a young man to his sister's cottage in the country, followed by Ralph Lyn. The sister, charming Winnifred Shutter, sends the pair away indignantly; but through amusing circumstances has to keep Ralph Lyn in the cottage. During the day the husband returns, tracks his wife to the cottage, and, continually upset by the well-meaning Ralph Lyn, gets mixed up in a hilarious series of adventures. "Mischief" brings to the screen the actual

yokels of the English countryside, the charm of small villages and their inhabitants—and you feel it is the real thing.

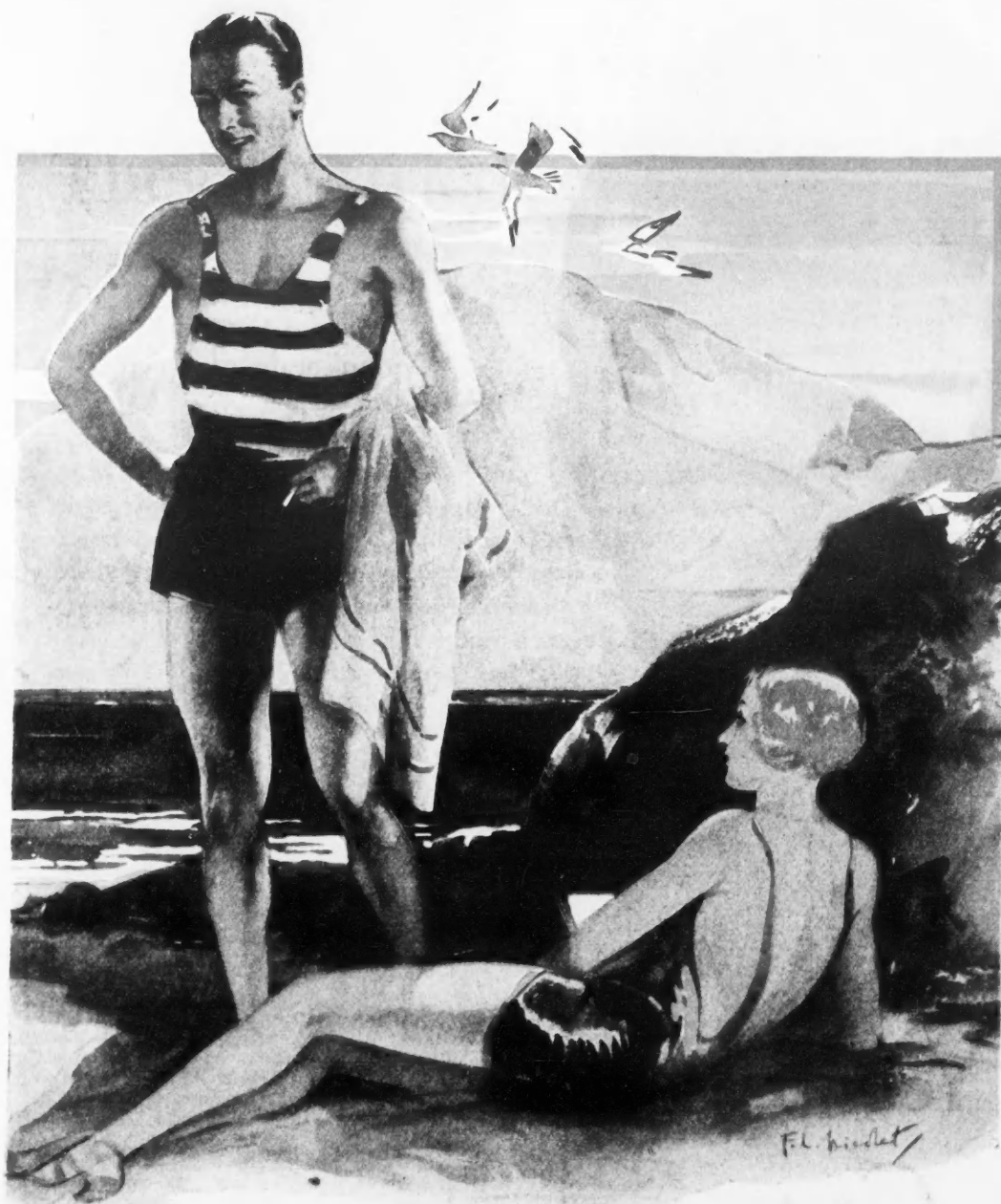
There has been so much gloom in pictures from Hollywood recently that these British pictures will undoubtedly steal the crowds in time. True, they have not as yet the glamorous personalities in the public mind, like the American stars who have been press-agented endlessly for many months. Most of us know absolutely nothing about the British stars, but favor is obviously swinging toward stories that rely on their innate interest, instead of the single personality of one star. And in time the British studios may learn a little of the value of publicity and press-agenting, for at present it is an arduous business to



The beautiful English Actress, Joan Barry, in the important British picture "Rome Express."



Helen Hayes and Ramon Navarro are effective in "Son-Daughter," a Paramount picture.



Ruth regarded him surprisedly with blue eyes drowsed with sleep. Mather had never seen anything so lovely as she was at that moment.

only for three hours before high tide," Mather reminded him. "But ours isn't a small boat, a decked yawl with an engine?"

"You can't say. It's an Admiralty chart I'm using, not one of those they sell to amateurs, and that being so she might classify as pretty small."

Holmes shook his head emphatically. "No. It means skiffs and canoes and things. They're small boats."

"Well, possibly it does. But we don't know, do we?"

"Anyway," Ruth put in with finality, "We're not going to waste an afternoon like this just to find out. We're going to have our tea in comfort and go when we're ready."

"But Ruth—"

"Johnny, what a pest you are! Don't fuss so. What if we do get shaken up a bit? We've all been in rough water before, and in canoes at that. We're not afraid."

"I know. But this is the sea, not a prairie lake, and the water's cold as death. If we upset—"

"We're not going to upset. Do please shut up. Ned, unpack the tea basket, there's a dear."

Mather nibbled at his lip, then got up and strolled to the water's edge. He was tall and sinewy and his shoulders were wide. The stones were hot to his feet and the sharp smell of the heated weed mingled with the scent of sun-warmed pine into a rare and exquisite aroma. A sense of hush, of brooding glamor, pervaded the intensely colored seascape. The head of a seal broke the surface to the still lagoon, looking exactly like "Old Bill." Seaward, in a long

rank a mile or so offshore, lay a reef of purple hogbacks dividing the labyrinthine inshore waters from the outside channel whose flow, meeting in Roca's Pass the glacier-fed current that sweeps down coast from the north, created the dangerous tide-rip.

The warning on the chart had been very emphatic and he felt most uneasy. He looked at his watch, then he strolled back to the others. "I hate to be such a crab," he said with a smile, "but really, we ought to go."

Holmes groaned, "My cripes! Here he is again. What's eating you, fella?"

"Well, this tide-rip apparently is darned dangerous if your boat's not big enough. And we don't know if ours is or not. But the serious thing is the water. You know how cold it is even in here. Outside it's so gol-darned icy that it scalds your hide. You couldn't last in it five minutes. If we upset we'd drown, that's all."

"Well, we shan't upset. A boat like ours doesn't. I tell you 'small craft' means skiffs and things."

"Perhaps, but we don't know. Come along, Ruth; there's a good kid."

Ruth kneeling beside the tea basket, looked up. "Do you really think we ought to?"

The fourth member of the party, who had been lying on her face reading had contented herself till now with raising her eyes from her book and listening. She was an unusual looking girl in her early twenties, slender almost to the point of thinness yet with well-covered bones, angular yet

at the same time always graceful, and intensely feminine. Her hair was thick and wavy, neither long nor short, of a dull, dark red, her large eyes grey, her face small, and her skin of a peculiar translucent quality—Ruth had remarked that they both inherited their exquisite skins from their maternal grandmother. Against its paleness her delicately curved, scarlet lips were coral against ivory. There was a queer aloofness about her, an impassiveness that had nothing in it of indifference or stupidity. Mather found her surprisingly well informed, and that they had some well-marked tastes in common. He often thought that in medieval times she must inevitably have been suspect as a witch. Mather's imagination always took him wide and far.

She bestirred herself now. "If Mr. Mather is so anxious," she said in a low voice with a quality of richness, "I'm quite sure he has the best of reasons." Her warm grey eyes held Mather's for an instant before she lowered them.

Ruth's damask cheeks were brighter as she looked sharply from her cousin to John Mather and then back again. "Oh, yes?" she said. "But I'm not scared to take the chance."

Holmes put in triumphantly, "There you are, Mather! We'll just chance it."

"No," Mather said, "I don't like it. I think we ought to go." He glanced over his shoulder southwest toward Roca's Pass, whose extreme danger for small craft he could not dismiss from his mind. "I wouldn't care for myself so much. It's the girls I'm worrying about."

"We-ell," Holmes said pointedly, "I don't see the girls worrying any. It's too bad we haven't another boat, then you wouldn't be compelled to face this peril because we choose to."

Mather blushed, and his glance ran round the faces of the other three as if appealing for support. That of Holmes was supercilious, Ruth's flushed, half petulant, half curious, and Shelagh interested but impartial. When he met her eyes there seemed to be a movement in behind them, to which some unfamiliar chord within himself vibrated. But none of them seemed to offer him support, and he shrugged. "Oh, very well, then," he said resignedly, dropped to his knee and began to unpack the tea basket.

IT WAS almost eight o'clock before eventually they prepared to leave, with the feel of evening strongly in the air. The girls pulled on beach pyjamas over their bathing things and laden with cushions, rugs, banjo and baskets the party trailed down to the dinghy. The tiny craft was laden to the limit as they sculled over the lagoon on water pellucid and literally as smooth as glass. The sun was low and the world seemed to be enveloped in a glamorous mist, gold in the sunlight, mauve, orchid, purple in the varying degrees of shadow. Gulls flew homeward slowly with their eerie wailing, and a great blue heron beat across the bay with deliberate and solemn strokes. It flew not two feet from the water and was mirrored in it perfectly, "Awwk!" it croaked hoarsely, "Awwwwk! Awwk!"

Shelagh said, aside to Mather at the oars, "That remind you of anything?"

Ruth, who had heard, said, "Depressing beast, I call it. Looks like a flying undertaker."

Mather said, "Japanese water colors?"

Shelagh nodded. "Heron and egrets and frogs on lotus leaves." Her grey eyes held a sudden warmth.

Sculling the laden dinghy over a surface like a sheet of orchid silk, Mather abandoned himself to the beauty of the evening. He was glad again that he had not gone to Florida. This holiday was proving quite unique. The new ravishment that lately he had come to know was all about him. Then he remembered Roca's Pass and his pleasure was destroyed. He wished they were on the other side of it. What if they upset? The water outside was so cold it scalded you. He had tried it once and the recollection of its savage bite scared him.

They bumped alongside the launch, a converted Japanese thirty-footer with a square tongued-and-grooved cabin superstructure—a fair weather affair, no stronger than a dog kennel, with the iron pipe of a cook stove projecting from it. She was yawl-rigged, painted grey. Mather had hired her for the month.

He went inside to start the engine, and Holmes waited at the anchor chain till the engine snorted once or twice and then began to chug in neutral. "All right!" Mather yelled, and Holmes bent his broad back to heave up the fifty pounds of steel. Mather emerged [Continued on page 23]

CHANCES

By ALLAN
SWINTON

SOUTHWARD, beyond the lagoon and the inshore reefs, Juan de Fuca Strait lay glittering, with farther still, above the low-lying violet haze, the white and purple peaks of the Olympics. The fall sunshine was thickly golden, the languorous air fragrant from the forest and the sea.

The four personable young men and women in their swimming suits had lounged since mid-morning on the beach. Behind them, on a bank festooned with roots, the woods began, dark green of conifers veined here and there with red arbutus, which sloped back steeply and ran out in grey-green rock three hundred feet above.

John Mather regarded unobtrusively Ruth's unique blonde loveliness, her splendid body in a boyish suit of tan and orange set off to perfection by a delft blue rug. She was statuesque, her skin exquisite in texture and honey-colored from the sun; her thick hair clung like an embossed golden casque about a head whose carriage was distinguished; her features were pure Greek, her brows dark and her eyes limpid, large and blue.

She was, he realized anew, even more lovely than he had remembered; she delighted without any reservation his discriminating eye. He was glad that he had come to the Pacific Coast for his vacation, and he admitted now what till then he had denied, that only the fact that she was here had brought him.

Girls always succumbed to Mather. "Isn't he fascinating?" they invariably said; and it must be told that though he knew this and from precedent took it as a matter of course, he gave it its true value and was not puffed up about it. He was more in their society than in that of men. Not that he preferred it—he liked impartially either sex, provided they were sufficiently interesting—but because although he had one or two staunch men friends, most men regarded him with unconcealed suspicion. He sang and played too well; his figure was too graceful, his dark blue eyes too large, his dark hair too delicately waved, his olive skin too perfect. Few men understood him, and for that again they distrusted him. He was a "dark horse" and "sort of arty." He had the reputation of being stubbornly self-opinionated, as a man always has who is careful never to take a stand unless he is sure of his facts and then refuses to abandon his position unless he can be shown that his opponent may be better informed.

He was glad he was here, firstly because he had found Ruth so beautiful—he had known her at home so short a

time that he had distrusted his own memory—and then because of the new, ravishing sensation, the feeling of freshness in his being, the warmth and zest immeasurably multiplied, which he was experiencing these long, colorful fall days. The four of them—Ruth, her cousin Shelagh, whose guest she was, and this man Holmes who was so desperately smitten by Ruth, had been together constantly for the past two weeks, driving, playing tennis, boating. And Mather was aware that he had entered on a new phase of experience. At the end of every day he was consumed with restlessness for the next to begin; he cared for nothing from night till morning, but as soon as the party came together he relaxed into his new beatitude and enjoyed every minute of it. For the last half hour, delighting in Ruth's unconscious loveliness, he had deliberated the state of affairs, and now with a lift of his dark brows and a deprecating small smile he told himself that he must be in love, a phenomenon to which hitherto he had given small consideration. There had been too many charming girls always at his beck and call for him to take them seriously.

Then he remembered what had been pressing on his mind all day. He glanced up at the sun, felt for his watch in the

pocket of his coat on the sand beside him. "It really is too bad," he said, "but we'll have to be packing."

Ruth rolled to her elbow and regarded him surprisedly with blue eyes drowsed with sleep. Mather had never seen anything so lovely as she was at that moment, with her complete unselfconsciousness, and her radiant womanhood bathed in the thick September sunlight with the quiet sea beyond. There was a bloom on her like that which is on a newly wakened baby. "Packing!" she said. "But Johnny, it's only four o'clock. We haven't had tea. We can stay here three hours yet."

"I'm afraid not, Ruth. You know this morning I didn't want to come in here because we'd have to leave early, but you said it would be all right. It's the tide-rip, you know."

Holmes, a husky fellow some years his junior with a good jaw, a cheerful grin and very crisp brown hair, looked up from the banjo with which he was tinkering. Mather and he had not met before this holiday; but as he was wildly in love with Ruth, and as she felt she could not neglect her cousin, the inauguration of the present foursome had followed naturally. Good-looking cub, Mather thought, with much more brawn than brain.

"My cripes!" Holmes said, "Are you still on about that? The place was like a pond when we came through."

"It was slack water then. The chart says it's dangerous



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. NICOLET

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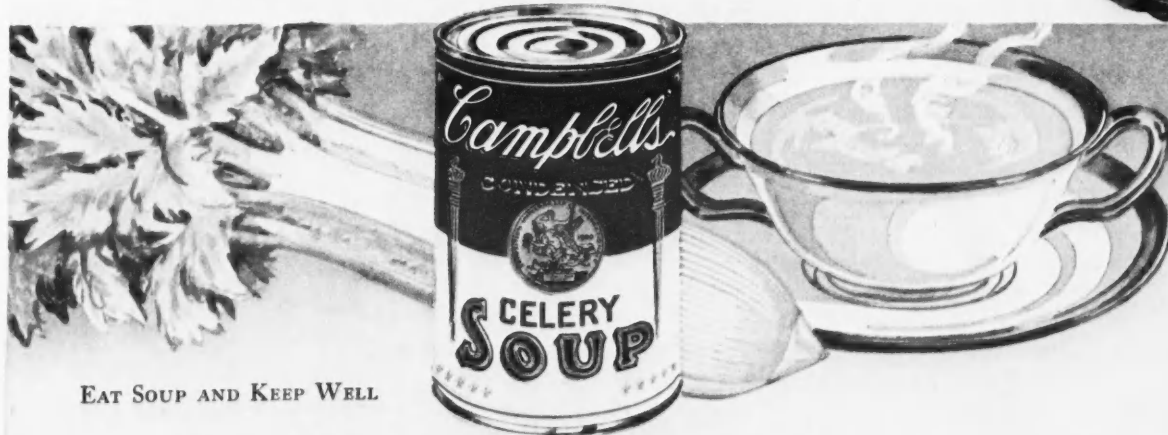


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poor; is he girl-crazy,
or sport-crazy?

Is he popular with the
"gang" or does he keep
by himself?



Is
Your Boy
Giving
You
Trouble?

By Dr. G. Elmore Reaman

WHAT can be done when a boy of high quality and ability does poor work at school?

In a family of college traditions, should a boy be urged to go to college despite his difficulties with academic work in the high school?

What can be done when parents are not in sympathy with the discipline of the school and the boy knows it?

These are some of the questions which are put to us by parents who are having trouble with their boys, and they are quite legitimate questions. They suggest three possible causes for the boy's difficulties at school—the school, the home, and the boy himself.

The boy is not always to blame. Sometimes the school is the cause of the trouble. Teachers are not perfect and occasionally two types of personality will clash together which are antithetic and as a consequence there is constant friction. I recollect a teacher who once taught for me, who had much difficulty with a ten-year-old boy. This boy, without any special effort on his part, seemed "to get his goat." With other teachers who understood him Charlie was no problem, but with this one particular man he was always in conflict. The trouble, of course, was that the teacher allowed himself to get upset over Charlie's falls from grace.

It is quite possible for teachers to be too lax, and to believe that if they are only "kind" to their pupils they will invariably respond. Anyone who understands child nature knows from experience that such an attitude soon brings chaos. Once a teacher of type-writing tried this method and the result was that our typewriters were almost ruined. Spoiling a child is no kindness to him or anyone else. It is also true that selfish grown-ups make life miserable for all with whom they come in contact. Now, becoming "spoiled" is a process which develops as the child learns a certain attitude from being allowed "to get away with it." The teacher or parent who allows his child "to get away with it" is probably preparing the way for a selfish grown-up.

Trouble, then, can be brought about by the teacher being too severe and "getting het up" over small matters, or by being too lax and letting the boy "get away with it." There is really no excuse for such teachers because they are supposed to be trained for their job and for that reason might be expected to be neither too severe nor too easy. They should take the middle course and also work on the assumption that the boy is never wrong. It is very easy to put the blame on the boy, but the fact is that if a boy does not respond, it is because the teacher, who is the mature person, has not succeeded in getting the co-operation of the boy who is the immature person. Very frequently, too, if the teacher fails to adjust the boy, he will go from bad to worse until he is looked upon as a delinquent. For this reason a teacher should feel an added urge for trying to win him over.

Often the school is indirectly to blame in that a boy may move from one district to another and find that the progress of the work varies considerably in the two schools. This is

probably inevitable, but it should be just as inevitable that he will get extra attention so that he may take up the classwork in his new school. Some teachers feel themselves too busy to give any additional help and are not sympathetic with his difficulties. Under such circumstances, the boy may get discouraged, dislike the school and even become a truant. In such a situation, the school must accept the blame because, although it did not create the situation, it is the only agency which can help. Opportunity always suggests responsibility.

Henry, although only fourteen years old, had been in seven different schools. It is not to be wondered at,

therefore, if he was only in the second book and was looked upon as a "delinquent" boy. When he received special help, he made rapid progress and became a very reliable boy. However, his adjustment came about through the extra help in the classroom which he was given.

But the trouble may not originate in the school or with the teacher, but in the home itself. Friction and controversy in the home are often a fruitful source of trouble for a boy. Parents may not agree in their methods of dealing with him. For instance, Bob may be a "mamma's boy;" that is, his mother may have spoiled him and always interfered when the father attempted to correct him. As a consequence, when he went to school he wanted to be shielded there. He would go home and tell his mother how the teacher had a pick on him, and how the boys—usually smaller than himself—were bullying him. His mother would listen to him sympathetically and always take his part. She never stopped to wonder whether Bob was telling the truth because "her Bobbie always told the truth"—yes, when it suited him. As long as a boy can have sympathy at home when he gets into the least trouble, no teacher will ever accomplish anything with him. Many a trouble which seems to originate at school really has its genesis at home. There are many mother-son fixations.

There is the other extreme where the parents have never exercised any control over their boy and have always let him have his own way. Naturally, he is going to try to have his own way at school. Under such circumstances they are bound to get a poor report from the school, and most certainly the parents should not expect the school to accomplish what they have passed up doing. The responsibility in such a case rests not with the school, but with the parents.

What of the boy who dislikes school and yet is forced to attend? Nowadays, we have convinced ourselves that education within the four walls of a school is a *sine qua non*, and that no boy can ever make anything of himself who has not a high school education or better. We forget that some of the outstanding men of our day had very meagre training. This is not an argument against education *per se*, but it is a statement to the effect that I consider it folly to send a boy to school who detests it. There are bound to be difficulties when a boy has to attend school and dislikes it. There

are boys of the extrovert type who simply cannot abide sitting in school. They want to get out into the great world and rub shoulders with those older than themselves. They may not have mentality to profit by attending school. Because a boy refuses to profit by his educational opportunities when he is past the compulsory school age, does not mean that he is passing up for ever his chances of obtaining an education. Night schools, correspondence courses, private instruction are all possible means of making up. I have seen many a person complete his matriculation work in two years by attending night school. Rather than make a "problem" boy, let him go [Continued on page 33]

Chances

By ALLAN SWINTON

(Continued from page 19)

and took the wheel, which was on the after-cabin bulkhead, and the boat came round and chugged sedately round the point and headed down-coast toward the dangerous Roca's Pass.

The girls went below to clean up. Holmes sprawled atop the cabin and strummed his banjo, breaking into lusty song on the last line of the classic ballad, "Gawsh darn his soul, he wuz a-doin' 'er wrawng!"

The sun was falling fast into the hill-top trees behind, but its rays still shot in golden shafts between the heights. Across the straits it turned to fire the snow peaks of Washington. When the boat was in shadow underneath the land, the engine's *chug chug* echoed hollowly and the chill from the ice-fed sea rose round them like a mist; but when the shore receded as they crossed the bays the sun struck baking hot on their bare flesh and the sound of the engine lost itself across the water.

Presently the girls, miraculously freshened by mysterious processes, emerged. Ruth in daffodil yellow pleated skirt and sweater, clambered on top of the cabin with a flash of bare legs and piled cushions so that she could lie close to Johnny as he steered. Shelagh, in a fuzzy white polo coat over her pyjamas, sat in the cockpit and was lost in her book. They had almost crossed the mile of open channel dividing the island from the barrier reef, and a long, polished swell began to reach them from the entrance. The boat rode it with slow, pleasant undulations, and a dank, sharp smell rose from the sea.

Prone on her cushions with her chin on her hands and her face not two feet from Mather's, Ruth said drowsily, "Aren't you glad we didn't hurry off now, Johnny? Isn't it gorgeous? And didn't we have a lovely day?"

"It is and we did," he said, "And the day's not the loveliest thing in sight by a whole lot."

The casualness dropped from her abruptly and she looked at him with an expression he had seen on other women's faces, and he knew that he could have her for the asking. Marriage? He had thought of it, though never to a conclusion that had tempted him. She was the loveliest thing he had ever seen. He had come a thousand miles to reassure himself upon the point and since had lived in a state of unadulterated pleasure. Yet in that moment, with her face close to his and her soul in her eyes, he realized that he did not want to marry her.

It brought him an impatience with himself which he had known for other causes. So often he had felt desperate needs but could think of nothing that would begin to fill them. And it irked him and he despised himself, just as he despised himself for the apprehension that obsessed him of the tide in Roca's Pass and the icy sea. He said, to break the tension, for the want of something better, "Well, it was a gorgeous afternoon, but I'll be glad to have that rip behind us."

Her face fell and she sat up abruptly. Her eyes were indignant. "You do take your troubles seriously, don't you?" she retorted, leaving him acutely conscious of his affront and clambering forward to sit with Holmes, dangling their feet over the cabin forward.

The channel was beginning to draw in. On one side they were close to weed-covered rocks on which black cormorants sat ghoulishly, which smelt rank and which tossed back the sound of the engine. A cold breeze had sprung up from nowhere. The boat pitched harder. She yawed once or twice as eddies caught her. She was travelling at twice her own speed already and ahead a solid roaring sound grew louder. The bow heaved, swooped down with a lurch, tossing back a sprinkle of spray, and as a white-capped bottom-wave hissed by Holmes yelled, "Here we go! White water!"

Mather called, "Do you two mind getting down low, so I can see where I'm heading? This place is full of eddies. Feel her yaw?"

They came aft of the mast and lay down. "Cheer up, Johnny," Holmes admonished maliciously. "You only die once. Drowning's painless and you'll have good company." He struck his banjo and yowled. "In life, in death, I luhuuuue you!"

"Well, I'll be darned glad to be through this," Mather said obstinately. "We ought to have left when I said. And, if we do get through all right, we'll still have taken an awkward chance."

Ruth pulled a cork life-jacket from a rack and slammed it on the cabin top before his face. "Did ums scared of the water?" she said. "Put on his ickle floater and then no more frighten."

Mather blushed. Then he said, "Thanks. Better chuck

out three more. Here, Shelagh," he tossed her the jacket. "Keep this handy and slip it on if I yell, won't you?"

She looked up at him gravely, elfish and vivid against the waves marching past, with that quiet smile that was so elusive and yet so very, so almost improperly, intimate. "All right, Mr. Mather."

Ruth stared at him with her red lips parted and her blue eyes hard. "Johnny Mather," she said sharply, "I believe you are scared."

"Maybe I am. Maybe you'd better be. That rip'll be going full blast when we hit it."

Holmes exploded, "Well, holy smokes, you're not putting lifebelts on 'em, Mather? Better put two on yourself."

"Perhaps I will by and by."

Holmes' eyebrows went up. He shrugged and pursed his lips. "Oh, excuse me for butting in."

THE ROAR swelled to thunder that wiped out the engine's popping and the boat pitched with increasing violence. Her bows hit solidly on each successive wave as though it struck on rock. A sheet of spray lashed backward, stinging them all. Holmes stopped most of it and his hand went to his face. "Gosh, but that's cold! It fairly burns you."

Suddenly the boat stopped pounding; the waves gave place to a white-streaked race that swept her on with growing force. After the plunging and the tumult the effect was eerie. Holmes and Ruth were crouched at the mast-foot, dodging spatters of spray and gazing forward. Mather's face was tense and his nostrils worked as he watched the water. Shelagh got up and stood beside him. Her face was alight with an exhilaration in the moment, and without any trace of fear.

The pass narrowed rapidly and took a sharp turn southward, while the flood that bore them swept round at a queer, drunken angle and disappeared beneath a three-foot wall of foaming sea, just as if it poured into a slot in the earth as the current met the tide, which piled up over it, driving it down on a rocky bottom, to boil up again beyond the point of impact. Mather braced himself at the wheel, one foot against the cabin door-knob and his left arm round the wire shroud. The wall of water roared to meet them, the boat reared high at the impact, rode it and came down solidly—*Thud!*—into a ravaging sea that had no rhythm, no direction, leaping up unexpectedly in jagged spouts, boiling up from below. The yawl wallowed like a drunken thing. She pitched and she pounded. Mather's eyes were bright and his mouth set as he watched and tried to ease her through the smother. A spout of green sea reared to starboard. Ruth screamed, short and sharp, as the boat lurched and it fell solidly on her and Holmes.

Drenched, they came scrambling wildly aft and tumbled down into the cockpit. The boat was laboring too hard; she reared and swooped, making queer sidewise writhes beneath their feet in the conflicting eddies. She yawed thirty degrees or more and slid broadside down a green hill, struck a crest at the bottom and shipped half of it, rolled and then reared like a frightened horse and came down on solid water with a crash that jarred their teeth. As she went up Ruth screamed again, and when the plunge pitched her against Mather she clutched him frantically. Without taking his eyes from the tortured sea he wrenched her loose and shoved her against Holmes, who was clinging to a cleat with his shoulder hunched against the water that poured down. Shelagh was huddled on the thwart at Mather's feet in the shelter of the bulkhead, peering forward round the upright, ducking back and crouching to avoid the sea. He looked down at her and they smiled. The boat yawed again; her stern slid beneath a sea that slapped six inches of water into her, and she began a series of straight heaves and pitches as though she was deliberately trying to unseat them as a horse might do. Holmes grabbed his shoulder and bellowed in his ear. "We'll have to turn back. She can't make it. I never thought it would be like this."

Mather yelled, "S'all right. Doing fine. Little water, that's all." He laughed in Holmes' face darkly. "For Pete's sake! Look how far we've got to go! She'll

capsize. Turn her back!" shrieked Holmes in desperation. Mather swaying at the little brass wheel waved his hand expressively. "She'll capsize anyway. Have to chance it!"

"Turn her back!"

"No chance at all. She'd go over sure." Holmes grabbed the wheel as the boat yawed wildly. "Here, you, turn her round. You'll drown us all, you fool!" He tried to shove down the helm, but Mather with sudden fury drove his shoulder into his chest, knocking him loose to stagger against Ruth, who, wet through, her hair lank and her blue eyes wide in a face pale with cold, was cowering at the cabin door.

Shelagh called out, "You, Ned! Don't be a fool. You'll swamp us."

She caught the salmon gaff from its loops under the thwart. "You do that again and I'll hook you with this." She set it in ugly fashion to snatch at his calf.

Mather yelled, "What the dickens is wrong with you? Keep your heads!"

Holmes grabbed a lifebelt that was washing round his knees and began to jam it on to Ruth when the boat gave a dead, sickening roll and did not come back. Instead she remained on her beam ends and rose bodily in that position just as if she had stranded. Alongside, Mather glimpsed a sleek black bulk streaked with weed which sank abruptly, taking the yawl with it. A green sea rolled neatly into her before she could right herself, bursting the flimsy bolt on the cabin door and swamping her completely. The next sea broached her clean and she sank under them like a stone, leaving their four heads insignificant in the wallowing water among the torn white crests.

They had swamped on the rim of a big whirlpool made by the rush of current past a deep bay in the reef some thirty yards across, round which the water swept in an undulating circle. It bore them in close to the barnacle encrusted reef, out again in a wide sweep and then back into the bay.

Ruth, swimming powerfully, had first reached the rim. She grabbed a rock, dragged herself out and lay exhausted like a bright yellow seal against the sleek green weed. Mather found bottom farther round and stood waist deep in the numbing water, braced against its rush and searching the whirlpool for the other two.

They were close together, being swept away from him and swimming hard to try and reach the last point and not go out again into the open. Holmes made it, but Shelagh, an indifferent swimmer, failed. Mather, splashing and stumbling, ran back round the shore to meet her as she came in. Holmes followed and they stood watching as her

dark head bobbed along close to where the main stream rushed. She had worked her way to the rim of the whirl and they held their breath for fear she might be caught by the flood and not come in again. With a gasp of relief Mather saw her course begin to diverge shoreward. The two men plunged in to meet her, dragging her out and staggering with her limp form between them up on to the hogbacked reef, where she collapsed and lay propped on one arm with her head drooping and her wet hair hanging from it heavily.

Mather bent over her. "Shelagh! Are you all right?"

She looked up, and with her arm swept back her wet hair. Her small face was like milky wax with the cold, her lips blue against it. "I'm all right. I just feel sick. That water tastes like Epsom salts." She got slowly to her feet and wrung the water from

her hair. Ruth joined them, shivering. All their teeth rattled. The cold of that ice-fed sea had bitten into them like fire, and though the sun had almost gone and the air was dank, after the water it seemed positively warm. The jagged rocks were slimy with the weed and the barnacles beneath it crunched under their tread. Across the strait, the last of the sun still bathed the Olympic peaks with gold, and mid-channel the white shape of a liner from Japan moved like a child's toy on the purple water. The evening scene was rich with peace and beauty.

Holmes groaned. "That water's savage. You couldn't last in it five minutes."

Ruth, hugging her shoulders, her hair lank and dripping and her big eyes wide, chattered. [Continued on page 28]





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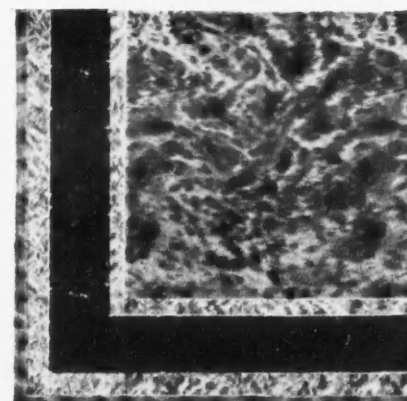
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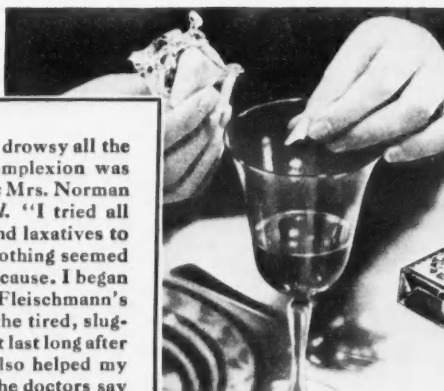
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I'd Abolish Sororities!

By MARGARET
FISHER WENDELL

She looked up with a rueful smile. "I honestly can't see why they dropped me and took Marjorie. We'd always been equals in everything till then. In our standing in classes, in the friends we made, even in the amount we had to spend. Our families both have nice homes and cars; neither one of us has the advantage in social standing."

"You probably think a girl should be able to rise above a thing like this. Perhaps she should, but it seems so terribly important when it happens, and being left out hurts so much that it takes some time to get over its effects. The worst of it is, I liked the girls in the sorority, and I thought they liked me . . ."

I discovered later that the opposition of one girl kept her out of the sorority of her choice. Because of some fancied slight, so insignificant that the girl herself could not remember inflicting it, she was dropped. A single blackball ruined her happiness at college and impaired her confidence in herself for a still longer period.

"I couldn't afford to belong to a sorority," said another girl. "I was asked to join, but that didn't help much. You can't go around explaining that the reason you're not wearing a pin is that you hadn't enough money to buy one. That's what it amounts to in my case. Even if you're chosen there may be reasons why you can't be a sorority girl, and if you're not, you're an outsider."

"Sororities? Not for me! I wasn't rushed, but then I didn't expect to be. I took good care that every one knew I didn't believe in them," declared a third girl. The very defiance of her attitude betrayed the hurt it tried to conceal.

Are Canadian universities justified in sanctioning the presence of organizations which cause so much bitter feeling and unhappiness? Not unless the advantages they offer definitely overbalance the obvious disadvantages.

JUST what is a sorority?

It is a secret society of undergraduate college girls, with a separate alumnae chapter which acts in an advisory capacity. Its membership is limited to about thirty, and it abides by a definite set of rules. If it is a local, it is an entity in itself, having no connection with similar groups in other colleges; if it is a national, it is one of a number of chapters in colleges throughout the United States and, in some cases, Canada as well.

National sororities of a certain standing are known as fraternities, although the term properly belongs to similar organizations for men.

The members meet once a week, sometimes in rented rooms, or if the sorority can afford it, in a chapter house which serves as a residence for out-of-town members.

What is the purpose of a sorority? I asked a member of one of the national groups.

"Women's fraternities," she said, "are intended to promote friendship, to maintain a high standard of scholarship, to develop a girl socially. They encourage participation in campus activities, and they are useful in dividing a large number of students into smaller groups. Then if the fraternity is a national, it provides a link for the member who is a newcomer to a strange city in which there is a chapter, active or alumnae."

All well and good for sorority members. But, in Canadian universities at least, they form a privileged minority. By far the greater number of women students do not belong to sororities, and for them the presence of such groups means continual unhappiness. This fact alone indicates that sororities do not justify their [Continued on page 36]

SORORITIES ruined college for me."

That's what one girl said when I asked for her opinion on this typically American institution that is finding a place in so many Canadian colleges. A recent graduate, intelligent, pretty, well-dressed. Starting on her first job hunt, still too close to college life to realize that the outside world is little enough concerned about a university degree, let alone exclusion from an undergraduate group.

"My best friend and I entered college together," she explained. "We were both rushed by the same sorority, but Marjorie was asked to join and I was—dropped. Marjorie didn't want to accept the invitation without me; I wouldn't let her throw away her chance to join. She was determined to bring my name up as soon as she was initiated, but I made her promise never to suggest it."

"I didn't see much of her after that," she continued. "Her sorority sisters were always coming up to her and talking about things of which I knew nothing, and while they were pleasant enough to me, I always felt like an intruder. I wouldn't force myself on girls who hadn't wanted me to join them, so I stopped going to lectures with Marjorie."

"The thing that worried me was not knowing *why* I was dropped. If only I'd known I could have tried to do something about it. As it is, I still wonder what can be the matter with me. It's enough to give a girl an inferiority complex for life, being looked over and found wanting. Even now I have to force myself to see people about a job."

Brassington

"In California...in Chicago...on the Continent, these creams have guarded my skin constantly since I was a girl"—says beautiful Mrs. McCormick



In 1929 Mrs. McCormick was Miss Joan Tyndale Stevens of England, which accounts for her delicate English beauty. "Years ago I started to use Pond's," she says.

"I SPENT my girlhood on the Continent ... In Chicago I learned about extremes of climate ... And here in Santa Barbara I am out in the open most of the time.

"Isn't that a test of one's beauty methods?"

Mrs. McCormick has the most heavenly, transparent skin you ever saw—she is a typical British blonde—so very fair with delicate coloring. She looks to be in her early twenties.

Her devotion and praise of Pond's way to beauty are sincere.

"Even on the other side, when I was a girl," she says, "I always used Pond's. They were so lovely to use. And I was so absolutely sure of their purity."

Skin Soft in Harshest Weather

"But it was in Chicago, where the winters are stinging and the summers burning, that I realized how *absolutely necessary* Pond's Two Creams are if one's skin is to keep its young-girl freshness.

"The Cold Cream has become indispensable for cleansing, and I use the Vanishing Cream constantly for protection from wind, sun, dust and cold. It heals chapping and it is the most effective powder base I know.

"Here in California I spend most of my time working in my garden. Again, Pond's Two Creams have proved themselves invaluable. I would never be without them in any climate."

See Your Own Skin Improve

Try these Creams on your own skin, and see what wonders they accomplish for you. Pond's Creams are extraordinarily pure—they bring back the suppleness and satiny brilliance of young skin.



Today Mrs. Alister McCormick's fresh beauty is even more apparent than ever. She spends most of her day in her garden working among rare tropical plants which she has collected. "I rely entirely on Pond's Two Creams to keep my skin nice," she says.

HEALS CHAPPING. Whenever your skin is chapped Pond's Vanishing Cream will heal it marvelously. Smooth it on lavishly. It is famous for its healing and soothing qualities.

To prevent your skin from drying and cracking smooth Vanishing Cream over face and hands before going out. It keeps your skin soft and white through every kind of weather.

CLEANSES—PREVENTS LINES. Use Pond's Cold Cream for thorough daily cleansing. Its

consistency is perfect. It floats out every speck of grime without clogging the pores or taking away the natural oils! Always use it after exposure. A bit left on overnight after cleansing will lubricate the skin and keep away age-telling lines!

WHITENS ROUGH RED HANDS. Pond's Vanishing Cream quickly smooths roughened skin and relieves irritation. Watch it whiten and soften reddened hands. Apply it several times

a day—after washing or exposure. Women marvel over it!



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Starting from the base of the throat, work the soapy lather into the pores of the skin.

The THREE DISGRACES

How to treat complexion flaws that inspire unrivalled grief

OILY SKIN, large pores, blackheads. What grief these three facial flaws inspire! They are veritable bogeys of beauty. In every batch of mail that comes to my desk quite half the letters make loud lamentation concerning one or all of these problems. And this in spite of the fact that our national complexion is on the whole a dry one. But there, you see, as somebody once brightly remarked, "the exception proves the rule." And if that is true and not, as I secretly suspect, a vaporism invented under pressure of argument as a comfortable loophole of escape, our national dryness, speaking in terms of complexions, is proved, and proved again.

It's no wonder, really, that the three faults are such perennial complaints—they're such troublesome troubles, as everybody knows who suffers from them. Incorrect or haphazard treatment only aggravates the condition. Perhaps the blackest mark of all marks should be given to blackheads, for they are found in every type of skin, normal, oily or dry. But each in its turn. Before I touch on blackheads I want to prescribe for oily skins and enlarged pores, which of course are running team-mates.

If you are of the legion who retreat into the cloakroom half a dozen times during an evening of dancing, in order to replenish your make-up—or who must furtively dim glistening noses before the theatre lights go up—then this advice is for you.

Reversing the order of table-service, we'll begin from the inside and work out. Diet is an important factor. If your skin is over oily, avoid as much as possible rich, fatty foods, highly seasoned or starchy foods, and concentrate on plenty of fresh fruit and green vegetables, salads and orange juice. It is tremendously important to be free from constipation, so include roughage in the form of a bran cereal in your diet, and drink eight glasses of water during the day. Sounds a lot, doesn't it? But just try drinking two before breakfast, two in the morning, two in the afternoon, and two in the evening, and you'll

find the water-drinking habit creeping on you before you know it. Most of us don't wash the inside nearly enough.

Exercise, too, plays its part in the correction of an oily skin. It is necessary, you see, to stimulate the circulation; therefore you, especially, must not overlook those daily morning exercises. Include in them a couple that will stimulate the liver and exercise the abdominal muscles. Try this one, for instance.

Lie flat on your back, arms stretched overhead. Gradually, swinging the arms forward, raise the body to a sitting position, and bend over so that you touch your toes with the tips of your fingers. Return slowly to position, and repeat several times.

And this, which is called the woodchopping exercise: Stand erect, feet apart and hands clasped above the head. Swing the arms down as if you were chopping a log lying between your feet; swing back again, and repeat twenty or thirty times.

With these morning exercises, combine a certain amount of outdoor exercise. Walk in the fresh air, and when the summertime comes let the sun help you by tanning your skin very gradually.

SO MUCH for care that starts from within. Now what about external care of the oily skin? Well, the keynote is soap and water. The oily skin can take lots and lots of it. Daily bathing of the whole body is necessary, and the face can be washed several times a day without fear of drying out the natural oils. Use a long-handled backbrush and plenty of creamy lather for those large pores on your back.

Choose a pure, bland soap—one that will lather easily, even in lukewarm water. Some skin specialists advocate tincture of

green soap, or a tar or sulphur soap for the excessively oily skin. The properties contained in them have a very drying effect. Whatever soap you use, first rinse the face with warm water—a thick, oily skin can stand much warmer water than a dry skin—then work up a creamy lather on the hands with the soap, and rub this lather well into the skin of your face and neck. Use upward and outward movements, just as you do when you pat on cream, but work that soap right into the pores so that it can cleanse deep down. If your skin is thick and strong, use a complexion brush to work the lather into the pores. It will stimulate the skin wonderfully. Rub it up from the base of the throat toward the chin line, and then up from the chin with those same upward and outward movements that are so important if you don't want to stretch and pull the skin. Then rinse—and rinse thoroughly—not just a hasty splashing of water and then a swift towelling, but a careful warm water rinsing that removes all the soap from the pores. Follow this with a cold water rinse. Let the tap run cold as can be, and splash the stinging water over your face and throat. This will act as an astringent to close up the pores.

It is a good idea to use a cleansing cream before washing at night. It sinks gently into the pores and floats away the deposits of powder, dust and dead scales that are accumulated there. While the skin is very oily, it is as well to avoid using skin foods after washing. Later, when the oiliness has been reduced somewhat by your treatment, use a skin food for lines and wrinkles if you like, but be sure to remove any surplus, unabsorbed cream by wiping off with a pad of absorbent cotton dipped in skin tonic. You may find, that a skin tonic is just what you need after washing, anyway—to tighten up [Continued on page 37]



By ANNABELLE LEE

than Ruth had ever been. Shelagh nodded. "Then in she goes!" He heaved the log-end over the snag and it rolled bumping down the slope and hit the swift-rushing water with a splash. Shelagh was in a moment after, and as soon as he saw that she was swimming he took a header and overtook them with a dozen strokes. He flung his arm over the rough timber and caught Shelagh's wrist as she swam alongside.

"Here's the trousers. Shove one leg up your sweater and out at the neck." He took the end from her, pulled it through and passed it underneath his own garment, pulling them tight so that they both were lifted high in the water and knotting the legs together across the log. The grip of the icy water on his limbs was a sickening pain.

"That'll keep your head up if you pass out," he said. "Now swim. Take it steady, but give it all you've got. We've got to work across the stream so we don't miss that long point with the little fir on it."

He looked back at the reef and saw Holmes and Ruth, who was so beautiful and whom he had come a thousand miles to see again, standing close together watching them. They looked small and forlorn against the wide purple strait. Holmes' arm was round her and behind them the Olympic peaks were darkening from old-gold to ruddy bronze.

They began to walk slowly down the reef away from the rip, to where the water lipped the rocks, oily and sleek and quiet.

THEY were at breakfast in the kitchen of one of those island dwellers, farmer, fisherman and lumberjack, who are scattered through the archipelago and to whom both time and money are of little value. The room was large, lined with natural cedar and in it a cast-iron range and a milk churn stood cheek by jowl with solid mahogany two hundred years old. Through the open window, against the glittering blue of the strait, showed the tops of firs growing on the slope below. The smell of eggs and bacon mingled with the scent of sea and balsam.

Their clothes had been dried in the night before the fire and were accordingly stained and shapeless.

Ruth looked fine-drawn and very young this morning in her yellow silk, bedraggled and stained. "Just to think," she was saying, "we might never have had another meal together. You can't imagine how terrible it felt when the boat came and took us off and we thought that you were drowned. And then when we got to the other side and saw you clambering along the shore, I never felt such a wonderful sensation in my life."

Holmes, ruddy and with his crisp brown hair on end said, "I knew darned well it was crazy, going off on a log like that. There was bound to be a boat along."

Old Mrs. Gilmour set down an enormous coffee-pot on the table and remained propped on her knuckles and addressed him with vehemence. "Which just shows what a fool you are, young man! Lucky for you it is that Sam went outside looking for them boom-logs. He don't go round that way once a month, and if he don't no one does. Main lucky you were, young man! The mercy of God it was, you can lay to that, and be thankful all your lives."

Silence followed while Holmes, with ears very red, looked at his plate. Mather, his dark face a little drawn, said, "Well, ambrosia of the gods might have been all right this morning, but—well, ham and eggs are good enough for me."

Both he and Shelagh were marked by their long immersion in the bitter sea. They were pale and tired looking, and they seemed to have grown thinner. Crossing on the log, he had doubted till the last whether they would be conscious when they reached the other side, or have strength to get into shallow water if they were. Now they were safe—but he had the lost yawl to pay for. Yet he was extraordinarily light-hearted. Sam came in and threw down an armful of wood and Mather turned to him, "Well, did you decide about the boat?"

"Yes. You can have her an' welcome, so

long as she's back here by Thursday. I'm only sorry I can't take you over—there's the wheat to be cut and I promised my neighbor. But you're welcome to her, sir." He clumped out and Holmes said, "Be twelve o'clock before we can start. Your aunt will be worrying all right, Ruth."

"Oh, no. Not as late as that," Mather protested. "We'll leave right after breakfast and be home by ten."

"Will we? You forget that tide-rip. We'd hit it full blast like we did last night."

"Well, that's all right. She'll ride it. You were right yesterday about the chart. A decent power boat will go through safely. We would have made it, and we were on the worst side at that. I'll know better this time and it won't be half so rough."

"But, man alive, didn't we upset?"

"Oh, yes. But that was a deadhead. It came up underneath and threw us over and she filled. Wouldn't happen again in a hundred years. Just bad luck, that was."

"Deadhead! That crazy rip sank us. Honest, you're the darnedest man I ever saw. I believe you're nuts, so help me!"

For the first time since they had started on that trip Mather's eyes turned hard. He said, "An enormous deadhead came up underneath us. It must be sixty feet long and eight through. Gilmour has it moored in the bay. We were looking at it before you were up. It must have been in the water for years. I bet you I'll run that rip this morning and not ship more than spray. Gilmour says it's all right."

"Not with me in her, you won't. I was wrong, all right. And I know when I'm lucky. If we hadn't spilt on the edge of that whirlpool we'd have drowned inside five minutes. How do we know there won't be another deadhead, anyway?"

"Well, if there is, and it's as big and it tips us like this one did, it will be a most miraculous coincidence. But anyway, I'm going. Poor Mrs. Hannay will be worried to death, and it's up to us to get back as quickly as we can. The girls won't mind a bit of spray, will you?" He turned to them in interrogation.

Ruth said, "We—we ought to wait till it goes down, oughtn't we? What's the use of always taking chances?"

Mather regarded her with puzzled interest, as if almost he saw her for the first time as she was. She, too, seemed to have got thinner in the face since yesterday. It revealed that hers was beauty of the kind the years do not destroy, for it was in her skull itself, which does not alter, though the flesh wither and the skin dry. Always the splendid features would remain, the clean sweet line of jaw, the exquisitely proportioned nose. He smiled at her, but his smile was cool. He said, "Your aunt must be suffering. She is not young. I'm sure the boat will get through the Pass all right."

"How can you be sure? Didn't we upset last night?"

"It's just my opinion, of course. But I'm going. Will you come, or won't you?"

She said, "I—I think you're horrid. Why are you always making scenes like this? Why not wait till it's safe? It's only a few hours."

He nodded and his lips were tight. "All right. I'll send Gilmour's boat out in tow and the man that brings it can take you back."

He turned to Shelagh to ask her if she would remain or go, but as her eyes met his something sprang in them that she lowered them fast to hide. But he had seen; and his heart gave a furious leap and a red flood dyed his face. Then incredulously he knew what was the new and strange felicity he had enjoyed the last two weeks. He stood up and said, almost afraid now that the other two would change their minds, "All right. P'raps it is foolish of me. But I'm anxious to get back. I'll have a boat here for you in time to catch this afternoon's slack water."

The dinghy bumped on Sam Gilmour's boat, and he helped Shelagh up the side. He dived into the cabin, reached out and pulled her in after him. When at last she took her face from his shoulder she said, "I don't care now if we do drown!"

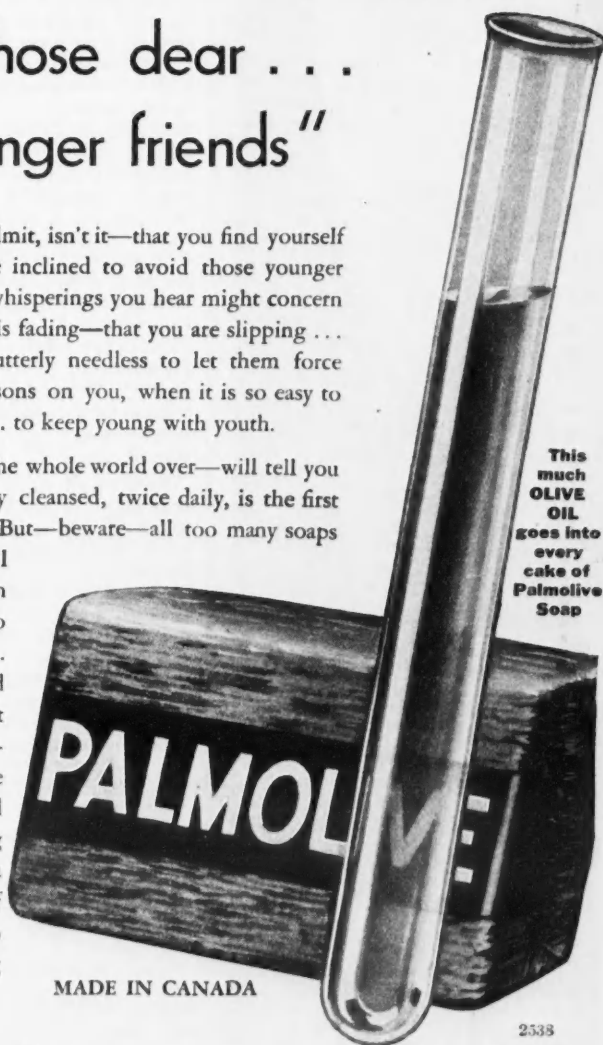
AS YOU DESIRE ME



Take a lesson in confidence from "those dear . . . but younger friends"

A LITTLE hard to admit, isn't it—that you find yourself more and more inclined to avoid those younger friends—that those whisperings you hear might concern you—that your skin is fading—that you are slipping . . . just a little? How utterly needless to let them force unflattering comparisons on you, when it is so easy to go back five years . . . to keep young with youth.

Beauty experts—the whole world over—will tell you that a skin thoroughly cleansed, twice daily, is the first rule of beauty care. But—beware—all too many soaps wash away the natural oils—leaving your skin dry, parched, a prey to wrinkles and lines . . . while a skin cleansed with Palmolive is not only cleaned but protected against the ravages of time and age. Its deep-reaching olive oil lather has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.



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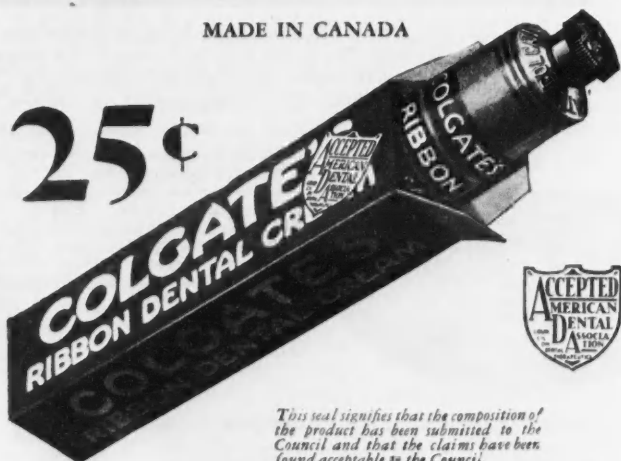
Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



"The quarters I save on Colgate's help me weather the storm"

Buy Colgate's the first time *just for economy's sake*—that quarter saved. Then, discover that it cleans teeth better than any preparation you've ever used, at any price. Discover that—though its makers offer no extravagant promises, make no wild claims—it does for you all any toothpaste can do. And—having enjoyed its flavor, its cleansing powers, its low price—just ask your dentist about it. Here's what he'll probably say: "Colgate's? I should say so. Does all any toothpaste can do . . . cleans teeth thoroughly and safely. I've been advising it for years and years." You try Colgate's—once. Feel the fresh, wholesome cleanliness of your teeth and those extra quarters in your pocket, too. You're a Colgate user for life!

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2578

Chances

(Continued from page 23)

"I'm almmmmmost solid. Fffor Ppppete's sake, ddddo sssomething!"

"What'll I dddo? Make you a hhhhot toddy?"

"Fffunny," she snapped. "This is your fault. You said it would bbbbe all right."

"Aw," he growled, "exercise yourself. You'll soon get warm."

SELAGH stood hunched like a wet hen, her lower lip between her shaking teeth. Mather, grey with the ghastly hue that cold brings to those of his complexion and shivering violently, was looking with concern about the reef on which they stood, a low hog-back grown to the very top with barnacles, weed, mussels and anemones, and which ran back from the tide-rip channel in a narrow barrier some five hundred yards. He said, "This rock's covered at high tide, and it's the highest in the reef at that."

Holmes, rubbing his knuckles wash-board fashion up and down his ribs, said hopefully. "It'll be all right. Some one's bound to come by soon."

"Well, I don't remember seeing any boat pass here all day, except the big ships in the strait. Do you?" He looked round at the three of them.

Nobody did. They stared at each other, each inarticulate and with their particular and private fears rampant in their hearts, while the tide-rip thundered past and the mauve mists gathered in the hollows of the woods to the north.

Ruth said, "Some one will have to take us off; they'll have to."

Nobody answered. Mather gnawed his lip. He clambered down a cleft in the reef to a knot of boulders that lay there, then returned slowly. He said, "If nobody comes . . . The tide's only started rising."

"Some one'll come. Some one's bound to come," Holmes protested.

"I wonder. There'll be about an hour of light yet. But if they don't"—he glanced round at them with a quick surprising smile—"good night!"

Nobody spoke. The bite of the sea was leaving them a little and their shivering abated as they beat their limbs and stamped.

Across the strait the gold caps on the peaks were growing shorter. A late gull or two wailed overhead forlornly. Mather said, "We're in a tough spot, kids, a darned tough spot. The best chance is to try for the other side at once."

"What, swim?" Holmes ejaculated, staring, his jaw slack with dismay. Mather nodded. "I wouldn't go into that water again for a million. You couldn't last. It's murder!"

"Well, if you don't get taken off before high tide you'll be in it. And in the dark at that."

"Some one's bound to come by soon, I tell you."

"Maybe they will. But if they don't it'll be too late. Now's the time. Don't you see? The tide-water's beginning to run in like the devil. It's on top of the current now and it'll rush us clear across to the island. If we wait it will have flowed in and we'll have slack water and the current the other way, like it was when we came in this morning, and we'd never swim it for the cold."

"We'd never make it anyway. We'd go numb and sink before that current took us over. Man, there isn't a chance that way."

"Oh, yes, there is. See that log? That's providence helping the castaways all same Robinson Crusoe." He pointed to the heap of boulders he had investigated, among which a lost boom log had been left by the receding tide. "If it were not for that I'd agree with you. But we can roll that in and tie ourselves to it. It'll take us faster than

if we were alone and keep us above water if we can't swim for the cold. There's a sporting chance of making it if we go at once while the current's strong."

"You'd be dead of cold when you got there."

"Maybe we would. But don't you see we're near dead already. We're all right here just now, but unless some one comes along and takes us off we're done—and I don't believe there's much chance that they will. I know there's been no boat by all day, so why should there be one now it's this late? We're absolutely up against it, and I figure there's a better chance of getting over with that log if we go now, and of being able to get out of the water when we get there, than there is of being taken off. And if we wait, the current will be gone and the chance gone with it. So come on, fellow. We can tie ourselves to her with our clothes. Every minute we wait here means longer in that devilish water."

"Not me," Holmes protested fervently.

"Not me. Wait, can't you? Some one's bound to take us off."

"Maybe—and maybe not. It's not a good enough chance for me. Come on, you fool! Don't you see we're talking our lives away? Come on or we'll go without you."

At this Holmes whipped round to Ruth. "Ruth! You're not going to try that, are you? He's crazy. You stay here. Some one's bound to see us."

Mather took her arm. "Ruth, you'll have to come. You're done if you don't."

She looked up at him, big-eyed and drawn with cold and apprehension, and then round at Holmes.

Shelagh, her pyjamas clinging to her dancer's figure and her face still white like wax, said, "Mr. Mather was right about the tide-rip, wasn't he? If you'd listened to him we wouldn't have been in this mess."

Ruth whipped round on her like a startled terrier, and cold as she was the blood rushed to her face.

Holmes said, "He was right, all right. I never thought it could be like it was. But this is different. It's suicide in that water. I tell you. He's lost his nerve and he'll kill us all." He laid his hand on Ruth's arm. "You stay here, Ruth. He's crazy."

Ruth forgot to glare at Shelagh and her eyes went to the frigid water rushing clearly green ten yards away. "Some one's bound to come along," she said with a shudder.

Mather bit his lips and turned to Shelagh. "You'll come then, Shelagh?"

"Of course."

"Good for you! For the last time, you two. Coming?"

"Not on your life!" Holmes said with vehemence, and Ruth stepped close to him, staring incredulously at Mather. Holmes slid his arm about her shoulders.

"All right then," Mather said. "If we make it I'll head across the neck for that house there and try and get a boat. Give me a hand with the log, will you. It's pretty heavy."

"I will not. It's suicide, I tell you."

Mather shrugged. "Come on, Shelagh."

Ruth ran across and grabbed him by the arm. "Johnny! You're not going. It's not necessary. You'll be drowned."

"Got to chance that. You'll be drowned, unless you're mighty lucky, if you stay. Come on with us."

She drew back. "No. No, it's going to be all right. Some one'll come."

"I hope they do. Come on, Shelagh."

He helped her down the slimy rocks to where the log lay a few feet above the rising water. "Got your swimming suit on under?"

She nodded. "Then give me your trousers."

He pulled off his own and tied the two pairs together by one leg of each. He gave a heave at the log-end. "That's fine. I can shift her. When she goes in, you go after as fast as you can and hang on 'bout two-thirds way from whichever end is heading downstream. I'll come up on the other side. Ready?"

The big grey eyes in the elfish face, white and drawn with the cold, looked into his, and for an instant, as if a veil was lifted from some secret place within, something shone out at him that was more beautiful

Strange Girl

(Continued from page 7)

jerseyed presence into the sanctities of my aunt's drawing-room was a little too much. I fear I said something robust under my breath, and took down the passage after him. "Spike!" I called. "What the dickens' all—"

And then I ran straight into Jason Harg. He was standing on the doorstep, looking enormous in the evening light, his bull's head outlined against the pure green of the eastern sky. With him again was the girl I had seen in the boat, and I found time, even in the man's overpowering presence, to observe that she was beautiful.

Harg thrust out an enormous red hand, taking mine before I had time to make up my mind about him.

"Ah, Burt!" he said, in his deep booming voice. "Welcome back, lad. Ye don't know me, I see. Well, let me in and we'll have Phemy introduce us all in order and ship-shape. Here, Elise!"

And he shouldered past me into my own house as if the place belonged to him. The girl followed close at his heels; but as she passed me, standing there like a loon, she flashed a look at me—the merest eighth of a glance, as it were, from her brown eyes—and I knew with a little thrill of certainty that Spike Murphy had been right. This pretty child was afraid.

In the passage Harg stopped and turned to me. "Where's Phemy?" he demanded. "In that room of hers, eh?"

It took me a second to take in the abbreviation, for familiarities and my aunt Euphemia did not somehow match. Then I must have mumbled assent to him, for he laughed a great bellowing laugh and barged—there is no other word for it—into the dim old sanctum where my aunt still sat waiting.

She was looking out of the window, cheek on hand, and never showed by movement or gesture that she had heard our entry. I felt the atmosphere suddenly electric, pregnant with possibilities I had never dreamt of, sailing into our quiet estuary that afternoon. Again I had that sensation of chill down the spine.

But Harg appeared quite unperturbed by my aunt's attitude. He threw himself into a chair, motioned the girl Elise to another, and roared a bluff—I might have imagined an honest—greeting.

"Dropped in to see the young spriggins here, Phemy," he said. "Ye've made pretty fair stuff of him, at that. Spit of his dad, too—oh, yes, sure he is. Nice young feller."

She turned her calm gaze on him, and for a moment I thought she was going to come out with something biting, for there was a familiar twitch at the corner of her thin lips. However, she thought better of it, for she merely nodded and said "Yes," and there was an awkward small silence.

Harg broke it. "Oh, yes, by jiminy," he said. "A nice young feller, Mr. Burt. And I'm glad he's back, Phemy—mighty glad!"

My aunt continued to inspect him, much with the air of one striving to penetrate a mystery that was yet no mystery at all. It seemed to me it was time I took a hand in proceedings.

"You wanted to see me?" I asked him.

He swung about, great stubby hands on knees, to face me, and the bleak look came back abruptly to his heavy face.

"Why, yes, Burt," he said, appraising me through narrowed lids. "I wanted to see ye. Yes, you may say so indeed."

Once again irritation got the better of me, at his tone and the cool bluster of him.

"Very well," I said. "Let's have it over now, Mr. Harg. We'll leave the ladies and do any talking there's to be done in the library. I'd like to get it over—if it's any-

thing serious. And then when you're done, I've a word or so I'd like to say to you myself."

He snatched at one of my expressions and chuckled over it as if it were the height of humor.

"Serious?" he said. "Oh, yes, it's serious, Burt—you may say it's serious. Oh, by jiminy, yes!"

He was goading me into a further exhibition of temper, and I suppose my aunt saw it, for she interrupted at once.

"No, Burt," she said. "That's not the way of it. Anything he says to you, he says in front of me. I'll not let you deal with him alone."

Harg made an unreplicable sound that held in it amusement, tolerance, and I fancied contempt, and it finished me altogether.

"See here," I said furiously, "I've had enough of this. What's all this affair anyhow? You, Harg, who are you and what are you doing here? Who's that fellow with the gun? By what right d'you come thrusting yourself in here as if the place belonged to you? If you've anything to say to me, say it here and now, if that's what my aunt wants; otherwise take yourself out of this, and the sooner the better! D'you see?"

He had been looking at me again all this while, ironically, and as if he felt like patting me on the head; but at my last words I saw his face change and the half-smile vanish from his lips.

"Oho!" he said softly. "It's like that, is it, Burt? Like that, eh? Well, if that's your lay, I'm content. I'll talk to you a bit later." His enormous voice dropped to a throaty whisper, far more terrifying than any oar. "Oh, yes," he murmured, "I'm content, Burt!"

And with that he hoisted himself to his feet with an agility surprising in one of his size and years and lumbered off out of the room without a word or a backward look. The girl, Elise, the silent actor in this scene, followed him docilely—draggingly. She, too, did not look back.

SWUNG on my aunt. "That settles it," I said angrily. "We'll have no more of this man Harg here. Tell the maids—and I'll tell Spike—that he's to be shown the door—"

I stopped, for my aunt Euphemia was doing a thing so shockingly unlike her that I nearly collapsed. She was crying, that hard starchy old body; crying softly but persistently, and without any effort at restraint. "Heavens above!" I ejaculated. "What's the matter, aunt? What's all this?"

For a minute she did not answer me, but sat fighting for composure. I do not know when I have been more flustered over a thing. It was most colossally unlike any phase of my aunt's character I had ever seen. Finally she pulled herself together and regarded me with a shamefaced expression.

"I'm sorry, Burt," she said. "I'm an old fool."

"Not a bit of it!" I told her. "But you've got to tell me what's wrong over this Harg fellow. Next time he tries any of his games he'll have me to reckon with. I'll not have him annoying you."

My aunt shook her head. "It's not as easy as all that," she said. "I—I don't know whether you think I'm a weak sister, Burt..."

"I don't," I said. "... but I'm frightened of Jason Harg. And I've been frightened of him for forty years."

"But why?" I said. She shied at that. "No," she told me, "not yet. I might tell you some time, Burt—not now. It's—it's something out of the old days, as I said. I—I don't want to drag it up."

I said helplessly: "Have we got to go on like this? You're afraid of something, aunt—something that's got to do with me, too; and you won't tell me what it is. That's nonsense!"

She brightened up a good deal. "I'll tell you this much, Burt," she said. "I know what Harg's here for—or part of what he's here for."

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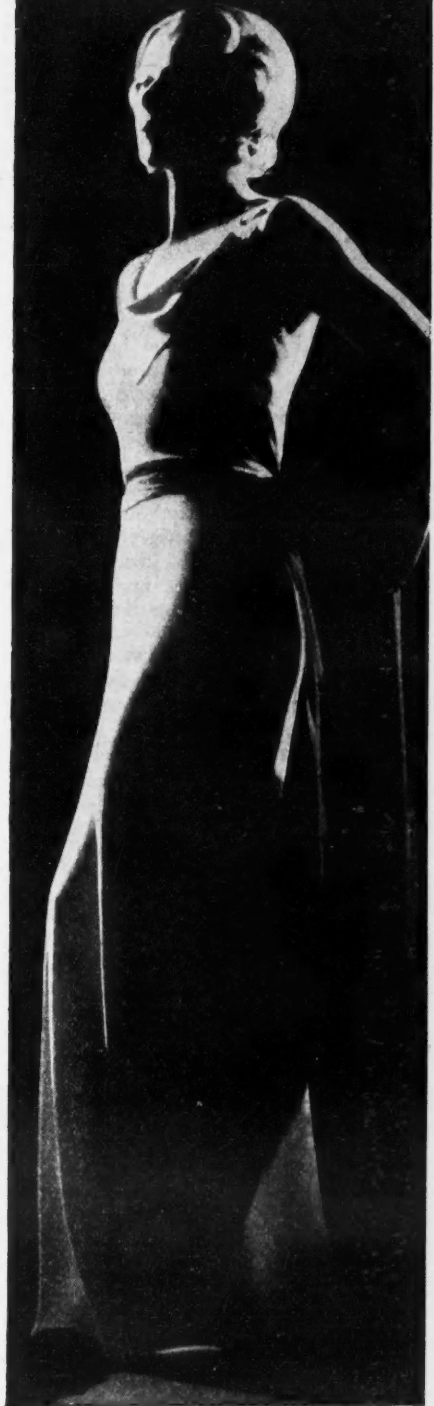
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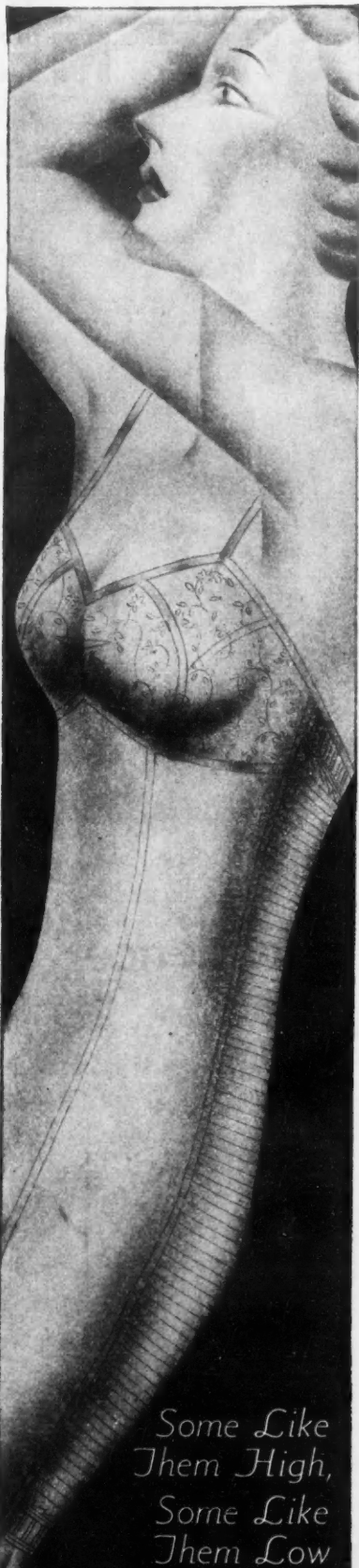
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Bateau from St. Luce

(Continued from page 11)

and sang. Paul's heart leaped madly within him, and his thirsty soul drank in the coolness of her voice, forgetting all else.

"Bravo, Ninette!" he shouted when she had finished.

His voice rang above the din of applause, and he came to himself, horror-struck. All around him faces stared and remarks were made. Having no English he could not tell what they were, but there was no doubt that they concerned him. He could not know that the interest he aroused was genuine and kindly. He was humiliated past all bearing. He had blundered, had broken some code of this unreal world, and he who had never known cowardice was routed by it now.

Red and awkward in his confusion, clutching his Sunday cap with its shiny visor in his toil-hardened hand, he blundered toward one of the rear entrances. He would shake the dust of this place from his feet and never return. Up in front Ninette, apparently unconscious of his existence, was smiling and bowing to the applause that still swept the room, a little shyly, but not as one unaccustomed. Paul went outside and instinctively left the glare and busy-ness of the Terrace behind him. A flight of steps led to the heights by the Citadel. These he climbed, and the immensity of night received him.

Familiar stars looked down upon him, untroubled by the fleeting lights of man, however dazzling. A cool breeze, hinting at the salty tang of incoming tide, soothed the flush of humiliation from his face. Down below flowed the river that had been there long before Quebec had existed, even as a dream, in its founder's mind. It would still be flowing in its appointed way past these heights long after the memory of Quebec had faded from mortal awareness. It caught reflections and tossed them back to him. It bore the puny craft of men on its bosom, but never for one moment was it affected by them. Paul felt all these things with his emotions rather than his intellect. They strengthened him and enabled him to look back toward the scene he had so lately quit. How pallid, after all, the glow of those myriad lights. How little they obscured the realities. Why, then, should he fear that for Ninette they would? Why should they not drive her, too, back to the enduring things?

Suddenly it came to Paul that he had been selfish in running away. Ninette had said she would watch for him. Perhaps to her he was a pledge of the existence of the free things they both knew and loved—the illimitability of sea and sky, trailed with smudges from distant passing ships; the chattering of sea-birds on the reefs at low tide; the cottages of their own people looking across to the sunsets from under their curving eaves. Newly confident he retraced his steps. The lights of civilization were dimmed, the people but moving shapes and shadows, the *Château*, as he re-entered it, a hollow shell of fantasy.

HE FOUND his way to the concert hall, but the lights were out and the gilt chairs huddled in untidy groups. In the corridors and lounges many people still moved to and fro, chatting as if the night were yet young. Paul shoved through them almost in a panic, the calmness won on the heights deserting him. He must see Ninette, tonight, or he would be lost indeed. Breathing hard, he won a more tolerable place by an open archway. Through it he saw tables, and men and women sitting at them, eating and drinking. And quite near, so that the shock of discovery was like a physical blow,

was Ninette sitting half sideways to him still in her Provençal costume. Three women and two men were with her. She was laughing, her eyes were sparkling, her slim hands were waving expressively. Paul could catch just sufficient words to determine that she was trying to talk in English, of which she knew a little, and her companions were trying to express themselves in French. There was much merriment about it. Paul's heart sank. He had nothing with which to fight this. One of the men was young, and his eyes never left Ninette's face. If he were only pale and ineffectual looking, as Paul imagined all men must be who lived this artificial life! But his face was as brown as Paul's own, his figure as lean. And Ninette seemed so happy, so sure. She had forgotten him. She did not even turn her head to look for him, as she had said she would. He did not matter to her.

Sick with realized fears and disappointment, Paul stumbled out and away into the streets, dark and crooked, that threaded the Lower Town. Time meant nothing, place meant nothing. There was only a terrible gnawing pain that would not let him die, nor leave him free to live. Church bells rang, but to Paul they were the bells of St. Luce ringing mournfully out over a countryside empty of Ninette. Everything would be empty, the sea, the sky, the hills, his heart. And the homeward voyage would be an empty dream. The Ninette who returned would be a changeling—her outward form present, but her living self back in the glittering world which had stolen her from him, and to which she would go again.

Paul's feet rang on cobbles that had a familiar sound. He was at the dock, with no volition of his own. The dim light of the *Sir Wilfrid* was waiting for him like a sleepy eye. A movement where the shadows were darkest halted him. The scraping of iron-shod hoofs startled him. Then there were voices, and lighter footsteps than his coming toward him.

"Paul!"

"Ninette," he said, so dazed with thinking of her that he did not know he had spoken. Two little hands caught his. He grasped them unbelievably, his numbed mind warming itself with their dearness, unable to compass anything further as yet.

"Paul," she said softly, moving close to him, "thou art a dear fool! Why did you run away? I saw your back going, and I asked my friends to bring me here—to wait for you."

The numbness melted. He caught her fiercely in his arms.

"Ninette! Ninette!"

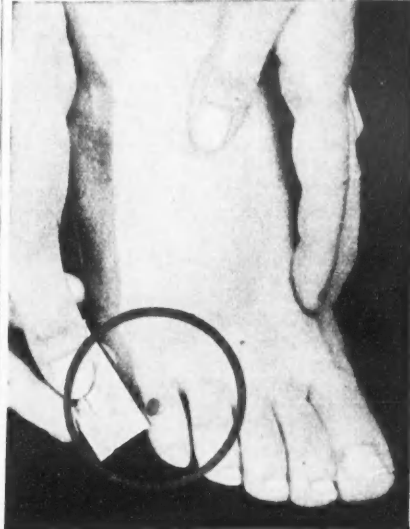
They would go away—tomorrow. Her bunk was as she had left it, tidily made, ready for her. They would go back to their own Gaspé where they belonged, and never come here again. This world was like a fever, once it got in the veins, making one believe that unreal things were solid. When one laughed, it was delirium, not mirth. One's vision was distorted, beclouded . . .

He was like a small boy in the dark, telling his fright to a sympathetic mother. She let him talk, patting his shoulder gently, murmuring soothingly. When he came to an end she reminded him that the *Sir Wilfrid* did not sail on the morrow.

"And Paul, *mon cher*," she said with grave tenderness, "my eyes are still as clear as when they spy the first ship of spring on the horizon. To me you are the fine gentleman—yes—though you have not the great ugly white front, and you run away from your friends. Tomorrow I have to sing again. After that—"

After that! Paul kissed her soft lips and warm young throat passionately. Then he put her into the cab with the friends who had brought her to him and would take her back to the convent and Madame Troismaisons. But yes, he thought, with a restless happiness that would not let him sleep, after that—down stream to the last hills, and the ancient ways, and the bells of St. Luce ringing out over the river to proclaim one more hearth-fire in the unbroken cycle of generations.

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window," said Spike. "Missed me head by an inch, and I dug it out of a beam. Someone's handy with firearms, by cracky!"

We looked at one another for a moment, standing close together in the lamplight; and as we did so there was a smash and a tinkle, and a second bullet whizzed between our faces and buried itself in the wainscoting with a splintering thud.

I do not think Spike and I are overly burdened with nerves. We have seen a good many things through together; but this affair brought me up short with a dropped jaw and a thudding heart. The "someone with firearms" was clearly very much on the job and there were scarcely two opinions as to who that someone might be. With one accord the two of us dropped flat on the floor; then we did a most undignified crawl from that library, until, in the safety of the passage, we rose and faced one another.

"Good heavens!" I said. "Here's a nice business, Spike."

He nodded. "What'll ye do, sir?" he asked, much in the tone of one awaiting a routine order. It takes a very great deal to disturb Spike Murphy for more than a moment.

His coolness brought me to myself. I

jerked open a glass-fronted cupboard with my sporting weapons in it, and dragged out a light repeating rifle and a 12-gauge shotgun. I stuffed the latter into Spike's hands.

"Now," I said, "I've had enough of this idiocy. We're going to call on Mister Harg, Spike, and find out what it's all about. And if anyone tries any more sniping at either of us, let him have it, that's all!"

There was an expression of unholy glee on my henchman's face as he gripped the shotgun. I think he was beginning to enjoy himself.

"Wait there a minute," I said, as an idea struck me. "I'd better tell Miss Euphemia what's in the wind."

And I ran upstairs and hammered at her door, regardless of the traditions of thirty years. It opened as I knocked, and I was face to face with the hard-featured Abigail. This time, however, she was far from intimidating; she shook all over, babbling incoherently and pointing behind her.

"Where's Miss Euphemia?" I snapped.

Then my eye travelled past her to the window. It was open wide, and a knotted sheet hung from it.

"She's gone, Mr. Burt!" Abigail began to blubber. "Miss Euphemia's gone!"

To be Continued

Is Your Boy Giving You Trouble?

(Continued from page 20)

to work and he will soon appreciate his lack of education.

The home is responsible for the boy, also for his habits of eating and sleeping. Many a boy is listless at school and fails to make progress because he eats too rich and indigestible food, stays up too late at night, and has too many outside diversions. Some of these diversions may be quite legitimate in themselves, such as church activities, boy scouts, orchestra and the like. But if they sap the boy's strength, they should not be indulged in. There is a certain time in a boy's life which should be conserved for school work and that only.

Rex had been a very successful student at public school, passing into the high school at the age of twelve with a scholarship. He also had considerable musical ability, playing the piano and later taking up an instrument in the orchestra. Then he got interested in sports and became rather an outstanding gymnast. However, each year at high school he took a lower standing until he failed in many of his matriculation subjects. The trouble was that Rex was dissipating his energies too much; his school work suffered, he wasn't quite so good a pianist, his orchestral work was uncertain and he became erratic in his performances on the gym floor. Rex was a very conscientious boy and his retrogression was brought about by his parents allowing him to participate in too many activities while attending school. In the end, his health suffered as well as his school record.

PARENTS should watch carefully the interests which their boy takes up. In themselves they may be quite commendable, but due to their multiplicity may interfere not only with one another, but with the school work. Boys attending high school should be protected each evening during the week against any interruptions which might conflict with them doing regular homework. Such insistence on regular home study should start when the boy is in the fourth book if it is to have any effect when he is trying his matriculation. Regular home study—not too much—I consider absolutely essential if a boy is to make any consistent progress at school; and parents

should see that no activities, no matter what the auspices, should break into the routine of the week. This may even extend to the reading of books, because for some boys as much interference can come through books as for others through sports and the like.

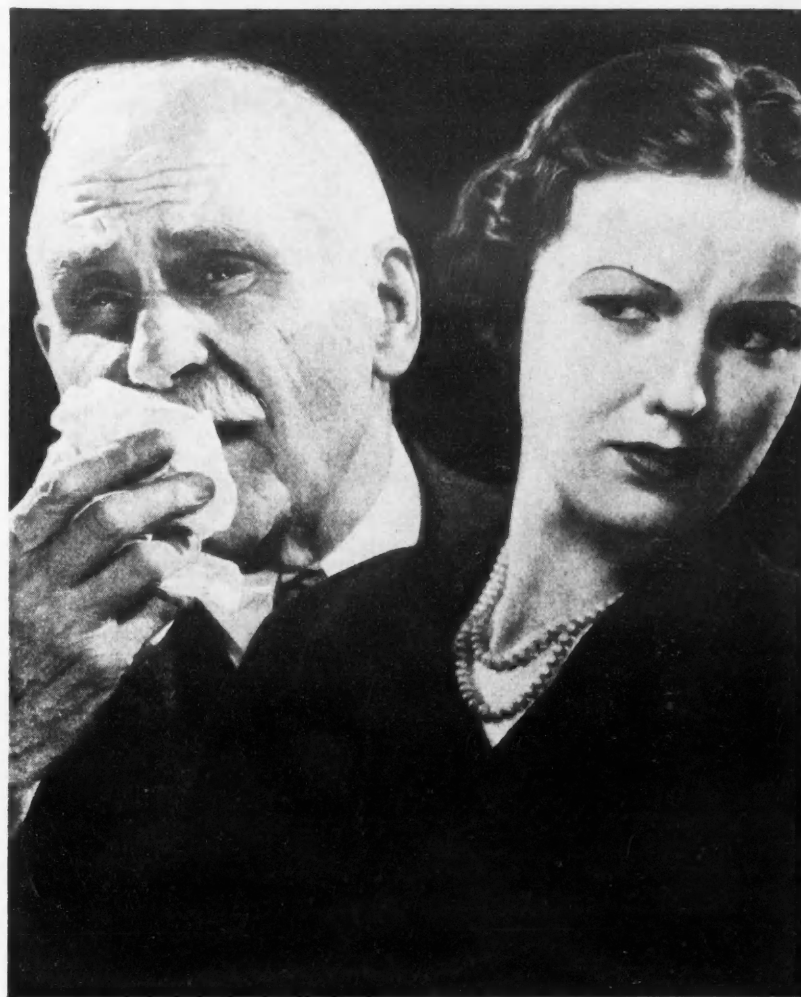
The latest invader into the home study period is the radio. Our children prefer to do their Latin and French to the crooning of Rudy Vallee and their mathematics is much more thrilling if done to the description of a hockey or wrestling match. Unfortunately, concentration is impossible under such circumstances and we must be hard-hearted and either move Tom up to a distant room or shut off the radio. It is just as well to make sure that his crystal set is not working in his own room, because it is quite a temptation to put on the ear phones since he will not disturb anyone, not even himself.

LET US now turn to the boy himself to see what part he is playing in this trouble at school.

It is just possible that Dick belongs to the extrovert type that is, more interested in others than in himself, and has no power of analyzing his conduct. This kind of boy usually seeks out the gang and is popular with the "bunch." He probably is easily led and for that reason cannot even carry out his good intentions. Our schools, due to the Adolescent School Act, are cluttered up with boys who are going to school because they have to; and if a boy is easily led, he will soon be found with the "fellows" who are skipping school and it won't be long before he is in serious difficulty. I do not need to elaborate on this point because such instances are only too common. For this reason, parents should not take too much for granted but be sure that their boy is attending regularly.

There is the opposite type, the introvert who avoids his fellows, stays by himself and lives in a world of fear. He is overly sensitive and perhaps has a physical or speech defect. If the teacher asks him a question, he is overcome with nervousness and answers very haltingly. Such experiences aggravate the situation and each time he makes a poorer performance until finally he refuses to answer. This discouragement sometimes takes a peculiar form. In order to cover it up, he may develop a truculent attitude and give no end of trouble to his teachers. This kind of behavior is in the nature of a defense reaction on his part.

A boy may have an over-inflated ego, so cocksure of himself that he makes himself obnoxious in the class. His father may hold some conspicuous public position in the



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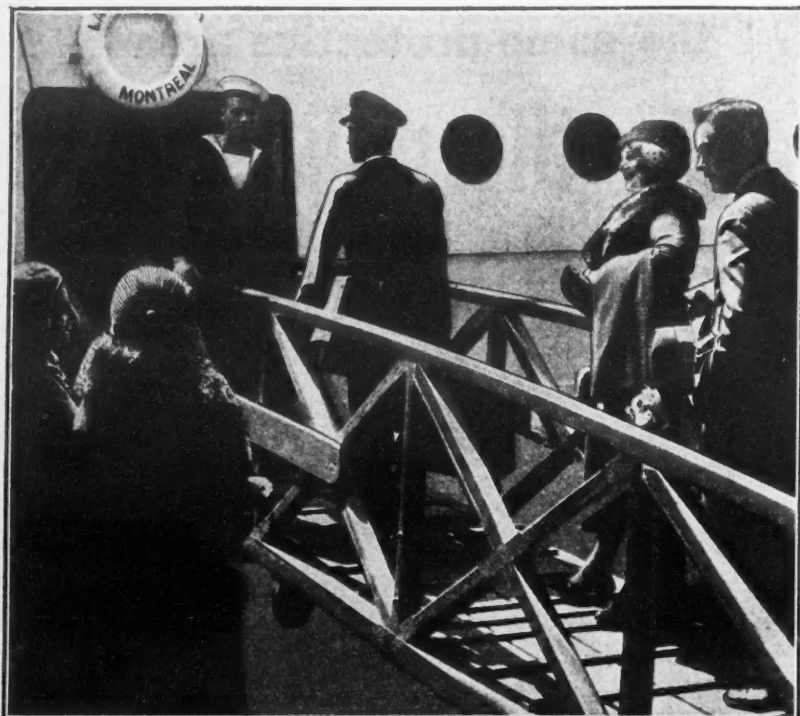
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Pepsodent Antiseptic

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"Will envious eyes follow You up the gang plank?"



"I guess, Margaret,

we have 'missed the boat', all right. Here we are, seeing Helen off on a world cruise, pretending we are happy, when we're really consumed with envy." "Well, it's our own fault. We all started in the office together, at the same salary, and we all had the same chance to provide a happy, carefree future, as she did. But she planned ahead, and dreamed of this day, when she could say good-bye to the office, step out, travel and see the world. We had the same chance, but all we did was dream about it."

"I've really never heard how Helen made this wonderful trip possible."

"Well,—I didn't know either until the other night . . . I was helping her to pack . . . this is what she told me. Twenty years ago, when she was thirty, she purchased a Dominion 20 Year Endowment Policy for \$5,000. All she did was to sign an application and make her first payment, and the policy was hers."

So, when she reached fifty, the Dominion Life paid her \$5,000 plus dividends."

"Were the payments hard to make?"

"No, that's why I am so mad at myself. She just saved the money systematically each month. She certainly didn't feel the pinch in doing it, because she was always as well dressed as we, and went nice places."

"But what would have happened if she had died before she reached fifty?"

"Well the \$5,000 would have been paid to her sister—you know, Grace, the one that is ill so much."

"Yes, I remember Grace—but, say, isn't that a wonderful way to provide for the future?"

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"So do I," I cut in, smartly. "He's after money, of course. And, if I'm not a mighty deal out, he's after those pearls of ours. Well, he won't get them—they're with old Lethaby in New York this minute, as usual."

"Yes," said my aunt Euphemia steadily. "They are, Burt. And who's got the combination for that safe in old Lethaby's office?"

"Why," said I, "I have." I had, as a matter of fact, I carried it in the back of an old full-hunter watch that had been my grandfather's, and it never left me. It's a part of our old-fashioned dealings, maybe, that we kept the pearls in the office of a dry-as-dust old lawyer in a brownstone office in Manhattan, and that even he could not lay hands on them without my half of the combination.

My aunt Euphemia gave me a look. "Well?" she said acidulously. "Have you anything more to say, Mr. Burt? Do you think it might be as well to look after yourself while this man Harg is about? It's the pearls he's after. I know that, although he's said nothing to me; and he'll do anything—anything, Burt—to get that combination from you."

"H'm!" I said, "that's why you wouldn't let me talk to him alone?"

"Naturally," said my aunt.

"And you don't feel inclined to tell me anything more than that about Harg?"

"No. Not yet. There are things in the past, Burt, that had better be let lie. I'll tell you if you have to be told. But not unless."

"Well," I said, "who's the girl? Tell me that."

"Elise?" My aunt smiled. "I wonder you didn't ask that before, Burt. She's something out of that past of mine, too—"

"Nonsense!" I said, rudely. "She's not twenty, aunt."

"Nineteen, I believe," she said, quite unruffled. "But part of the old days, for all that. She's Harg's niece, if you want to know; and her father, Jason's brother, sailed our schooner for us—Tom's and mine—out there in the Indies."

"Where the pearls came from?" I asked, and she nodded.

"Where the pearls, and other things, came from, Burt," she said, in a voice as uncompromising as the slam of a door. It was useless, I knew, to pursue that matter; I had already tried it too often. Euphemia Hewetson's mind was a closed book on her doings in the Indies.

"What's the girl doing here?" I tried another line.

"How should I know?" my aunt asked a little irritably. "Caesar Harg's dead, I know that much. Jason's keeping her, I presume, because there's no one else . . ."

"She's frightened of him," I said.

"Then she's not the only one. I am, too, Burt."

WELL, that was all I could get out of my aunt Euphemia, and it certainly wasn't anything very satisfactory. After a few more minutes fencing thus, she got up and left me, stating that she was going to her own rooms to rest; and I lit a pipe and went outside in a most uncomfortable frame of mind. It was growing dark now, a dull evening with the threat of storm later; the river's flat reaches were lead-colored, and a restless wind began to play among our big elms.

There was a light in the little outhouse where Spike and I kept our gear, and I could see him there, fettleing up things after his methodical fashion. Somehow I turned instinctively to him, as the only level-headed thing in a world seemingly gone crazy. I don't believe the millennium itself could extort a grunt of surprise out of that red-headed gangling longshoreman.

"Well, Spike," I said. "Anything new?"

He grinned humorlessly. "New, Mr. Burt?" he said. "No—nothin' you might call new just. Lot o' talk, o' course—"

"Go on, Spike," I told him.

He began to ply his varnish brush with swift, easy strokes. Spike is one of the people who talk better when their fingers are busy. Think better, too, perhaps.

"Mr. Burt, sir," he said at last, "if so be as I'm speakin' out o' my place, ye'll stop me. But I'd watch this Harg, if I was you—"

"Why?" I asked him the point blank question.

He was pretty nearly a minute before he replied. "Well, Mr. Burt," he said slowly, between strokes of the brush, "it's like this. What's he doin' here, anyway?"

He seemed to want an answer to that one, but I preserved silence to get his slant on things. He proceeded:

"He's a sailor, sir, all right," he announced. "Old hand, too, by the talk. An' what's more he's been lordin' it about here, like he was yourself or Miss Phemy, for the matter o' four months. Got the old Bower's place, an' campin' there with the young lady, seems like. An' the little dark chap as well—a Portygee he is, name o' Silva."

"The old Bower's place?" I said. "Is that where he's living?"

Spike nodded, and I scratched my chin, for this was interesting. It was a barrack of a house, not a mile from us, set in what had once been acres of tended garden and pleasure. It had been the folly of a rich ironmaster years back, but had long stood empty and falling to dilapidation. But—what were Harg and the girl doing in that great empty place?

I tried to piece the puzzle together, but made a flat failure of it. The jigsaw thing made nothing coherent, try as I would. One thing seemed clear enough. This Harg was no friend of mine or ours; and my aunt was frightened of him, and mighty reluctant to talk about him. I came to the conclusion I had better try her again, and left Spike to his varnish while I went back to the house to look for her.

She was not visible, her iron-faced maid told me. Lying down, it appeared; and there was small doubt that in Abigail's mind I counted for a poor thing, and responsible for her mistress's indisposition. I found her wintry replies to my questionings difficult to face, and ended by giving her up as well and retiring in good order on the library, where after a solitary supper, I began to mull over a plan of campaign.

It may sound an exaggerated expression, that last; but the more I considered matters, the surer I was that here was a situation that called for handling, and at once. By me, moreover. This was nothing, thought I, for my aunt Euphemia. She might have some specialized inside knowledge of Jason Harg; pretty certainly had, judging by her attitude with him. But I did not see her tackling the big bullying fellow, for all her normal fearlessness. Besides, the very sight of him had had its startling effect upon her.

I sat there smoking, in no very saintly temper with things in general, and looking at the oil painting of my father that hangs above the mantel. It is a likeness taken in his later years, after he had come home from his wanderings; but even in it you can see that Tom Hewetson was no mealy-mouthed personage in his prime. There is a set of the mouth and an uncompromising cock of the head that tells tales.

I was just meditating for the fiftieth time upon the unrecounted adventures he and my aunt Euphemia must have faced together, back in that shadowy youth of theirs fifty years since, and listening to the wind while I strove to piece Jason Harg into the tale, when there was a quick tap at the door and Spike thrust his head into the room. He had a look on his face I had seen there once or twice before.

"Yes?" I said. "Come in and shut the door, Spike. What's wrong?"

He pulled a wry mouth. "Dirty doin's, Mr. Burt, sir," he said succinctly. "They're after me already."

"After you?" I asked in astonishment. "What d'ye mean?"

Spike held out his hand, and there was something in the palm of it. I picked it up and held it to the light. It was a flattened and scarred revolver bullet—a .38 by the look of it.

"Where'd you get this?" I asked.

"Came in through the storehouse

medical laboratory. He'd learn how to dance better, and keep pace with smarter things. He'd read up on highbrow art and modernistic music, be able to talk with Shirley like the men she admired. But when he got home, Shirley was gone.

He hurried through the empty house. The clock ticked on the wall. His first Christmas present to her, some silver-backed brushes, lay carelessly on the dressing table. But her dresses were gone.

Dr. Catton rushed to his son's room. He was almost afraid to go in. His nervous hand switched on the light.

The child tossed restlessly on his bed. "Son," he choked, "son." And he buried his face in the child's blankets.

Sonny placed a warm hand on his father's face. A soft, pudgy hand. A warm hand. Sonny whimpered and tossed. "Don't go away in the dark. I don't like it in the dark. My head hurts so, daddy. Daddy, why does my head hurt like that?"

Robert placed his hand on Sonny's head—a calm, steady, professional hand. And now this Shirley, you couldn't have known! You couldn't have gone if you knew Sonny was sick! But she had gone. And now this!

"Tell daddy where it hurts you, son."

"I've got a toothache all over. And I feel just like I was sitting on a stove. A great big stove with a fire inside. Don't go away in the dark. I don't like it in the dark. My head hurts so daddy."

Dr. Catton stepped to the phone. "Send the ambulance over. Quick. No, not for Mrs. Catton. No, of course not for me. For Sonny—he's running a high temperature."

The ambulance swayed over rough roads. Dr. Catton rode inside with Sonny. The sick boy lay under white blankets in a white ambulance. And now this. I can forgive everything, Shirley, except leaving when Sonny was sick. His thoughts swayed back and forth.

The ambulance wheels grated over gravel of the hospital driveway. As a young interne, Dr. Catton had brought in many ambulance cases. Sad cases. And cases ironically funny. A colored mother who gave birth to twins. A drunken driver with bad surface cuts who wanted to dance. Old Mrs. Evans, who wouldn't be taken away without her canary. A pale lavender lady, who died on the way. Life and death had ridden the ambulance. And Dr. Catton had ridden with them. But tonight he was riding with his own. It's different when you ride an ambulance with your own son.

The car backed up to the platform. Sonny tossed back and forth. An orderly wheeled the creaking stretcher up to the ambulance. Dr. Catton lifted the child himself. They wheeled Sonny to the children's section.

"Send for Marie," he ordered, "I'm taking charge of this case myself."

The night telephone operator plugged the nurses' home. Ting-a-ling. Ting-a-ling. Marie had gone to bed. "I'll dress immediately—be right over."

Sonny tossed and turned. "Tell me exactly where it hurts, son."

"Don't turn out the light daddy. Don't make it dark. I'm afraid, daddy. My head is on fire. And my side is like a stomach-ache. When my side hurts, it hurts my feet too. Don't turn out the light, daddy."

Dr. Catton consulted with his colleagues. White-jacketed men bent over the bed. "It looks bad, Dr. Catton," said Dr. Brown, the diagnostician, "a ruptured appendix. Do you agree with my diagnosis?"

Dr. Catton nodded his head. "Yes," he murmured.

"The child must be operated—at once."

Dr. Catton looked about at the doctors. A diagnostician, an X-ray specialist, an eye, ear, nose and throat doctor on a late call, two internes in training. Not a surgeon among them.

Marie hurried in.

"I'm the only surgeon here." Dr. Catton was tense. "I can't take a chance with waiting. I won't gamble with Sonny's life. I'll operate myself. You'll help me, Marie."

Dr. Catton had skilled hands. Skilled surgeon's hands. But it's different when you operate on strangers. A stranger is just an impersonal case. A son is a son.

The operating lights shone down on a white table. Brilliant lights on a pale boy. Bright lights. Shirley loved bright lights. She used to say, "I am dazzled by white lights. I love lights. Lights. Lights. Lights..." Shirley had loved white electric lights. The operating room lights poured on a white table. Dr. Catton drew on long rubber gloves. Shirley, he thought, Shirley, I could forgive everything. But not this.

The lights shone on Dr. Catton, on Marie, on a surgical interne. They worked in silence. Marie was by his side. A silent nurse with gauze-covered mouth. Passing him sterile instruments. Clamping off bleeders. More skilful than a doctor. Thinking, "I wish I could hold your head, Sonny. I wish I could sooth your warm head. But my hands are covered with gloves." Passing sterile instruments. Passing sterile gauze. It was over now. She bundled warm blankets about Sonny. In the white operating room lights Bob looked white too. "Thank you, Marie," he said simply, "I guess I'm lucky. I guess it's lucky for me and Sonny that John's kid sister is such a darned good nurse."

Dr. Catton and Marie sat at Sonny's bedside. Slowly he came back from ether. Slowly the boy came over the borderland. Sonny's hand reached out.

"Don't make it dark, daddy," he sobbed. "Don't go away in the dark. Mamma always goes away and leaves me in the dark. Why does mamma always go away from me?"

The night was long. Sick nights are long nights. A long night for father and son. The dull night light shone on Marie's face. A dull hospital night light. Not a Shirley light. How slowly time passes. Sonny was resting better now.

"Let me get you some coffee, doctor." Marie looked at Dr. Catton—looked at a worn man, with the lines of night in his face.

"No, Marie. I can wait. I don't want you to leave Sonny."

They sat in silence. "Marie," he touched her arm.

"Yes doctor."

"Tonight I learned of life—it's bitterness, and its sweetness. You understand, Marie?"

"Yes doctor."

The morning sun shone faintly pink. A pink light fell on the fantastic walls—a pink light on the friendly toy lions with yellow hair, the jacks which jumped from gorgeous colored boxes, the monkeys riding the long-necked giraffes, and the clowns with red noses. Sonny was sleeping. His face was pink in morning sunlight. The morning relief nurse came on duty. Robert and Marie walked slowly down the hall, walking toward the sunlight together.



Modern Mothers prefer **EXTERNAL TREATMENT** for **COLDS**

Every mother hates to make her children swallow a lot of medicine every time they have colds. This so often upsets the stomach, thus lowering the child's precious vitality and inviting fresh colds and other ills.

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(2) At the same time, its ingredients, released as vapors by the warmth of the body, are inhaled direct to the inflamed air-passages.

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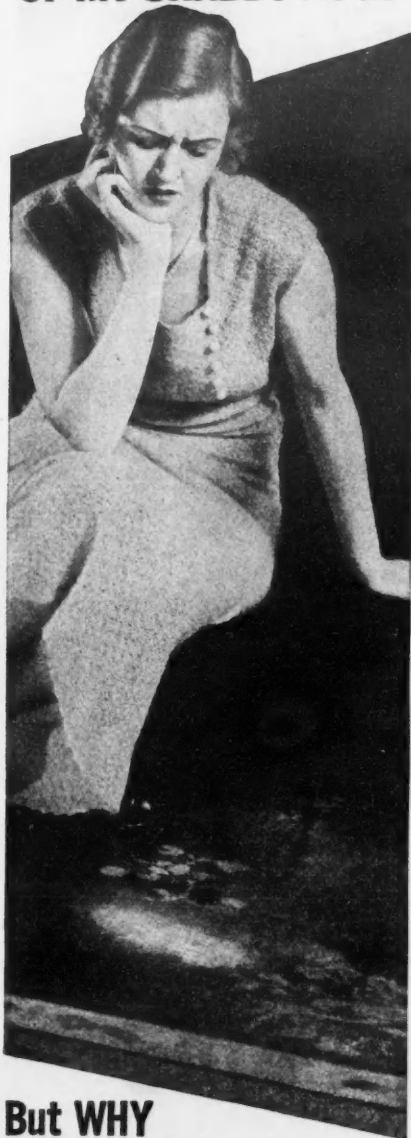
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community, and the boy may trade on that fact and think he holds the whiphand of the teacher. Such egotism is bound to get him into trouble because he will probably defy authority or refuse to take punishment, and the outcome of such a situation depends entirely on the attitude of the parents. If they take the side of the boy, they will be for ever sorry.

Perhaps the boy is girl-crazy or sport-crazy. Most boys go through these stages. Fortunately, though severe while they last and very upsetting to school work, they are usually ephemeral in character. Opposition nearly always makes the situation worse out of all proportion. Patience and understanding usually tide over these outbursts.

Occasionally a boy will take what does not belong to him. In most cases where this happens, there is no need for the article taken. When this occurs, the boy should be referred to a psychiatrist because the trouble is deeper than shows itself on the surface. There is probably a conflict in the boy's life which is unknown to his parents, but which is responsible for his inexplicable behavior. Such conflicts are very disturbing to all school progress, and upbraiding only exaggerates the boy's discomfiture without giving him any help. In all likelihood, the boy is ignorant of the cause of his actions.

Finally, we should never forget that independence of action is characteristic of the adolescent. Nature forces him to be self-determined, looking to the time when he shall leave his home and establish one of his own. Often parents and teachers fail to understand this urge and, instead of co-operating with the boy, they constantly oppose and find fault. There is no surer way of creating trouble for themselves than by this continual thwarting of the boy's efforts to be self-reliant.

Perhaps we are now in a better position to suggest answers to the questions asked at the beginning of this article.

If a boy has ability and doesn't use it, the first thing to do is to have a quiet talk with him, not to find fault, but to try to get him to see the situation as you and others see it. Don't forget that you may have been to blame when you allowed him too much "head," and now when you see the effects of following the line of least resistance you are alarmed.

At any rate, treat the matter objectively and, if possible, without too much feeling. If there is one thing an adolescent boy detests, it is too much sentiment, and so avoid it by all means. You may be able to reach him through a mutual friend. If he refuses to respond you may have to resort

to drastic measures; but do not undertake them unless you are prepared to carry them out, else you had better not contemplate them. In most cases, patience, confidence and common-sense will win out.

Not infrequently, the cause for poor work is to be found in the fact that the work which the boy is doing is too easy. It really is no challenge to him, and consequently he takes no interest in it. About two per cent of all pupils are over-brilliant and such students should be pushed on, crowded a bit, or have their curriculum enriched. New work catches the boy's interest and pride makes him want to buckle to.

The second question is very fundamental in our educational work. Some of these days we shall see that it is cruel as well as fatal to insist on children attempting to do what they are mentally unfitted for. It is not unusual to see boys from homes with a college-trained background become serious problems, all because their parents could not be persuaded that their boys had neither liking nor ability for academic work. Some boys are born with a mechanical ability or prefer some form of business activity, and with such cases it is extremely unwise to insist on their continuing academic studies. Sometimes such boys are not born with the necessary mentality to carry high school work, and it is most unfortunate for all concerned if the parents insist on their boys attempting to learn it.

For the third question I would consider it, as a rule, not the part of wisdom to let the boy know that you sympathize with him rather than the teacher. No matter how unfair a teacher may be, a child can usually avoid his displeasure if he tries. If you are, however, convinced that your boy is not getting a square deal, go to the teacher or principal, without your boy knowing it, and get the other side of the story. Often when you get the teacher's side of it, you will not think the treatment so unfair.

In making these suggestions in answer to the questions outlined, it must be understood that every case has to be decided on its merits. There is one piece of advice I should like to make because I know that it is incontrovertible. If your boy is giving you trouble at school, first of all co-operate with the school officials and act on the assumption that they know your boy better than you do. You will find most teachers willing, even anxious, to get any difficulties straightened out. But in all such matters keep an open mind and remember that often the fault may lie in a combination of factors, so let us not blame any one of them alone.

Kid Sister

(Continued from page 9)

money from the trustees' budget, Marie and Miss Brandon went on a happy raid of the toy shops. They spent money like Santa on a spree. Bought big-eyed dolls; a fireman's hat; a kangaroo with springs inside; meccano sets for the boys to build into bridges and derricks; crayons and picture books; a monkey on a string; tiny new china dishes "for the kiddies to break"; some wobbly ducks; an old milk-wagon horse; a shiny new automobile....

Late that night she talked about her new purchases with Dr. Catton. "When a child is sick, pills help sometimes. But you know as well as I do, doctor, that medicine can go only so far." She laughed. "A Mickey Mouse is sometimes better than an M. D. And when prescriptions fail, try a Felix cat."

Bob smiled. "You've hit the nail on the head, Marie. That's always been my theory

too. I know a lot of the greybeards think it's poppycock and nonsense. And it isn't the kind of treatment text-books prescribe. But it can work wonders."

Together they walked down the hall. Dr. Catton was older than the boy she knew. The years of sitting at the bedside of the sick had deepened him. Life had left a picture on his face. They walked on. Marie remembered another walk—on another day. The church was sweet with the smell of roses. He had walked down an aisle like this, and was married. She banished the thought from her mind. Instead, she thought of the kangaroo with springs inside, and the old milk-wagon horse.

The night orderly stopped them. "Here's a letter—just came for Dr. Catton."

Bob held the envelope to the light, and thumped down the message. He read it hurriedly, and then more slowly. Suddenly he felt like an old man.

"It's from Shirley."

"Anything wrong, doctor?"

"No, I guess it's just me. Maybe I should have played more bridge. And learned to like evening clothes. And cared more about parties—and less about white mice. Shirley is leaving me."

Dr. Catton called a taxi. As the cab swayed down the dark streets he blamed himself. He'd give up working nights in the



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The Three Disgraces

(Continued from page 26)

those overlarge pores. Each woman has her own particular skin problem to treat, and only experiment will teach her what is the best procedure to adopt. If you use a skin tonic for this purpose pat it on vigorously, slapping the face with the hands, or with a patten so that the skin glows and tingles.

In the morning wash with soap and warm water again if your skin has an oily surface. Otherwise simply dash cold water briskly over the face and throat. But don't please let your daily cleansings consist simply of morning and night ablutions. If you are not particularly careful, the excess oil will mix with the dust and powder of the day, and the result will be blackheads.

Never apply fresh make-up to the face without first cleansing the skin. You often see women dabbing away at their noses in the mistaken belief that a fresh coating of powder will put everything to rights. It may do for the moment, but it is a very fleeting moment, and they run grave risks of choking up the pores and thoroughly ruining their complexions. So cleanse the face several times during the day. A liquid cleanser is ideal for this purpose. It digs deep down into the pores and produces a delightful tingling sensation—just what the oily skin needs. Dash the face afterward with cold water, or pat with an astringent lotion. Or you may prefer to use a cleansing cream, and in that case you should choose a light, quick melting one; and after removing this, pat the face with a skin tonic or astringent.

For your powder foundation you may select either a lotion or a cream, provided that the cream is of the fluffy, dry type. A hand lotion is a very satisfactory foundation for some skins. Other women like to use a lotion of the liquid powder type, which when applied with a damp pad of absorbent cotton forms a smooth, protective foundation for their powder. This last is particularly good for evening use, as it subdues that impossible shine on noses. Incidentally, there are available special preparations for this very trouble. Just a sparing touch at the beginning of the evening is sufficient to dull the most persistent gleam. Face powder, of course, should be of the dry, fluffy type. You can test a powder's consistency by rubbing it between the thumb and finger; if it keeps separate-grained it is right for the oily skin; if on the other hand, it cakes, it is designed to suit the dry skin, which requires a somewhat pasty powder.

Blackheads are often a direct outcome of an oily skin. As I have already explained, unless scrupulous cleanliness is observed, there is every opportunity for the pores to become choked with matter that soon takes unto itself a little black top. Very often, in desperation and without proper precautions, you press these out, resulting in bruised skin, enlarged pores, and perhaps pimples. It is absolutely imperative that you practise the greatest care when dealing with blackheads, for haphazard methods may coarsen the skin.

As with the oily skin, diet must be watched and sufficient exercise taken to stimulate the circulation. Internal irregularities quite frequently are at the root of a badly blemished skin, and if this is so in your case, you should see your physician. When the blackhead condition is combined with oiliness, the same methods of cleansing should be followed; the skin must be stimulated by vigorous treatment. If the skin is dry and sensitive, soap and water should still be used—but in moderation and with care. Only a mild, pure soap should be used, and the water should never be hot. There are some excellent preparations available that are created especially for the blackhead pest. One takes the form of little

sachets which are dipped in hot water and applied to the spot to draw the blackhead to the surface. Another is a fine granular substance that takes the place of soap. Rubbed between wet hands it forms a paste with which one massages the face; it is then rinsed off.

Steaming is a method which everybody knows. But not everybody practises it properly. You see, if the skin is steamed too frequently it is apt to become relaxed and flabby. But a little gentle steaming will work wonders for a blackhead condition at the outset of a campaign against them. After the initial steaming, which certainly won't hurt the skin, careful daily cleansing according to the directions I have already given, should be sufficient to keep the skin properly stimulated. The method I am giving you is especially suited to the dry skin, but in most cases the possessors of oily skins will find that this same method without the application of olive oil will be very beneficial. If you feel that your skin is neither one thing nor the other, then use the olive oil together with the steaming, as I am going to outline.

Have ready some hot water and some warmed olive oil. Dip a towel into the hot water, wring it out and hold it to the face for a few moments. Repeat this several times until the skin feels thoroughly relaxed. Pat dry quickly, and while the pores are still open, pat the olive oil over the affected parts. Let it remain on for five minutes and then wipe off with a rough towel. With the oil will come many of the surface blackheads. Those that remain should be pressed out very gently with the tips of the fingers. Don't force the blackheads to the surface, thereby bruising the skin, but press very gently, covering the finger tips with absorbent cotton.

Now dip a complexion brush in warm water, sprinkle generously with toilet oatmeal, and rub over the face, particularly, of course, in the blackhead area. Rinse with warm water and pat dry. If your skin is dry, apply now nourishing cream and allow it to remain on for five minutes or so. Then remove the cream with facial tissues, and finally dash cold, cold water on to the skin until it glows with a healthy feeling of aliveness and well-being.

Remember, you people with blackheads. Cleanse and stimulate both inside and outside, and if you are the possessor of a dry skin, keep it smooth and soft with discreet creaming.

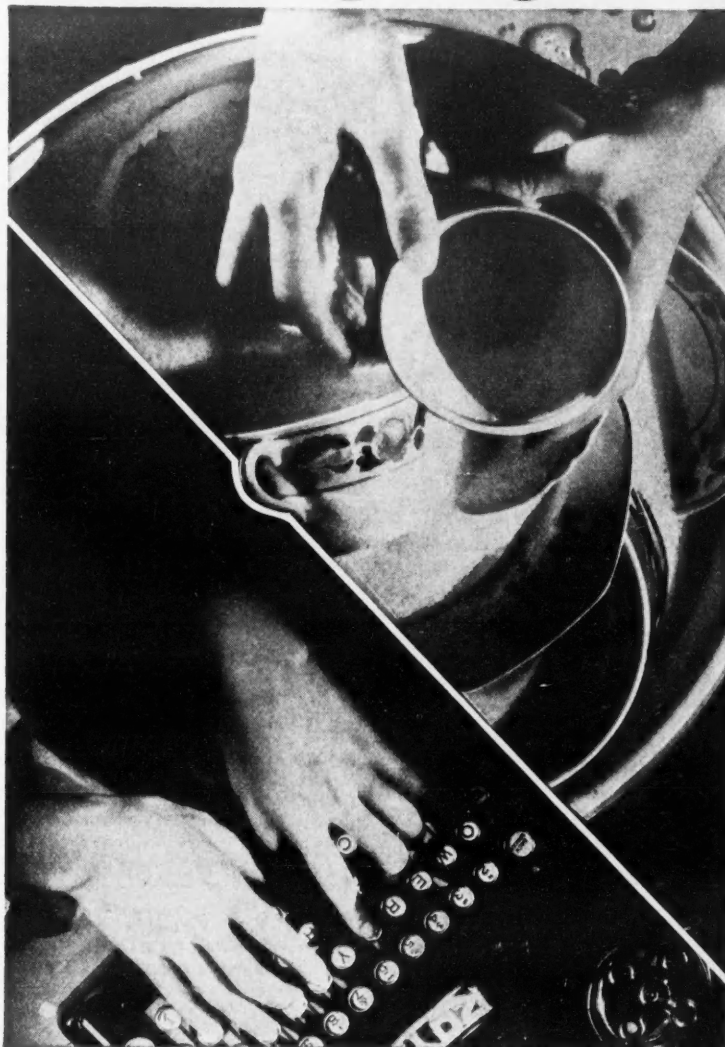
Your Beauty Problems

I HAVE a very oily skin and enlarged pores. What method of cleansing do you advise? I am very anxious to secure a good astringent. I have not been able to find a face powder that I could use for more than a week which does not irritate my skin and cause a rash. What would you suggest?

THE important thing in cleansing your particular skin is to tighten the pores after they have been relaxed with the warm water. Never, of course, use hot water. Wash with luke warm water and a pure mild soap, using the palms of the hands. Then rinse with luke warm and then with very cold water. Then while the skin is still moist, pat on your astringent. And when I say pat it on, I don't just mean spread it on. Pat it well into the skin until the skin actually glows and tingles with aliveness. You can use either your hands for this or use a little rubber patten. If you do this night and morning, I am sure it will improve the condition of your skin. Any of the standard advertised lines of toiletries make excellent astringents. At night pat a little nourishing cream around your eyes and on your neck but do not apply it to the rest of your skin, unless it is irritated at any time or if you feel that it requires

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I'd Abolish Sororities!

(Continued from page 24)

presence by offering advantages which over-balance their disadvantages.

Then take the points enumerated by the sorority member. "Women's fraternities," she asserts, "promote friendship." Yet they promote friendship only among a selected few. This is particularly true where there is a chapter house. Members living in university residences are of necessity thrown into contact with girls of every type, and their opportunities for making friends are fairly wide. Life in the chapter house distinctly narrows the field of choice.

Certainly college life is the richer for its friendships, and never again will a girl find herself surrounded by so many congenial companions. But a sorority girl's close friendships are for the most part limited to members of her own group. She is actually discouraged from making intimate friends outside the organization. The following quotation is part of the published letter of an American college girl who was pledged at the end of her first year:

"The friends I had made from my own class during my freshman year were all pledged to a sorority other than the one I had chosen. Naturally I preferred their company to that of other classmates who were in my own sorority. The actives asked me to see less of the girls in the other sorority and more of the ones in my own. I had three very close friends in the active chapter and for their sake I said I would try to be with my sister pledges more. I refused, though, to drop my original friends... They decided I was independent and cocky. I admit I was independent, because I could see no reason for anyone other than myself choosing my friends for me. So the only thing to do was to hand in my pin—which I did.

"Friends have asked me if I ever regretted it and the answer is always 'No.' I kept my friends. I had more freedom for activities without neglecting my college work than the sorority girls; the three friends I had had in the sorority were still my friends."

Sororities may encourage participation in campus activities, but they are a constant drain on the time and energy which might otherwise be spent on those very activities.

They may perhaps aid in a girl's social development, but many college organizations would serve the same purpose were she to devote to them the interest and initiative demanded by her sorority.

Their scholarship standards are, at best, average; the pretty and popular girl who forms so large a percentage of sorority memberships is not the type to amass high grades. Mrs. W. Vaughan, Warden at Royal Victoria College for Women, McGill University, writes:

"The plea made by most of these organizations, that they stimulate the weak student by requiring a certain standard of scholarship, I find somewhat childish. From my point of view, the one overwhelming reason for gathering young women into the university at all is to give them an education, and I have yet to see any evidence that the fraternities are assisting that end."

Sororities form a connection for the newcomer in the large city, provided the newcomer is a member of a group having a chapter there. But the Women's University Club fills that need on a much wider scale and offers far greater opportunities for worthwhile friendships.

THERE ARE OTHER disadvantages as well. For one thing, consider the elaborate ritualistic ceremonies of pledging and initiation and the hysterical sentimentalism which such ceremonies induce. They might delight the girl of high-school or boarding-school

age, but indulgence in such emotional orgies makes intelligent adults—and, in the eyes of at least one university principal, college students are intelligent adults—slightly ridiculous. To anyone with a decent regard for reticence, this parading of emotions is in very poor taste.

Sororities are, inevitably, institutions of snobbery. They cannot help engendering feelings of bitterness, of class distinction, of envy. There is a certain irony in the fact that from the United States, vaunted home of democracy, there comes an institution which outdoes the much-maligned British aristocracy for pure unadulterated snob-bishness!

The means by which sororities become acquainted with prospective members is known as rushing. Methods differ, according to the rules laid down by the local Panhellenic Council, which is composed of representatives from each sorority. Rushing at some colleges is an elaborate, a costly business; at others it is relatively simple and inexpensive. There may be two or three weeks of intensive rushing in the fall or winter term or an open season throughout most of the college year. In some universities first-year rushing is permitted, except for girls in university residences, while in others a rushee must be a sophomore with a certain academic standing before she is eligible for consideration.

Whatever the method, all rushing is alike in one respect. Each sorority strives to convince the rushee that it is the only group worth considering; that she will make the mistake of her life should she join any other sorority. She may be dropped from the lists, but until that time no effort is spared to win her favor.

If a girl is pretty and well-dressed, if she has friends or relatives who are already sorority members, if her family is socially prominent, she is almost certain to be rushed, probably by several sororities. If she has attended a private school her chances of being taken in are much greater than if she has been a mere high-school student before coming to college. If her home is in the university city and she has a large house and the use of one or more cars, her faults will be overlooked much more readily than if she comes from a less pretentious home in the same city. Wealth and social position undoubtedly weigh more heavily with a large percentage of sororities than scholarship or personality.

"Rushing" is a term of particular aptness if the season is limited to two or three weeks. It is a time of feverish hopes and fears, of attempts to make a good impression on critical strangers, of hurrying from one function to another. A period of heated discussions, of momentous and sometimes regretted decisions, of delirious happiness and crushing disappointment.

It is a nerve-racking ordeal for rushees and sorority members alike. There is little opportunity of learning what a girl is really like; and it involves an incredible amount of work.

Intersorority jealousy is intensified, and a spying attitude prevails. Woe to the sorority which oversteps the bounds set by Panhellenic!

The rushees are flattered and courted until their heads are in danger of being completely turned. The surfeit of attention they receive is so bewildering that they are often quite incapable of deciding which group of girls appeals to them most. Then, too, a girl cannot be herself when she knows that she is under a searching scrutiny; in her nervousness she may become stiff and awkward or go to the opposite extreme and give an impression of boisterousness or indifference.

Because it is impossible to know every girl on the list, members must vote on rushees without being able to judge them fairly. The tendency is to pick on small flaws and exaggerate them in the necessity of cutting down the lists.

After the final ruthless elimination, the invitations are sent out. If preferential bidding is enforced, a list of the girls invited, in order of preference, is sent to a

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"We Men Must Stick Together"

(Continued from page 15)

as raiding Mr. Leacock's peach tree. This was a particularly daring deed, because the members of the Leacock family frequently sat on their verandah these warm evenings, and Mr. Leacock had been rendered vigilant and vindictive by previous assaults upon his pet source of fruit. For a member of the Hi-Jack Club to wriggle across the Leacock yard on his stomach, steal a hatful of peaches while in the shadows and then dash off with a loud cackle of derision for Mr. Leacock, was indeed a delicate undertaking.

But Jack's initiation was to be worse than that.

"Listen, guy," said Chick Green with supercold ferocity, "you're gonna hop the 9.46—the Flyer. That's gonna be your initiation."

"But, gosh, fellows—" Jack broke out with goose pimples.

"Every guy in this mob has to do that before he gets to be a member," said the Big Shot callously. "Ain't none of us got killed or his leg or arm cut off, is he?" Chick dwelt with devilish emphasis upon the words. "Any guy that can't hop the Flyer, goin' slow as it does down by the round house—"

"But gosh, fellows—I got to get back home before—"

"Yeah—I know. Before your mommer finds out you ain't in bed readin' Little Red Ridin' Hood—"

"No, but honestly," entreated Jack, "that's not the only reason. My mother has spells—she's liable to have a spell—"

"What your mommer needs," said the Big Shot cynically, "is a baby—I mean a baby 'stead of you."

"But she can't have one, you crazy," interrupted Slim Carter indignantly. "She hasn't got—"

"Aw, shut up," commanded the Big Shot. "You ain't talkin' about what I'm talkin' about. I'm talkin' about my mommer, for instance, has got a baby, and she ain't all the time worryin' about my business, and what I'm doin', and messin' with my affairs. And if Jack's mommer had a baby, things would be different. Maybe he wouldn't be such a sissy—afraid to hop the Flyer when it's almost slowed down to a stop."

"I'm not afraid," said Jack hotly.

"Ssh! Ssh!" cautioned Slim Carter. "What you tryin' to do? You want my mommer to come out here and find out all about this meetin' place?"

Mrs. Carter had not the slightest suspicion that her greenhouse was being put to this malign purpose. If she had known, it wouldn't have been any fun.

"Well, you got to decide," hissed Chick Green. "We can't stay here arguin' all night—we'll miss the 9.46. If you're gonna show us you're yellow, the next time you try to join this club we'll make you hop a freight train."

"Will anybody," faltered Jack, "hop the 9.46 with me?"

"You bet they won't. That's the idea—you got to do it by yourself. Some of us'll be waitin' for you at the station."

"Sure, ain't nothin' gonna happen," Slim Carter urged him encouragingly.

"All right, fellows," said Jack with sudden resolution, "I ain't scared. Let's go."

JACK had accompanied his friends before on daylight excursions to the romantic vicinity of the railroad yards, many blocks distant, but he had never felt their appeal intensified by the concealing mystery of night. The dark giant bodies of steel monsters puffing in or out of the round house, the unceasing hiss of escaping steam, the clouds of its rising vapor, blue-white and wraithlike against the arc lights, the continuous clang and bustle and creaking and

bell-tolling and shouting of orders—and perhaps far down the tracks the wailing shriek of a locomotive, its brilliant red eye relentlessly and angrily enlarging. Gee, this was swell.

In the Bon Ton Café you could get a big bowl of soup and all the bread and butter you could eat with it for a nickel. But Jack tonight essayed manful coffee—strong enough to knock Firpo back to the Argentine—in one of those thick china mugs that you couldn't break if you slammed 'em on the floor, or threw 'em at people, a purpose to which they were not infrequently devoted by strong and red-blooded railroad men. They stayed, so long that the Flyer almost slipped by on them. They heard its wail in the distance. "Time to go," said Chick breathlessly.

The 9.46 slowed down, as did all incoming trains, in order to pass through the railroad yards. There remained of its journey only a circuitous stretch of half a mile or so around the outskirts of the city to the point where it entered the station. Porters had already opened their Pullman doors and piled baggage in the vestibules. The technique of hopping the train for a free and adventurous ride to the station consisted mainly in not getting caught by a porter or somebody, and chances of this were slight, for all porters were earnestly at that moment brushing real or imaginary cinders from the clothing of more or less generous passengers.

The train merely lumbered instead of whizzing as it came to the railroad yards. With his heart in his throat, Jack grabbed at a passing handrail and hopped without a great deal of bruising to the steps of a Pullman car. He heard a parting shout of encouragement from Chick Green.

He clambered over a pile of luggage—and into the arms of a brawny Pullman conductor.

"Hello, what's this?" exclaimed the uniformed nemesis sternly. "What are you doing back here, boy?"

Had Jack been sufficiently schooled in the details of the travelling trade he might have said he was a passenger and got by with that euphemism. But Jack was no addict of trains and he was completely appalled.

"My father," said Jack breathlessly, "told me I could ride. He's—he's one of the big engineers. He owns the railroad."

AN UNSYMPATHETIC policeman took Jack home—a weeping target of public curiosity. The law was not even interested in Jack's entreaties. The moving finger had writ large and plenty, and all Jack's tears could not erase a split syllable. It didn't matter to the law whether Jack's mamma was going to have a heart spell or not, when she found out about him.

As a matter of fact she had already found out a great deal, and was already, as Matilda put it, prostrated with grief. She had excused herself from the bridge table for a moment and had gone upstairs to see whether Jack, apparently sound asleep for the past hour, had fallen into slumber with his light on.

She had stared at the terrifyingly empty bed, the open window screen, the horrifying rope dangling into the abyss below.

Bandits—kidnappers...

Frances Harmon had screamed and all but fainted, bringing a rush of bridge players and Matilda to her aid.

The bridge players had departed when Jack made his humiliating entrance. One break he got. Doctor Fred Easton was there taking care of his mamma. That was the first ray of hope that Jack had glimpsed since the conductor had caught him red-handed. Doctor Fred Easton was a swell egg. He could be cheerful and grin his strong grin even if half the world was crumbling in ruins.

He kept a heavy fatherly hand on Jack's shoulder while he talked to that policeman, and told him he'd take care of everything.

"I didn't know kids were still hopping that train," he said with a laugh. "Why, I used to do it myself, when I was a kid."

"Yes, sir, boys will be boys," agreed the policeman—not half so forbiddingly now.

Both tinted nails and natural on the Ile de France

MISS NANCY MORGAN • MISS FAITH HOLLINS • MISS VIRGINIA KERNOCHAN



Three Débutantes on Board!

Miss Nancy Morgan in trim white skirt and brown striped sweater with Coral nails. For a blue and white check Miss Faith Hollins chose Rose nails. Miss Virginia Kernochan wore Ruby with her dashing red and white costume.

Natural goes with all costumes but best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange, yellow.

Rose is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues... with green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black and dark brown... daytime or evening frocks.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with black, white, or any of the very pale shades. Good with gray or beige... the new blue.

Garnet, smart with the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

Ruby (new) is such a real red red, you can wear it with anything when you want to be gay and dashing.

has the most ravishing lot of colors to be found on either side of the Atlantic. But it is one polish which flows on smoothly and quickly. And Stays On.

And if this isn't your year for traveling on boats, you'll still want Cutex for success in your Home Campaigns!

THE COMPLETE CUTEX MANICURE... Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream.

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2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 4 other manicure essentials for 12¢

The Smart World which travels on the Ile de France knows all the tricks which make for greater Allure.

One of its favorites is Variety in nail tips. In deck chairs... curved over the ship's rail... in the Salon... you'll see Rose, Coral, Cardinal, Garnet and red, red Ruby finger nails. Each tint just the right accent to the frock.

So, if you're planning on slipping off on a cruise, get prepared! Nowhere is Competition Keener than on shipboard.

Those Who Know never travel without their Cutex. For Cutex is made by the World's Manicure Authority. It not only

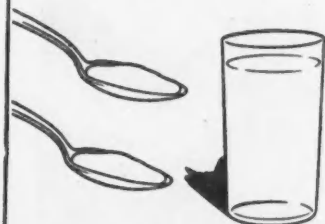
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I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked... ☐ Rose, ☐ Coral, ☐ Cardinal

Made in Canada

HOW TO GET RID OF ACID STOMACH

Almost instant Relief this Way



TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

ACCORDING to many authorities some 80% of the people of today have acid stomach. This because so many foods, comprising the modern diet, are acid forming foods.

It usually makes itself felt in headaches, nausea, "gas," "biliousness," and most frequently in stomach pains that come about thirty minutes after eating. So you can easily tell if you have it.

Now Quickly and Easily Corrected

If you do have acid stomach, don't worry about it. You can correct it in a very simple manner. Just do this. It will alkalize your acid soaked stomach almost immediately. You will feel like another person.

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

What This Does

That's all you do. But you do it regularly, EVERY DAY, so long as you have any symptoms of distress.

This acts to neutralize the stomach acids that foster your "upset" stomach, that invite headaches and that feeling of lassitude and lost energy.

Try it. Results will amaze you. Your head will be clear. You'll forget you have a stomach.

BUT—be careful that you get REAL milk of magnesia when you buy; genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. See that the name "Phillips" is stamped clearly on the label.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes Food and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.

nourishing. Every individual has to work out for herself the best treatment for her own skin. I can only set down certain general rules to follow for certain types of skin.

Are you sure that it is the face powder that has caused the rash to appear on your face? If you have been using a pure smooth powder, this should not have happened. Use a foundation, of course, before applying your powder. It serves not only to keep the powder on, but also to protect the skin. You might like to use one of the soft fluffy creams that disappear as soon as they are applied to the skin, or you may prefer a foundation lotion prepared especially for oily skins.

Improving the Appearance

I AM completely disgusted with my whole appearance, because though I have been told that I have good features, several minor defects prevent me from being considered pretty.

I do not know how I should wear my hair. I've tried several ways but eventually return to wearing it as it is now—cut short, about two inches below my ears, parted high on the left side and water-waved. It is dark brown, reddish color, and I have a very annoying "widow's peak."

I have let it grow as it grows very quickly, but I cut it again because I think I have a slightly receding chin. My jaw line is flabby, and almost gives the appearance of a double chin. I have a rubber brush for this, but it has been of no use.

My second problem is the very distinct lines which run from the corners of my mouth to my nose. These and a line between my eyes come out in every picture I have had taken, whether I frowned or not.

I have a few "crow's feet" under my eyes, but they are not serious as yet.

In cosmetics I use a standard brand of rouge about once a week (powder). For creams, I use vanishing and cold cream, also cleansing cream about every other day if I have used powder and rouge. I do not powder every day as a rule, partly because I cannot find a powder reasonably priced that I like.

YOU KNOW, I think you are worrying over yourself far too much. The picture I conjure up from your letter is far from unattractive. Those lines you mention from your nose to your mouth and between your eyes can be helped somewhat by daily massage with a nourishing cream. Smooth the cream with your fingers in an opposite direction to that taken by the lines; for the nose lines for instance, over the cheek bones toward the ear; and for the "frown" line, smooth across the brow. Some women stick little pieces of adhesive plaster at night on their forehead to keep the lines smoothed out. I think this is a very good idea if it is possible in your case.

I am afraid it is rather difficult for me to help you with regard to hair styles, since you did not tell me anything about the shape of your face. But please don't be disgusted with your "widow's peak." It can give a very attractive hair-line. If I were you, I should certainly emphasize it in the way you do your hair. You might be able to wear your hair straight back—water-waved, of course, to give it softness. I have before me now a photograph of a hair style which might perhaps suit you. It is very simply waved straight back from the head in soft, loose waves and showing the lobes of the ears. Then there is another style which might suit you: wear it parted high on the right side and brushed straight across, the hair being left just long enough to be done up in half curls. The hair is cut quite short and close in the back. The turned up hair just covers the ear, and is continued all the way round to the back.

Here is an exercise which will do your jaw-line good. It is called the lifting-biting exercise and you can do it twenty or thirty times a day. Throw your head back and open and shut your mouth as if you were biting on an apple. You will feel the draw on the muscles of the neck and the jaw as

you do it. It is an exceptionally good exercise for flabby muscles.

Nourishing cream at night will take care of those crow's feet around the eyes. Smooth it in gently in order not to pull the skin. You will find that any of the standard advertised brands of powder are pure and smooth. It is really false economy to buy a cheap face powder. It is better to pay a little more and get one which lasts longer, which blends in with your skin tones and which does not irritate the skin.

A Good Looks Routine

I HAVE read a few of your articles in Chatelaine and have therefore become more interested in my good looks. I am going to tell you what I do and then you can correct me if I am not right. First, I must tell you that I am a country school teacher and where I board there are no conveniences as in town.

At night I begin by massaging my hair and sometimes I rub in a little antiseptic. My hair is quite oily and I would like very much to get it drier, so that it would be more fluffy. I next brush it for about five minutes. After brushing my hair, I put cold cream on my face, leave it on for about two minutes and remove it with tissues. Afterwards I wash with toilet soap and soft cold water. Once in a while I put on face lotion or skin refresher. My face is fairly oily around my nose, forehead and chin. Around my nose, on it and on my chin I have large pores and in the pores there seem to be tiny black dots. I sometimes run a very fine hairpin over them and a white substance comes out. In the morning I wash with soap and cold soft water.

Could you suggest a good hair tonic to take the oil out of my hair? It is very fine and a brown color with a touch of auburn and has a slight natural wave. I should also like you to suggest a good skin tonic, cream, and skin nourisher. I use a hand lotion for a powder base.

At night I put petroleum jelly on my eyebrows and lashes. Does this make them grow?

THERE are one or two changes I would suggest that you make in your daily routine of caring for your skin. It is just as well, with an oily skin, to use a quick-melting cleansing cream, rather than a heavy cold cream with which to cleanse the face. You will find excellent cleansing creams among the standard advertised preparations. After the cleansing cream has been wiped off, you should use warm water rather than cold. Rinse with cold water by all means, but try to have a warm wash at night anyway, in order to thoroughly cleanse the pores. Splash the face vigorously with cold water afterwards until it glows. Then once a day I would suggest that you use a skin tonic in order to counteract that tendency toward large pores and oiliness. It will tighten the pores and generally tone up the skin. During the day you may find a liquid cleanser would be very refreshing to keep at school.

If you find that the hand lotion is keeping your skin soft and is a good foundation for your face powder, then by all means continue using it. It all depends upon the individual skin, you know, and each person must really experiment for herself as to which preparation suits her own particular skin best. You may like to try one of the fluffy vanishing creams that disappear as soon as they are placed on the skin. They make a very good foundation lotion for powder. Or you might like to try a liquid foundation, which is specially prepared for oily skins.

Try, if you can, to use toiletries all of the same make. They are made to help one another in performing their good work, and the best results can only be obtained by using them in conjunction one with the other.

Yes, petroleum jelly is an excellent thing to use on your eyebrows and eyelashes.

Keep up the good work with your hair. You will find that a hair tonic with astringent properties will help it considerably.

EVENING IN PARIS



THE PERFUME ENTRANCING

BY BOURJOIS. PARIS

"A symphony in perfume" distinctively Parisian and adorably feminine... as chic and individual as a frock by Patou... Evening in Paris now awaiting your joyous discovery, at the better shops... Everywhere.

Free: Sapphire Blue Flacon of Perfume with each \$1.00 Box of Evening in Paris Face Powder

Evening in Paris Perfume 50c \$1.00 \$2.50

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Combination Bath Sets, Salts and Dusting Powder \$2.50

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NOW! BLONDEX IN NEW

25¢ SIZE

formerly in \$1.00 packages only



"I LOVE YOU"

... he told this blonde

THOUGH men fall in love more easily with blondes than with brunettes, tests show that blondes who have dull, faded-looking hair do not appeal to men nearly as much as when the hair is radiant, golden and young-looking. Blondex, an amazing special shampoo, gives streaky, lifeless hair the lustrous, golden sheen men adore and other women envy. Safe—Blondex contains no dye, no harmful chemicals. Is remarkably beneficial to both hair and scalp. See how much lovelier it makes your hair with wavy, silky softness and radiant golden lights! And here's good news! Blondex is now on sale in the new size package for only 25¢. Formerly sold only in the \$1.00 package. Get Blondex today—see how glamorous and beautiful it will make your hair. At all drug and department stores.

"Great Scott! Well, I'll have to go, I suppose. That's what I get for going to college with people. Can't he hang on to his appendix a little longer? All right. Tell 'em to get him ready."

He reappeared to Frances and the nurse with a busy scowl on his face. "Take that kid on to the Infants' Home, Miss Stewart," he ordered brusquely. "No; wait until I telephone you. I'll have to go out myself and explain things to them, I suppose. I've got a call—out of town."

"Oh, we'll take care of the baby," said the nurse brightly.

"I'll have to drive eighty miles, confound it," grumbled Fred, looking around for his satchel. "Curse all classmates with appendicitis, anyhow. I'll phone you, Miss Stewart."

He left unceremoniously.

"I'm afraid he'll forget to call," said the nurse worriedly. "He gets in such a stew when he has an important operation."

"Let him worry, the cold-hearted brute," said Frances Harmon. "The idea of rushing this adorable baby off to an orphan asylum. Who dressed her so prettily, Miss Stewart?"

"I did, Doctor Easton said to get her all dolled up and looking spiffy so the Infants' Home wouldn't turn her down."

"The idea!" said Frances indignantly. She asked eagerly for details of the abandonment episode. Nobody, said Miss Stewart, had the slightest idea whose baby it had been.

The baby gurgled, and held out its arms to Frances.

"Now wouldn't that slay you! She wants to come to me—and I haven't held one in my arms since goodness knows when."

Matilda was summoned to witness the phenomenon. Frances called her son, too, who was in his room reading, supposedly, *Boys' Lives of Heroes*. Jack had been very subdued and homeloving of late.

He was astonished to find a live and actual baby in his mother's arms, playing delightedly with her pearl beads; and Matilda, austere old maid that she was, cooing seductively. Silly sight, he thought, but his slow grin registered only abashed incredulity.

"Whose—whose is it?" he ventured.

"It's Doctor Easton's, Jack. Isn't it cunning?"

"My goodness," said Jack, "I didn't know doctors kept 'em."

"Now you run out and play, Jack," she said briskly. "The baby may go to sleep after its bottle, and we must not have any noise around here."

"Oh, I'd better take it to the Infants' Home," objected Miss Stewart dubiously. "I could call a taxi."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," retorted Frances. "If anybody takes it there I'll take it myself. We'll go for a ride later."

JACK, passing with strange lightheartedness by Chick Green's house, yodelled melodiously: "Chi-ick! Oh, you Chick Green!"

Chick came sprinting out to meet him. It was the first time he had seen the hero since his dramatic clash with the police.

"C'mon, we gotta go get Slim and tell him about it."

Jack walked with a new authority, his eager profile tilted skyward. Gosh, but he had it on the rest of them, now. Not only had his father got killed playing polo. Not only was his mamma pretty as a movie star. He had been arrested—and ordered out of the house. And on top of it all, his mamma had a baby.

Gee, but life was swell.

Doctor Easton did not telephone until six o'clock that evening, and it was an eighty-mile long-distance call then.

"Complications," he explained tersely to Frances. "I'm stuck here. Did Miss Stewart take that brat to the orphanage?"

"Don't you dare," said Frances ominously, "call that baby a brat any more."

"Well, that's what it is, isn't it? They're all brats. Did the Home take her in, or was she too ugly?"

"This home took her in," said Frances

spiritedly. "She's going to spend the night with me."

"But listen; that won't do," he argued. "I'm responsible for that kid, you know. It has got to have the proper attention—"

"Are you trying to insult me, Fred Easton?"

"Is Miss Stewart still there?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes. She's going to spend the night here, too."

"Oh, well then"—there was relief in his tone—"let me speak to her, Frances."

He spoke guardedly to the nurse: "Does she like it?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Stewart expressionlessly.

"Well enough to keep, you think?"

"Yes, sir, I think so. The baby's asleep now, sir."

"Good. I hope to be back tomorrow. I have permission from the Home to keep it only one more day, Miss Stewart. I'm getting by with murder, as it is. If it isn't adopted by day after tomorrow it has got to go back."

"Yes, sir. Any more instructions, doctor?"

"Not until tomorrow."

It was again late afternoon when he telephoned next day. He explained that he had been exceedingly busy since his return.

"I won't take her to any Infants' Home tonight," said Frances Harmon emphatically. "I don't care what you say, Fred Easton. She's perfectly happy here. I bought her a lot of new clothes today."

"Well, tomorrow, then, at the latest," he insisted. "Tell Miss Stewart I'll be by in the morning."

"I hope you will. I want to talk to you."

"Very well, Frances, but we simply must get this thing settled. I'm violating the law, not reporting this—realize that?"

"See you tomorrow, Fred," she advised him sweetly.

When he came in person next morning he suppressed with difficulty a series of grins. He found that a baby's crib and a carriage had been added to the equipment of the household, and the efficient Matilda had been taking insidious steps to oust Miss Stewart. Was there any need for three grown women, she demanded, to look after one baby?

"I've made an important decision, Fred," said Frances radiantly. She took him into the living room and closed the doors.

"Fred, I'm going to adopt that baby! She's utterly precious!"

He frowned. "Now, see here, Frances—"

"Don't you say a word to me, Fred Easton. I am not going to have that child sent to any Home. I'm perfectly crazy about her, and so is Jackie."

"But listen," he said in an injured tone, "she's my baby. I've decided to adopt her. Where do I come in?"

She looked at him with amusement, searchingly. "Why, what do you mean—you haven't any wild idea, surely—"

"I have taken a vow," he answered solemnly, "that my child shall never have a stepmother. Better no mother at all, than a stepmother."

"You silly goof!"

They had no clear recollection of who said what, after that.

She was in his arms, crying, "Why, of course I'll marry you; I always did intend to. But you'll have to ask Jack's permission. I do think he has the right to pass upon his own stepfather."

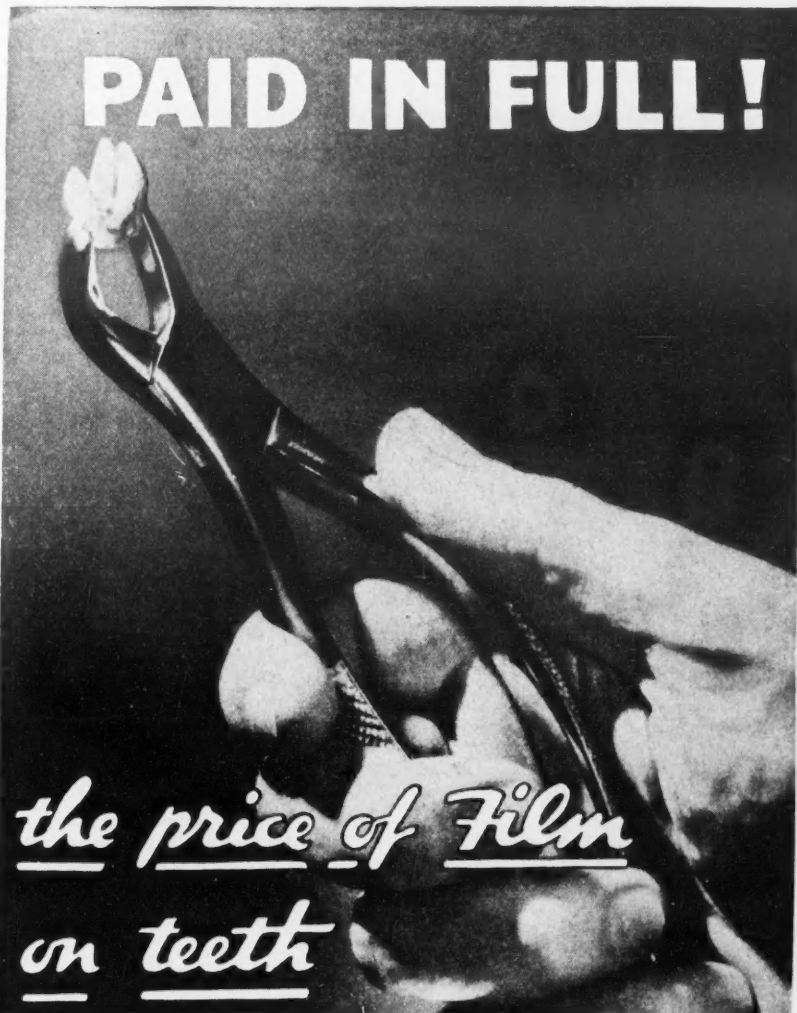
"Then it's all settled," said Fred Easton. "He has already spoken for me."

THAT NIGHT when Jack came noisily into his room and stumbled over a chair before he could find the light, his mother called to him from the next room, softly but peremptorily:

"Jack! Close that door, this minute! You'll wake up the baby!"

Jack lay for a long time in bed with an Edgar Wallace book before him, open but unread. There was a bemused, triumphant grin on his lips, and he kept saying to himself, over and over:

"Gee! But that fellow Chick Green is just about the smartest boy in all the world!"



PAID IN FULL!

the price of Film
on teeth

To save teeth you must fight film

DAY BY DAY film endangered this tooth. Day by day film was allowed to accumulate. Particles of food caught in its sticky web, became in turn the breeding place for thousands of germs of decay. Hourly these germs did their work. Finally film won. And another tooth was doomed to come out!

What is this film?

What is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live they give off *enzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in wood or cloth.

Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—still others with pyorrhea.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material—not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as polishing materials in common use has

gained wide recognition. Remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it without fail twice every day and see your dentist at least twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. At noon—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 5 p. m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p. m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

*A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

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BROWNATONE TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

When he had gone on his way Jack burst into tears again, but this time tears of gratitude.

"Here, here, now," ordered Fred Easton gruffly, "you cut that out. Your mamma's all upset, and we men have got to stick together."

"Is she—is she very sick?" implored Jack. "Not very—just a bit frightened. But you mustn't tell her a word about hopping trains—understand that?"

"But won't you—"
"No, I won't tell her. It might make her really sick. You had no business doing it, young man. You might have got a leg cut off."

"But you said—"
"Yes, I said I did. But I was a much older boy than you. Now you go tell your mamma you just slipped out to play, and that you'll never deceive her again—and we'll forget all about it."

"Doc, doc," said Jack, striving desperately to keep his face from twitching, "I wish you was—my dad. I wish I had a dad like you!"

"Yes, so do I," said Fred Easton, giving him a thump on the back. "We'd get out and kick a football around, and go on hikes, and we'd box, and get some meat on our bones, and color in our cheeks."

"Why, doc—" A brilliant metaphor of Chick Green's came to him and he choked it out—"I'd walk a tight rope across the Niagara for you!"

"Attaboy," chuckled the doctor. "That's the kind of friend I need; and you're the kind of boy your mamma needs to take care of her."

Jack's brow was puckered in continued thought of Chick Green's wisdom. "What my mamma needs, doc," said Jack resolutely, "is a baby. Don't you think that's what she needs?"

Fred Easton grinned broadly. "Maybe you're right, Jack," he said. "Maybe you're right, at that."

HIS MOTHER forgave him freely. She was so tremendously relieved to learn that he had not been kidnapped by bandits that she did not even scold him; she merely hugged him convulsively.

But she remained in bed next day and had the doctor again, perhaps to impress upon Jack the severity of the shock she had had.

Doctor Easton enjoyed this. It was a pleasure to have a patient, not alarmingly sick, whose old rose robe de nuit—you couldn't call that fragile thing a nightgown—and cloth of silver negligée harmonized so beautifully with her wide grey eyes and dust-in-the-sunlight hair. A prettily wistful patient, too.

Her doctor felt an impulse to propose to her again, without waiting to prescribe. But he refrained; he held himself admirably under control. He gravely wrote out a prescription for little pink tablets that were to contain, mostly, confectioner's sugar flavored with wintergreen. They always helped that fluttery feeling around her heart, but they didn't relieve the doctor's symptoms at all.

He did not tell her she was not sick. He had done that before and had simply made her angry. He had told her that her ailments were half emotional and half imaginary—not physical at all. And she had threatened to get another doctor; which wouldn't do.

Today he had determined to discuss another subject, namely, Jack.

"About that boy, Frances," said Doctor Easton. "We've got to do things to him. He's undernourished; he doesn't get out and play enough with the other boys. He's too bookish—too restrained. It's not good for him."

"Fred, Fred—please," she entreated reproachfully. "After last night? You know we had unpleasant words about that, before."

"You ought to send him out in the country, to a boys' camp somewhere."

"Fred! You know he's all I've got. You know I simply couldn't live if he were separated from me."

"He's all you've got—and you're hurting him."

"Fred Easton!" She spoke peremptorily. "You haven't any right to talk to me like that."

"You ought to send him off to boarding school somewhere in the fall," the doctor went on doggedly. "Somewhere—anywhere."

"Anywhere—" her eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled—"anywhere to get him away from me! You're cruel, cruel, Fred Easton, even to think such things!"

He came closer. "Listen, Frances. I love you and you know it. You've known it a long time." He took her hand, and she jerked it away with a toss of her head. "I love that kid of yours, too. I couldn't be fonder of him if he were my own. You love him, too—but unfairly. There wouldn't have been any 'last night' if—" He groped cautiously for words. "They used to call it petting and spoiling—'mamma boy' tactics—and now they call it something more scientific; but it's all the same." He paused, and added earnestly, "Give the boy a chance, Frances. Give him a little call rope. Try letting him live a life of his own. That room of his, for instance—let him close the door. Oh, confound it! Marry me, Frances, and let me raise the boy."

Frances had composed her features now, and modulated her voice to an even coolness. "When I wish professional advice upon the rearing of my son," she said, "I shall ask for it."

"Oh, Frances, don't be miffed at me." "Furthermore, your domestic suggestion is a very entertaining, I might even say amusing, one. But I am very well satisfied, thank you, with conditions as they are."

He grinned. "You don't mean to say you're telling me again you won't marry me?"

"I shall not marry you—ever. And I think it would be best if I were not to see you again."

SHE DID, of course, see him again, for Fred Easton had become an expert receiver of rebuffs. He did not return, however, until two days later, when Frances had decided that she wasn't so sick after all, but just bloodcurdlingly furious. He had something to show her.

He came and brought—of all imaginable things—a baby.

A comely uniformed nurse brought it in from his car.

"What on earth!" squealed Frances, forgetting she was furious.

"A baby—you wouldn't guess it, would you?" chuckled Fred Easton. "And it's alive, too—it squalls something terrible."

"Whose baby?" exclaimed Frances.

"My baby! Whose did you think? Somebody gave him to me—abandoned him—left him this morning on my doorstep. Can you beat that! Only," he added apologetically, "he's a she. I forgot that."

"But what on earth are you going to do with her?"

The baby was cooing at Frances as though it had been schooled for the part in Hollywood.

"Why, take it to the Infants' Home, of course," said the doctor matter-of-factly. "I'm on my way there now. What use have I got for the brat? I just thought I'd let you see her—good joke on me, at that, wasn't it? People are always victimizing doctors."

It was a very fair sample of baby, he pointed out. It had got over its original boiled-lobster color scheme, and also had passed successfully through the jaundice stage. It was pink and white, with mischievous eyes that promised to be brown, and a chronic proclivity to break into a toothless smile. It had lots of hair, too, that brushed up into a reverse-English pompadour, slightly reminiscent, said Doctor Easton, of Jiggs in the funny paper.

"You dog!" said Frances Harmon. "She's a darling."

The telephone rang, and it was for Doctor Easton.

They could hear him answering it fretfully in the hall:

Ease the Pain and SLEEP!



"We're mighty lucky to have this bottle of Sloan's in the house tonight."
"You said it! That pain won't keep me awake now. It feels better already!"

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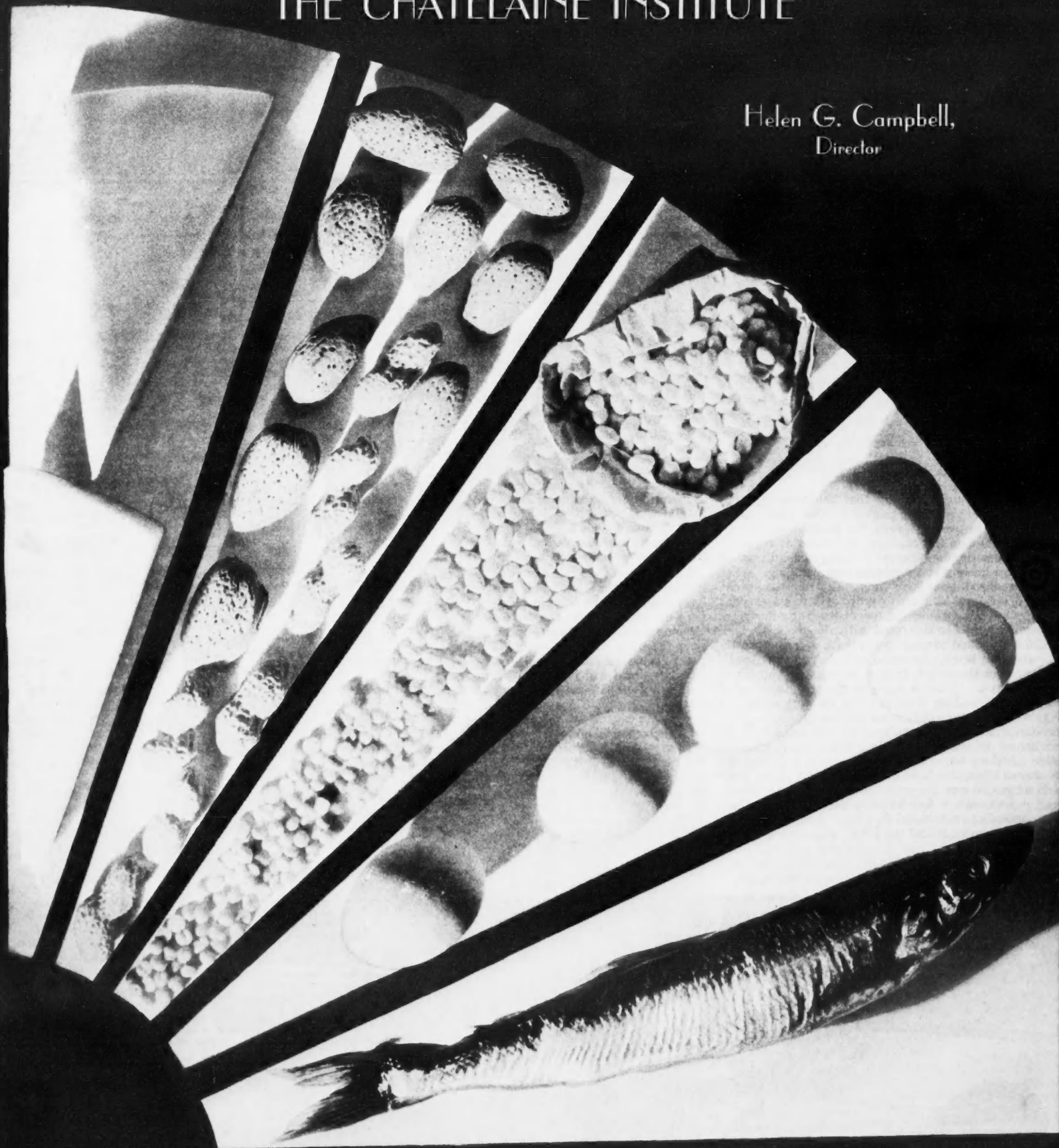
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I'd Abolish Sororities!

(Continued from page 36)

lawyer. Each rushee also submits a list of the sororities by which she has been invited, in order of preference. By comparing the two sets of lists, an allotment is made to each sorority and the results announced.

The chosen are greeted with jubilation and are duly pledged. Proudly they display the pledge pin above their hearts, to be succeeded, after a pledge training course and initiation, by the coveted fraternity emblem. Girls from other sororities smile at pledges in friendly fashion. Perhaps they have dropped those very girls themselves, but some other group has found them desirable. They are within the pale.

WHAT of the others—the girls who were not rushed or who were dropped from the lists? Where sororities are sanctioned, there is a distinct division between fraternity and non-fraternity girls. No matter what may be said or written to the contrary; no matter how many fraternity members honestly try to make the condition less evident—and many of them do—the line still exists.

The non-fraternity girl's lot is especially hard if she lives in residence. The importance of joining a sorority is exaggerated; the smart of being left out keener.

"All the sororities have meetings on Monday nights," said one residence girl, "and the girls have supper at their rooms, too. That leaves only the freshies who can't be rushed, and the girls who don't belong to sororities to go in to dinner. It's like separating the sheep from the goats. I won't go in for dinner on Mondays if I can possibly help it, and there are plenty more who feel that way, too."

Zero hour comes on the morning when the first rushing bids are out. An anxious crowd waits for the mailman. Big square envelopes of thick expensive paper are eagerly snatched. One for this girl, half a dozen for that.

And those whose mail-boxes are empty? They slip away quietly, or swagger off with an assumed bravado under the pitying eyes of the others. For refined cruelty, the rushing system wins hands down!

It costs money to belong to a sorority. There is, first of all, a substantial initiation fee. That's only the beginning. Annual dues, life memberships, rushing expenses, fines for non-attendance at meetings, money-making schemes for charity, the annual dance and banquet, entertainment of visiting officers, supper every week—all these and more are a constant drain on the pocketbook.

How, in these penurious times, is a girl to meet this extra expense? With money so scarce, with registration fees raised, with more and more students coming to college with the slenderest means and increasingly little chance to add to them by getting

outside work, is it fair to add any more boulders to the stony row they must hoe? True, the sororities have cut down on elaborate rushing parties in recent years, but expenses are still high, particularly in the national organizations.

Except for a few locals, all of which aspire to union with nationals, there are no Canadian fraternities for women. The remainder are chapters of American nationals, mere offshoots of plants whose roots are across the border.

The subject is of nation-wide interest, for there are sororities in Canadian universities from Halifax to Vancouver. Queen's University in Kingston, Victoria and Trinity, affiliated colleges of the University of Toronto, and McMaster University in Hamilton are outstanding Canadian colleges which have no women's fraternities. In these colleges the consensus of opinion is that their presence is not only unnecessary but undesirable. They feel that breaking up the undergraduate group in this way is a thing to be prevented. From the dean of one college comes the opinion that the students form a happy and democratic group as they are, and in order to preserve this homogeneity it is desirable to prevent "the formation of small groups whose members might be tempted to claim intellectual or social superiority."

The viewpoint of another college head is that, even in a large student group, where some breaking-up is desirable, artificial division is unnecessary. "Students of similar tastes," she writes, "will always come together without special organization, and fraternities take a toll of time and thought which might better be employed in furthering scholarship."

Again, the college year serves as a better unit for division than the fraternity. Freshmen naturally make most of their friends among their own classmates, and the same is true of the other three undergraduate years. Such division calls forth none of the bitterness which results from selective grouping.

We conclude, inevitably, that sororities do not fill a desirable place in Canadian university life. Is there no alternative? No possibility of developing organizations that are distinctively Canadian, or with a British rather than an American flavor? Oxford and Cambridge have no fraternities for men or women, nor have any other universities in the British Isles. They have instead clubs which stimulate the interest of the undergraduates along definite lines—literary, dramatic, political, athletic. Several American colleges of the highest standing conform to the British pattern in this respect, considering fraternities a distraction rather than an aid in the attainment of a liberal education.

Is it too optimistic to hope that before long some other form of grouping will supplant sororities in our universities, a form more in accordance with the trend of thought among intelligent people today? In a world increasingly conscious of the values of co-operation and equality, it seems hardly possible that institutions so rooted in snobbery will continue to flourish among young and—we repeat, intelligent—adults.

MUTINY—By Patience Eden

I hear the hollyhocks complain
With bitterness all through the rain,
And after that some purple whines
Rose shrilly from the columbines;
The morning-glories rent the air
With one stupendous toot and blare,
Pink trumpets raised and open wide,
They bellowed at the countryside;
The larkspur and delphinium
Kept up a disagreeable hum,
Then came a rich and sultry note
Deep from a lily's golden throat;

I hurried out and smartly cuffed
For discipline,—the candytuft,
Since unmistakably I knew
What ailed that silly garden crew;
Each one had slyly learned to lean
On props insidious, unseen
Supports which at a certain height
Would rise and choke them in the night,

Rebellious and absurdly then,
They want their weeds all back again!

"I'm certainly glad we're rid of MEAL MONOTONY"

"I DON'T mind telling you I'm mighty proud of my wife and the way she gets around Meal Monotony. She prepares our favorite dishes in the way we like them best, but she always adds a new touch to the menu. Sometimes it's a new salad. Sometimes a new dessert—or a new appetizer. For example, I wish you could taste the Fruit Rice Bavarian we had for supper tonight. It took all the monotony out of one of my favorite meals."

And if you could talk with George's wife, she'd be sure to tell you that the discovery George is so happy about happened when she was introduced to Knox Sparkling Gelatine which certainly is a marvelous help in making the same familiar foods seem new and more appetizing to the family. Just look at the items in the Fruit Rice Bavarian recipe, for example. The simplest and most inexpensive foods imaginable! And yet with Knox Sparkling Gelatine they're changed into a dish that most husbands have never seen before!

You can use Knox in hundreds of different recipes because it is plain—isn't mixed with sugar, coloring or flavoring. It is economical, too—a package makes four different dishes, six servings of each.



FRUIT RICE BAVARIAN

(Illustrated) (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water 1 cup cooked rice
¼ cup sugar 1 cup cream or evaporated milk
¼ teaspoonful salt 1 orated milk
½ cup fruit ½ teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add to hot cooked rice, and add sugar, salt and vanilla. Beat well, and when it begins to thicken, beat in fruit (cooked pineapple, maraschino cherries, fresh or canned peaches, strawberries or cooked apples. Bananas or preserved figs with one tablespoonful lemon juice may also be combined with the rice mixture). Fold in whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, unmold and garnish with fruit or a few nut meats. With fresh fruit, additional sugar may be required, and if fresh pineapple is used it should be first scalded.

Where to get ideas

Mrs. Knox's books will be a daily aid to you in avoiding Meal Monotony. They contain just scores and scores of helpful suggestions. Why not send for them—free? And in the meantime call your grocer now to send a package of Knox Gelatine so you can make this Fruit Rice Bavarian for dinner!

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A TASTE FOR CHEESE

By
Helen
G. Campbell

DO YOU BELONG to that inner circle of epicures who know good food, who appreciate fine flavors and savor, and enjoy the niceties of appropriate and gracious service? It seems that a real liking for cheese admits you, for the taste is a bond between people who share it. They have much to talk about and the conversation may wander round the world as they discuss their favorite varieties.

There is the Cheddar for which Canada is famous, and other products of our factories high in favor here and abroad. Among these we count the many brands, in boxes, jars, packages and loaves, attractive in their silver wrappings and with a creaminess of texture and delicacy of flavor which makes them popular. Then there is Oka, made by the Trappist monks; Limburger, which has its devotees; Schmierkase, or "curds" as our grandmothers called it—so simple that any housekeeper can make it in a few moments. Certain localities have their own specialties, less known but very palatable.

And as the discussion goes farther afield, there is lively interest in the cheese of other countries. Opinions may differ as to the most perfect flavor. Some would give the palm to the blue-veined, rather crumbly Roquefort, cured in the caves of France, or to its first cousin the Gorgonzola made in Italy, or to the famous Stilton of Old England. Others may dwell on the merits of the harder types—pale Swiss cheese full of holes or "eyes," the dry sharp-flavored Parmesan which can work such wonders with a plain dish, or the carmine balls and flattened cakes from Holland. There will be many who sing the praises of the softer, creamier varieties—Neufchatel, Brie or Camembert which connoisseurs will tell you has an unforgettable flavor if eaten at just the right moment of ripeness. Each cheese lover will wax enthusiastic about his favorite, but concede the excellence and gastronomic delights of more than a few in a long list of domestic and imported varieties.

Our own Canadian cheese has a large following if it comes to a vote of superiority in flavor and texture. A host will avow that there is nothing to compare with a well-made, well-cured and properly-matured Cheddar. An increasing number will tell you of their preference for one of the packaged varieties, mild, creamy and mellow. These in turn offer a wide range of distinctive flavors, plain or a blend of cheese with the tang of pimento, olives or other relishes added to the velvety curd or an indefinable difference produced by the cheesemaker's art in manufacture. Although comparative newcomers in the cheese world, their growing popularity is proof of their goodness and many other advantages.

An assortment of cheese and a variety of fruit arranged attractively on a large plate and served with crisp biscuits.



Hot toasted cheese sandwiches! Was there ever anything more popular with the young folks?

(Electric sandwich toaster courtesy of the Northern Electric Company Ltd.)

Cream cheese is the choice of many who like a fresh, soft, smooth, very delicate bit to melt on the tongue with just that hint of lactic flavor which nothing surpasses. There is variety here too; we may have a plain cream, one with pimento, or pineapple or one combined with the epicurean Roquefort.

Fine as it is, flavor is not the only virtue possessed by cheese in its various forms. Its nutritive value places it in the first rank. No wonder cheese-eating countries have become a power among nations.

The composition varies according to the milk used in making it, whether whole, skimmed, milk with part of the fat removed or milk with extra cream added. Cheese contains almost all the proteins, part or all the butter fat, most of the valuable minerals and those very important vitamins.

You can see then that Canadian cheese is good value for the money—a concentrated form of energy-promoting and strength-giving food. That is another point which recommends it to the housekeeper. The small bulk which makes it convenient to store, the good keeping qualities of most varieties and the fact that they can be served "as is" or used in an endless variety of dishes are further advantages in her eyes.

Manufacturers of packaged cheese deserve the woman's vote of thanks for giving us uniformity of flavor, attractive packages of different sizes containing anything from an individual serving to a large loaf of five pounds. They are wrapped in tin foil, which overcomes any tendency to dry out and keeps the cheese in good condition for considerable time. We may cut it into neat slices or squares, spread the softer textured varieties or "grate" by simply forcing through a coarse sieve or strainer. If we like we can buy grated cheese in airtight containers—a good thing to have on hand for a busy season, or if our home is the hospitable kind where folks drop in at anytime.

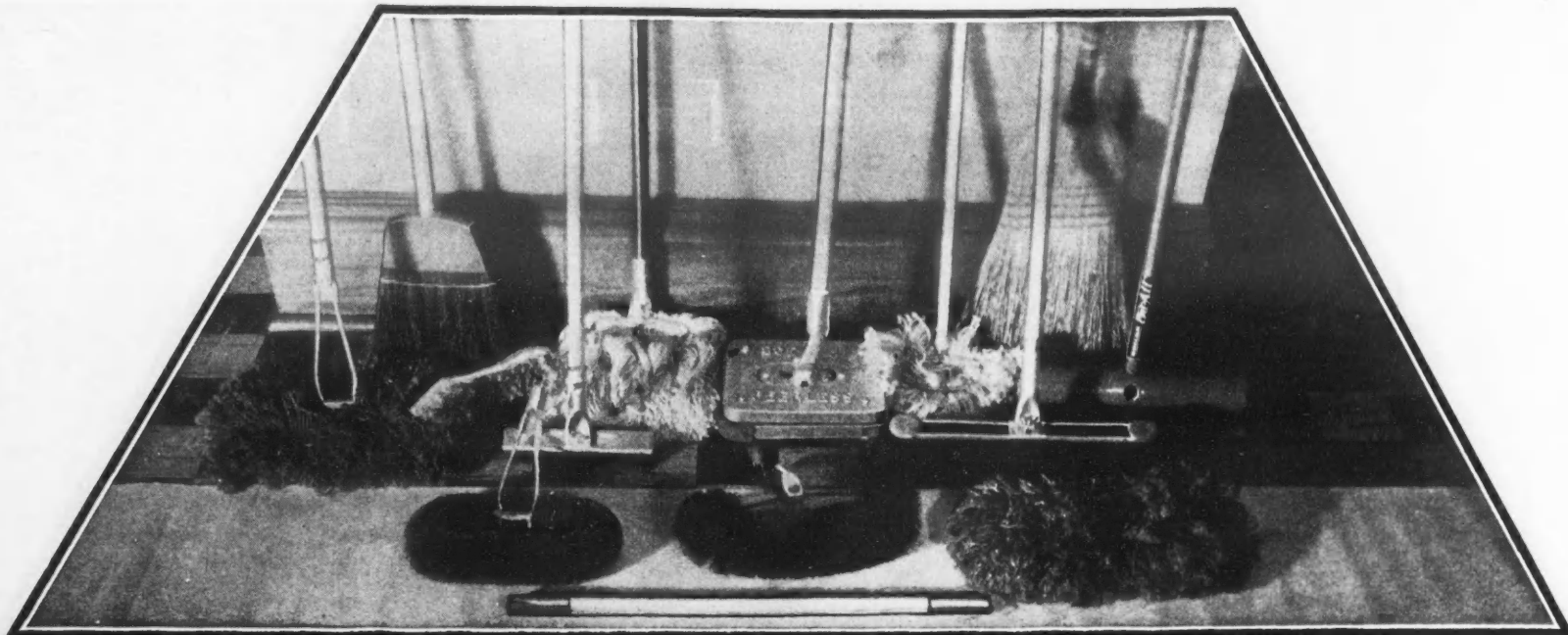
The notion that cheese is hard to digest is one of the food fallacies which is dying a lingering death. It isn't really—not if you give it its proper place in the menu. If served with other substantial or rich foods there may be trouble, but why always blame the cheese? If used in quantity in the meal, it should be considered the main dish and accompanied by starchy food like bread, macaroni or potatoes—not those containing much protein or fat, as the cheese supplies considerable amounts of each. The meal may be rounded out with lighter vegetables and juicy fruit if you want it well balanced. In cooking cheese use a low temperature and do not overcook. This is important for the flavor, appearance and ease of digestion.

There are innumerable ways of serving the large assortment on the market. Use almost any variety as the topping for canapés and open-faced sandwiches. Pass highly seasoned, very finely-grated cheese with the soup to sprinkle over it and add an extra touch of savoriness. Parmesan is ideal for the purpose but old nippy Cheddar is also excellent. Combinations of mild, soft cheese with crisp vegetables [Continued on page 53]

Recipes in this Article

- | | | |
|----------------|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| Cheese canapés | Ring Tum Tiddy | Jelly cheeseovers |
| | Savory spaghetti with cheese | |
| | Cheese dressing for fruit salad | |
| Cheese sauce | Cheese tartlets | Cheese cakes |
| | Cheese and marmalade rolls | |
| | Savory potatoes with cheese | |
| Cheese fondue | Sandwich fillings | Sardine rarebit |
| | Cheese and bacon sandwiches | |
| | Scalloped cheese and olives | |





BRUSH UP!

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

The brushes on this page were photographed in the Chatelaine Institute through the courtesy of the Fuller Brush Co. Ltd. and the Boeckh Co. Ltd.
—Photos by Alan Sangster.

ONCE heard an old lady say that housecleaning gave any man some excuse for profanity. But that was in the days when women—even the gentlest of them—waxed militant in the cause of cleanliness as regularly as March came around. Spring cleaning was an orgy of sweeping and dusting and scrubbing and polishing. What wonder that dispositions were temporarily ruined and that the state of upheaval occasionally provoked strong language?

You really cannot blame the housekeeper of a few years ago; she did the best she could with the tools she had. I doubt if we could manage better with a feather duster and a scrubbing brush. So we do not take too much credit to ourselves for the orderly fashion in which we put dirt to rout nowadays. Thanks are due the manufacturer of ingenious devices which allow us to do the work easily and effectively and to keep our homes immaculate.

Brooms and mops and brushes for a variety of purposes have helped to simplify the daily and weekly cleaning routine. And we can make such a good fist of it that the semi-annual disruption is no longer necessary. Even when we do set out to give the whole house a thorough "going-over," it isn't such a formidable undertaking with these modern utensils to aid us and do a large share of the work.

Proper equipment is half the battle whether the task at

hand is the regular tidying-up of the kitchen or the occasional freshening of draperies, dusting down walls, cleaning behind radiators and so on. For these and a dozen and one other jobs a good brush is what you need—the right shape and size and material for work.

There's one for the purpose, whatever it may be, among the galaxy especially designed for the housekeeper's needs. Fortunately, they cost comparatively little and we do not have to deny ourselves the convenience and satisfaction they provide.

Take, for instance, this matter of keeping floors spick and span. You have to consider the finish in deciding what utensil is best adapted for cleaning them. The broom—and it pays to buy a good one—is useful for sweeping up crumbs and litter from a painted and linoleum floor. You will use one every day in the kitchen at least. If the surface is grimy, it is easy to wash and dry it with a mop of long absorbent cotton strands. And if it needs a more thorough treatment, there are long-handled scrub brushes of stiff fibre to do the job efficiently without back-breaking effort. The chemically treated dry mop for waxed, polished and linoleum floors makes

dusting practically dustless. They are well shaped to fit into corners and so constructed to lie flat enough to get under low furniture. Some of them are reversible, which allows you to make use of both sides and get a maximum of service. For rugs and carpets there are push-brooms of a

special type, carpet sweepers and vacuum cleaners to remove surface dirt and fine grit imbedded in the nap.

Features of the March Institute Pages:

Title Page

Lenten Foods. Photograph by Alan Sangster.

Brush Up!

The Director of the Institute suggests new aids for keeping the house clean.

A Taste for Cheese

Delicious new ways with old favorites.

Short Cuts in Cooking

First aid for busy housewives.

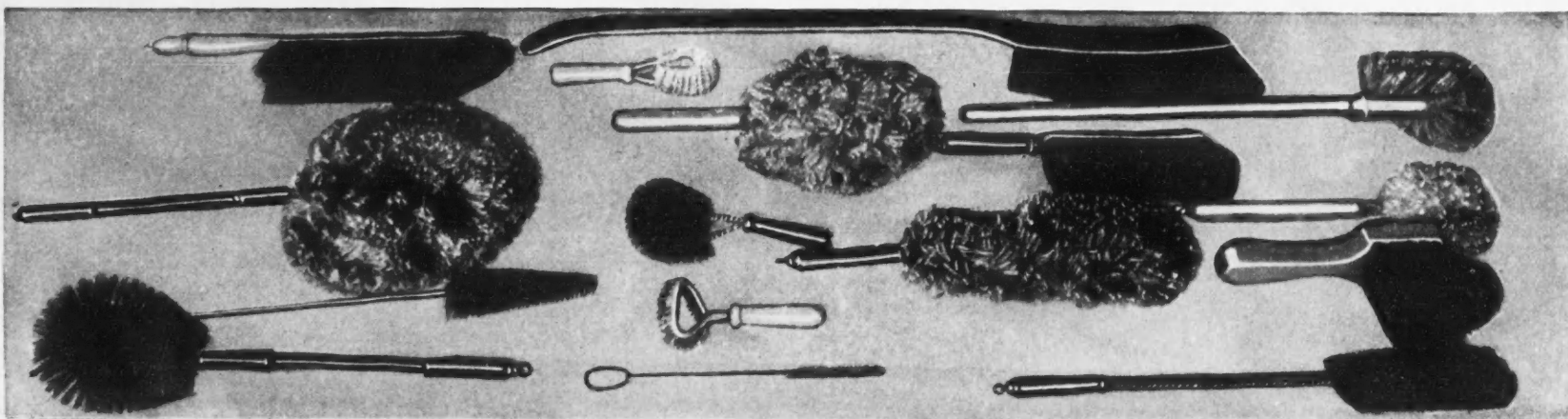
The Meals of the Month

Lenten menus for every family.

The Domestic Workshop

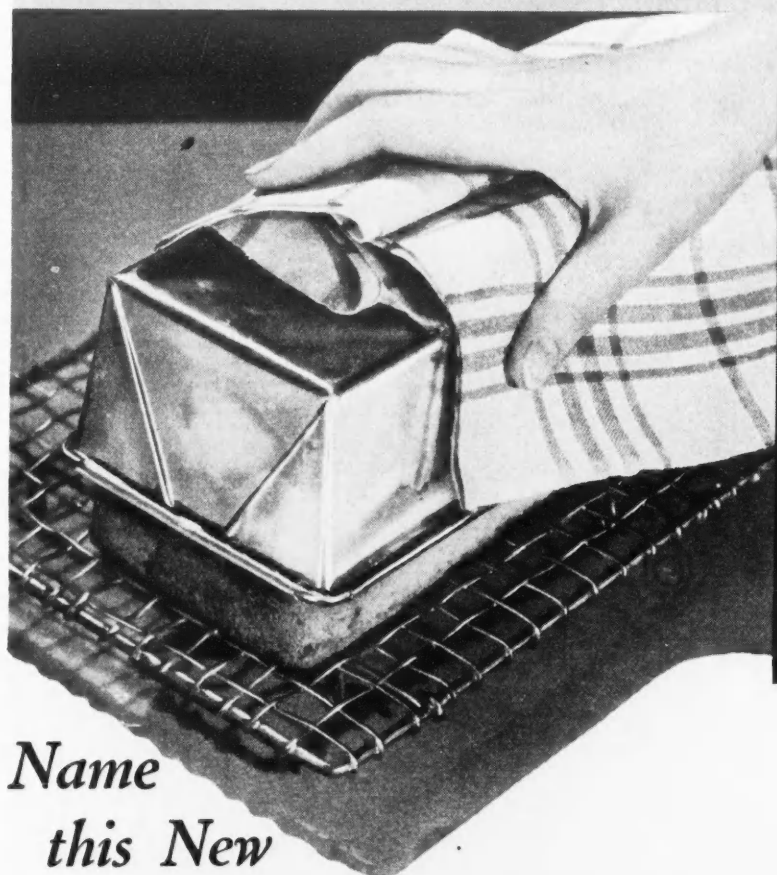
News notes for the kitchen.

WALLPAPER will last longer if dusted frequently—once a week or so in the most lived-in rooms and less frequently in the other parts of the house. It isn't so hard as it sounds if we go over, say one or two rooms at a time with a soft, wide brush, on a long handle, designed to adjust itself to molding, cornices and so on. Use an upward stroke and brush lightly. The brush will tip back to lie flat against the [Continued on page 53]



More Prizes \$1000⁰⁰ this month

First Prize \$250 . . . Second Prize \$100 . . . Third Prize \$50 . . . 60 Prizes of \$10 each



Here's Miss Loughton's Recipe. Can You Name It?

1 cup butter
2 cups fine white sugar
3 cups pastry flour or
2¾ cups bread flour
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 cup finely chopped citron peel
2 cups chopped and blanched almonds
½ cup shredded cocoanut
5 egg whites

The texture and fine flavor of this typically English cake depend upon

careful mixing. Cream the butter and sugar till light and fluffy. Sift flour once. Dust peel, nuts and cocoanut with one-half cup of flour; add Magic Baking Powder and salt to balance of the flour, sift together twice, then gradually add alternately with milk to the creamed butter and sugar; when thoroughly blended add peel, nuts and cocoanut. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Turn into a well-greased loaf pan. Bake 1½ hours in 400° F. oven for the first 20 minutes, then gradually decrease heat.



"When I create a recipe," says Miss LILLIAN LOUGHTON, well-known Dietitian and Cookery Expert of the Canadian Magazine, "I want it to serve the young, inexperienced cook as well as the older and more skilled housewife. That's why my own baking recipes are planned for Magic, and why I recommend it for all recipes calling for baking powder. Even a beginner can use it confidently."

Name
this New

MAGIC MYSTERY CAKE

Originated by Miss Lillian Loughton . . .

Don't miss your chance to
win a prize in Magic's Great
Mystery Cake Contests

OF COURSE, you'll want to try your skill naming this Magic Mystery Cake. Think what fun it would be to win that \$250!

Miss Lillian Loughton is the creator of this month's mystery cake recipe. She has originated a cake that's delightfully different. And her recipe is so simple that even a brand-new cook can make it successfully.

Just read the recipe. Doesn't it sound fascinating? Surely you can think of a name to fit it. Make it yourself before you name it, if you prefer—and be sure to follow Miss Loughton's advice—use Magic Baking Powder.

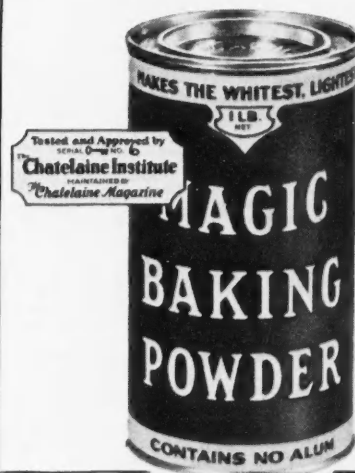
For Magic never varies. The last spoonful in the tin gives you the same high leavening power as the first. No wonder the majority of cookery experts throughout the Dominion use Magic *exclusively*.

Enter this Magic Contest today. Read the rules. See how easy it is. Why shouldn't you be one of those 63 prize winners?

CONTEST RULES Read Carefully

- 1 All you do is *name* the mystery cake. Only *one* name from each person.
- 2 **PRINT** at the top of your paper in ink (or typewrite) "Miss Loughton's Mystery Cake." Under this, print your suggestion for a name. Then, in the *lower right-hand corner*, print your own name and address, clearly and neatly. *Do not use pencil.*
- 3 Do not send the cake itself—just the name and your own name and address. It is not essential to bake the cake to enter the contest.
- 4 Members of our own organization or their relatives are not eligible to take part.
- 5 **Contest closes MARCH 31, 1933.** No entries considered if postmarked later than March 31 midnight. No entries considered if forwarded with insufficient postage.
- 6 **Judges:** Winning names will be selected by a committee of three impartial judges. The decision of these judges will be final.
- 7 **Prize winners** will be announced to all entrants within one month after contest closes.
- 8 **In case of a tie**, the full amount of the prize money will be paid to each tying contestant.
- 9 **Where to send entries:** Address your entries to Contest Editor, Gillett Products, Fraser Ave., Toronto 2.

NOTE: Other Magic Mystery Cakes coming! Watch for them in later issues of this magazine.



Made in Canada

CONTAINS NO ALUM. This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

FREE—THE MAGIC COOK BOOK, to use when you bake at home. Gives tested recipes for dozens of tempting dishes. Mail the coupon today.

GILLETT PRODUCTS
Fraser Ave., Toronto 2

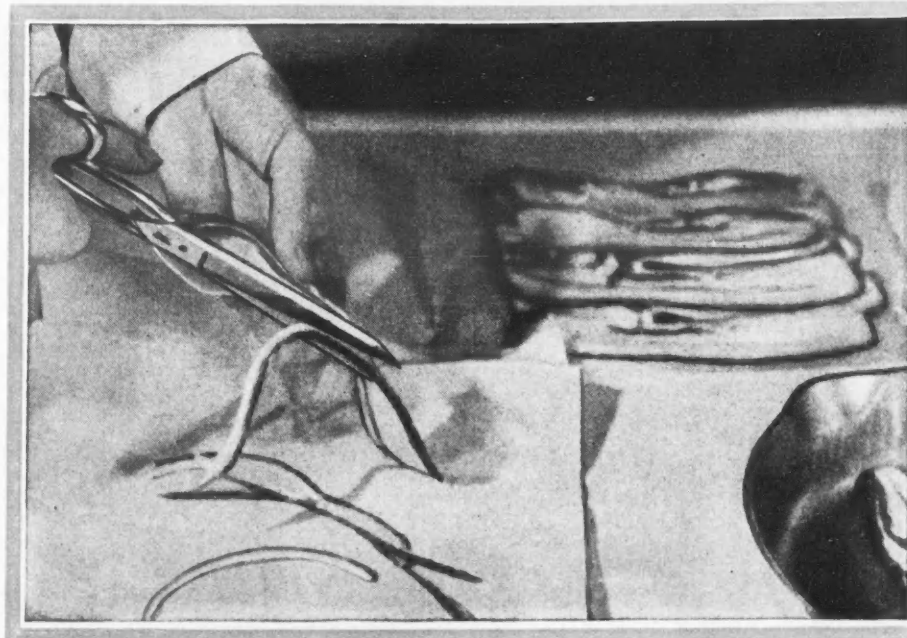
C-3

Please send me free copy of the Magic Cook Book.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____



The kitchen scissors make short work of removing the rind from bacon.

Short Cuts in Cooking

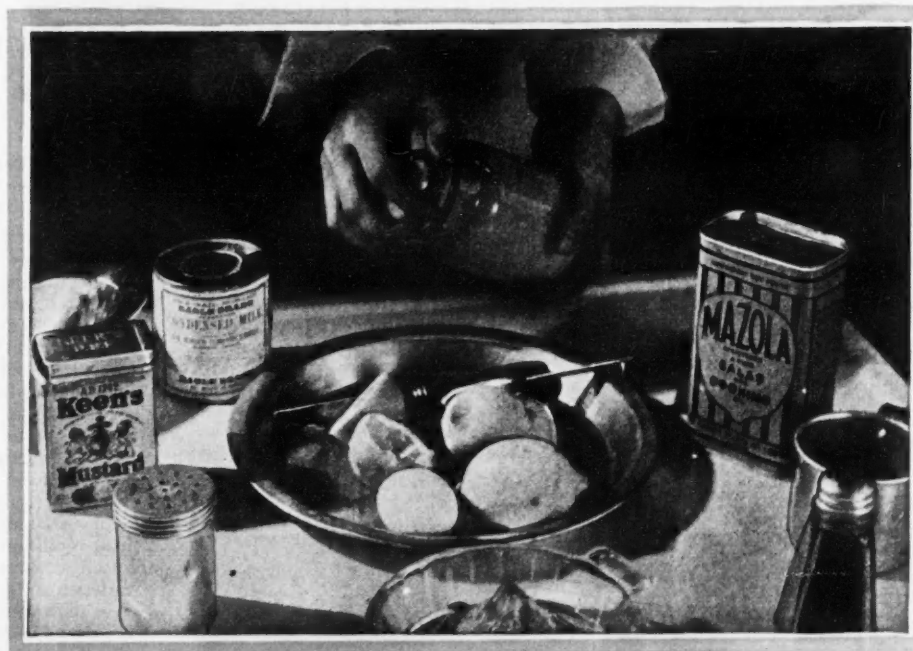
By M. FRANCES HUCKS

TIME-**SAVING** cookery, labor-saving equipment, shorter methods of doing housework—such are the vital problems of the modern home. There must be time saved for business or community service; there must be energy left to make use of the time that is saved, and there must be leisure. Leisure to engage in outside interests, leisure that helps the homemaker to be a better companion, a more valuable citizen; in short, a charming and intelligent individual whose interests and influence extend far beyond the confines of her own kitchen.

How to do it—that is the question! It isn't necessary to remodel the kitchen, although that might help enormously. It isn't essential that long-used equipment be replaced by the most modern of mechanical servants—though, without a doubt, that, too, saves many hours of work. No, even the fortunate ones who work in kitchens that are models of efficiency are amazed sometimes to find that their methods for carrying out a certain piece of work are slow and laborious, in fact, antiquated when compared with those commonly practised by their neighbors. There should be some way for housekeepers to get together and trade tricks—what a lot of useful hints every one would learn!

For instance, how many keep a pair of scissors in the kitchen? That is simple enough surely and very much worth while when you consider the many steps they save. Besides, they do their jobs much more easily and satisfactorily than the methods often used. It is a simple matter to remove the hard rind from slices of bacon, if a pair of scissors hangs near at hand; leaf lettuce is shredded evenly and quickly with those same busy blades, and as for cutting marshmallows, well, there just doesn't seem to be any other way of doing that but with scissors. A few dates or raisins or other dried fruits are much more easily chopped with scissors, besides doing away with the task of washing a sticky chopping board, and that calls to mind the preparation of peel for puddings, cake or marmalade; scissors make it possible and comparatively simple to have the long thin slivers of peel that look so attractive.

The same scissors will leave a neat edge when they trim



MIX AND SHAKE

- 1/4 Cupful of vinegar or lemon juice.
- 1/4 Cupful of salad oil.
- 2/3 Cupful of sweetened condensed milk.
- 1 Unbeaten egg yolk.
- 1 Teaspoonful of mustard.
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt.
- Dash of cayenne.

Just put the above ingredients in a jar, cover tightly and shake for two minutes. Result: a smooth, perfect salad dressing.

the pastry from an uncooked pie, they will cut the cores from grapefruit, nip the tough ends from asparagus, cut rhubarb into pieces for stewing, besides shaping the paper to line cake tins, shelves and bread boxes, snipping the

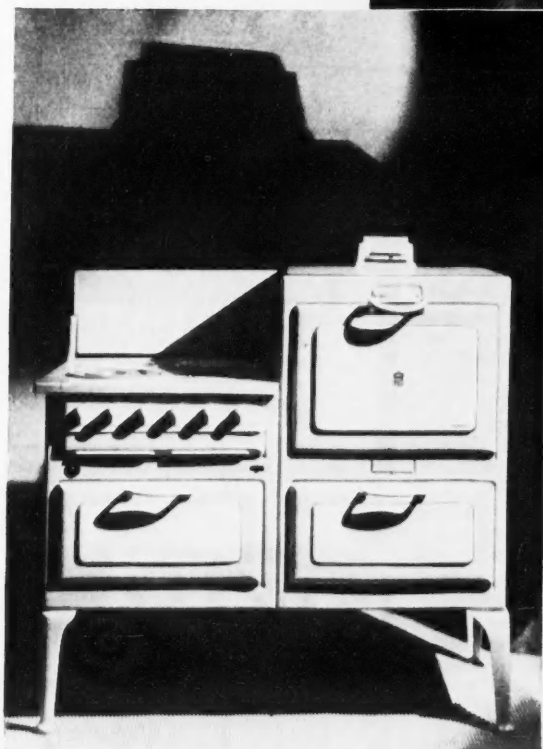
string when trussing meat and fowl or when wrapping garbage and other parcels. And speaking of meat and fowl, scissors are extremely convenient when preparing fowl or fish for cooking. Don't you agree, when you read these few suggestions, that scissors in the kitchen are a short cut?

Paper in the kitchen is another simple convenience for saving time and labor. Waxed paper, parchment paper, newspaper, paper towels, shelf paper, writing paper (in the form of a memo pad), paper bags; you can think of others. Waxed paper may be purchased in sheets or rolls and if supply runs out unexpectedly the housewife will find that by holding the loaf of bread over the heat for a moment, she can remove the waxed wrapper intact, and use this sheet for wrapping sandwiches, fruit or other lunch-box foods. Parchment paper will save not only time and work, but food, money and worry, to say nothing of pots and pans. Cooking in parchment paper is the economical way to preserve the flavor and food value of vegetables and incidentally to eliminate dishwashing. For baking, too, there are

fluted paper cups in which dainty cakes may be baked or served, others for molding and serving ice cream.

Convenient containers for staple supplies are great savers of time and temper. Wide-mouthed glass jars, probably those that once contained marmalade or jam, show the contents at a glance. One thrifty and ingenious individual saves empty salt cartons, spouts and all, shellacs and labels them to be used as containers for her staples. Another orderly person keeps all her spice tins and flavoring bottles in the cardboard divisions of egg cartons from which the lids have been torn. She saves endless shifting of tins and bottles and keeps a sunny disposition. And, of course, with the assistance of the handy memo pad, these containers are never empty. Nothing slows up work or is more annoying than to plan something and find the cocoa container empty, or just enough icing sugar to frost a cup cake.

Besides a constant supply of staples, there are some materials which can be made up in quantity and kept in the cupboard or refrigerator. Such supplies not only simplify the work and shorten the time. [Continued on page 52]



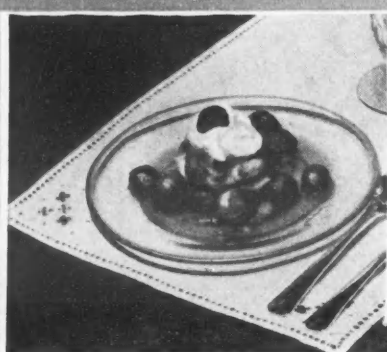
MOFFATS ELECTRIC RANGES

CLEAR VISION....DRAWER

What a help to busy hands! Instead of your small saucepans, mixing bowls, pie plates, cake tins, egg whisk, potato ricer and other much-needed cooking utensils, being scattered here and there around the kitchen, the Moffat Range provides a compact clear-vision Utility Drawer—built right into the range—for just these articles. Just open the drawer and there they are, easily accessible, ready for instant use. Moffats were the *first* to introduce this handy feature—and what a time and trouble-saver it is! Just another evidence that in designing Moffats "New Beauty" Electric Ranges nothing has been left undone to make these fine modern ranges the very ultimate in cooking convenience and kitchen efficiency. Be sure to see this and the many other outstanding features of Moffat Ranges when you visit your dealer.

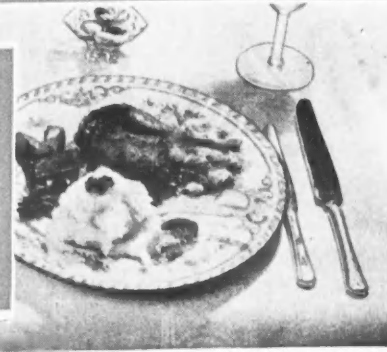
RM 612

MADE IN CANADA BY MOFFATS LIMITED, WESTON, ONTARIO



Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for March



1 BREAKFAST Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Baked Stuffed Onions Head Lettuce Salad Junket with Chopped Nuts Tea	DINNER Boiled Corned Beef Mashed Potatoes Lemon Pie Coffee	17 BREAKFAST Orange Halves Griddle Cakes Coffee	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Cream of Celery Soup Sardine Salad Biscuits Tea	DINNER Baked Eggs in Potatoes Spinach Buttered Onions Cocoanut Pie Coffee
2 Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Corned Beef Hash Chili Sauce Stewed Prunes Tea	Celery Soup Baked Sausages Potato Loaf Fruit Gelatine with Whipped Cream Coffee	18 Apricots Cereal Bacon Coffee	Scalloped Potatoes with Onions and Cheese Fruit Jelly Whip Plain Cake Tea	Lamb Chops Boiled Potatoes Canned Green Beans Black Currant Roly-poly Coffee
3 Apple Sauce Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Coffee	Potato Soup Stuffed Egg Salad Biscuits Tea	Fried Oysters with Lemon Baked Potatoes Spinach Vanilla Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Coffee	19 (Sunday) Grapefruit and Orange Cup Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Club Sandwiches Dill Pickles Rhubarb Tarts Hot Chocolate	Dressed Pork Tenderloin Mashed Potatoes Creamy Rice Coffee
4 Stewed Figs Cereal Toast Coffee	Vegetable Chowder Salted Crackers Canned Strawberries Drop Cakes Tea	Meat Balls Tomato Sauce Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Caramel Custard Coffee	20 Baked Apples Cereal Toast Coffee	Vegetable Salad Brown Bread Fresh Gingerbread Cream Cheese Tea	Chicken Soup Cold Sliced Tenderloin Duchess Potato Stewed Tomatoes Apricot Souffle Coffee
5 (Sunday) Orange Juice Waffles Bacon Maple Syrup Coffee	Tuna Fish and Celery Salad Fresh Scones Layer Cake with Marshmallow Icing Fruit Drink or Tea	Roast Ribs of Lamb Mint Jelly Franconia Potatoes Peas Strawberry Bavarian Cream Coffee	21 Tomato Juice French Toast Bacon Maple Syrup Coffee	Mulligatawny Soup Creamed Mushrooms on Toast Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad Cinnamon Buns Tea	Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Corn Coffee Jelly with whipped Cream Tea
6 Cereal with Dates Toasted Scones Comb Honey or Grape Jam Coffee	Curried Lamb with Macaroni Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing Jelly Roll Tea	Clear Tomato Soup Baked Ham Slices Creamed Potatoes Harvard Beets Fruit Trifle Coffee	22 Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Eggs Shredded Lettuce and Raw Carrot Canned Cherry Salad Cookies Tea	Oyster Pie Hashed Brown Potatoes Apple Crisp Coffee
7 Sliced Bananas Ham Omelet Toast Coffee	Onion Soup Crackers Cheese Fresh Apple Sauce Tea	Veal Stew with Dumplings String Beans Cottage Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee	23 Sliced Bananas Cereal Date Muffins Coffee	Baked Hash Mustard Pickles Grapefruit and Pineapple Salad Nut Bread Tea	Dressed Spare-ribs Baked Potatoes Asparagus Baked Chocolate Custard Tea
8 Prunes with Lemon Cereal Toast Coffee	Salmon Croquettes Tartar Sauce Lyonnaise Potatoes Canned Fruit Iced Cake (use left-over cottage pudding) Tea	(Vegetable Plate) Casserole of Lima Beans Diced Carrots Scalloped Tomatoes Potato Puff Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee	24 Orange Juice Poached Eggs Toast Coffee	Cabbage and Raisin Salad Brown Rolls Junket Chocolate Cake Tea	Clear Tomato Soup Baked Halibut Riced Potatoes Creamed Celery Steamed Peach Pudding Tea
9 Sliced Oranges Cereal Plain Muffins Coffee	Jellied Meat Potato Salad Mixed Pickles Prune Whip Tea	Consommé Baked Pork Chops Creamed Potatoes Asparagus Raisin Cup Cakes Vanilla Sauce Coffee	25 Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Pepper-pot Soup Crackers Stuffed Celery Hearts Fresh Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Tea	Oven-cooked Steak Mashed Potatoes Diced Turnips Fruits in Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee
10 Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Baked Beans Green Tomato Relish Steamed Brown Bread Canned Pears Vanilla Cookies Tea	Steamed Codfish Parsley Sauce Boiled Potatoes Cole Slaw Chocolate Walnut Blanc Mange Coffee	26 (Sunday) Chilled Tomato Juice Cereal Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee	Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Hot Biscuits Angel Cake with Hot Chocolate Sauce Tea	Julienne Soup Roast Duck Creamed Potatoes Carrots and Peas Chilled Rhubarb Tapioca Whipped Cream Tea
11 Stewed Apples Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Vegetable Soup Codfish Cakes Hashed Brown Potatoes Green Salad with French Dressing Fresh Spanish Bun Tea	Liver and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Buttered Onions Tapioca Custard Coffee	27 Stewed Prunes Bread and Hot Milk Popovers Coffee	Timbales of Duck Meat Head Lettuce with Cheese Dressing Sliced Bananas Tea	Country Sausage Home-fried Potatoes Chopped Beets Vanilla Blanc Mange Grape Jam Tea
12 (Sunday) Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee	Individual Spaghetti Rings with Creamed Chipped Beef Whole Wheat Rolls Waldorf Salad Date Squares Tea	Clear Soup Roast Chicken Baked Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Steamed Fruit Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee	28 Cereal with Raisins Tiny Sausages Toast Coffee	Spinach and Poached Eggs Brown Bread Jam Tarts Tea	Beef and Kidney Stew Dumplings Wax Beans Ice Cream Marshmallow Sauce Tea
13 Cereal with Sliced Bananas Fresh Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee	Asparagus Soup Chicken Shortcake Brown Bread and Lettuce Sandwiches Celery Baked Apples Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Riced Potatoes Mashed Turnips Baked Peaches with Cocoanut Peach Sauce Coffee	29 Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Tomato Rarebit Celery Canned Plums Sponge Cake Tea	Steamed Salmon Loaf Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Butterscotch Pie Tea
14 Grapefruit Milk Toast Graham Muffins Coffee	Bacon Creamed Potatoes Ice Cream Fruit Sauce Tea	Cream of Pea Soup Cold Sliced Pot Roast Baked Stuffed Potatoes Buttered Beets Bread Pudding with Meringue Coffee	30 Rhubarb Coddled Eggs Toast Coffee	Bean Soup Jellied Vegetable Salad Left-over Cake Tea	Beef and Liver Loaf Creamed Potatoes Buttered Onions Apple Dumplings Lemon Sauce Tea
15 Cereal with Chopped Dates Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Casserole of Corn and Tomatoes Rolls Baked Pears in Maple Syrup Tea	Finnan Haddie Baked in Milk Boiled Potatoes Peas Grape Juice Sponge Tea	31 Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Italian Spaghetti Chili Sauce Apple, Celery and Raisin Salad Ginger Cookies Tea	Cream of Corn Soup Fried Fish Steaks Mashed Potatoes Pineapple Souffle Tea
16 Raw Apples Cereal Fish Cakes Toast Coffee	Shepherd's Pie Tomato Catsup Canned Fruit Tea	Beef Broth Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Shivered Carrots Banana Shortcake Coffee			

Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

National SAUER KRAUT WEEK*

brings amazing big values
in Libby's Sauer Kraut



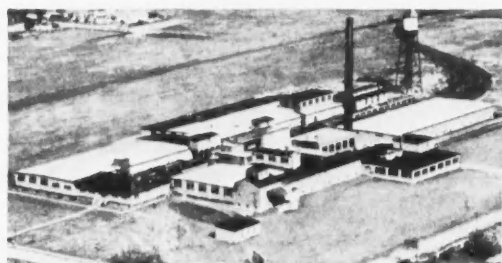
Sauer Kraut Creole makes a marvelous supper dish! First put the contents of one tin of Libby's Kraut in a baking dish and cover with six slices of bacon. Then pour one tin of Libby's Tomato Juice over all and bake in moderate oven till bacon is crisp.



Famous health food now featured everywhere at special low prices...

Here's an important bulletin on food budgeting. Libby's Sauer Kraut—famed for its health-giving qualities—is today available at very low prices.

And during National Sauer Kraut Week, March 6th to 11th, grocers and



Canadian farmers raise hundreds of tons of cabbage for the Kraut which is made at Libby's great canning plant at Chatham, Ontario. Other Canadian-made Libby products are Pork and Beans, Tomato Juice, Catchup, etc.

meat buyers are co-operating with Libby's to bring you *still more attractive values* in Libby's Sauer Kraut.

You'll want to make sure of a good supply of this delicious food. You'll want your family to benefit fully from its vitamins, minerals, and lactic acid. You'll want to try Libby's Sauer Kraut in tasty combinations with other foods.

Insist on Libby's Sauer Kraut for its finer flavour . . . its tender crispness . . . and most important . . . for its carefully guarded content of health-giving vitamins and lactic acid.

REMARKABLE HEALTH FOOD, SAY DOCTORS, DIETITIANS

Here are some of the health values in Sauer Kraut stressed by medical authorities:

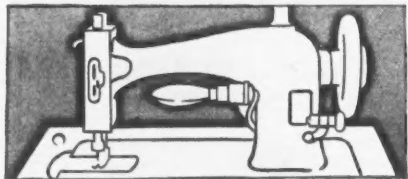
- "It purifies the blood."
- "It is a valuable source of vitamin and food minerals."
- "It is nature's own best medicine for digestive disorders."
- "Its lactic acid destroys poisons in our systems."

Beauty experts recommend Sauer Kraut for a clear complexion and as a valuable item in reducing diets.

*MARCH 6-11

Grocers and Butchers all over Canada are featuring Libby's Sauer Kraut at special prices during National Sauer Kraut Week. Ask your dealer for his special on half a dozen tins!

LIBBY'S SAUER KRAUT IS MADE IN CANADA



What a SEWING MACHINE NEEDS



Whenever a sewing machine starts to act *lazy*—it's *clogged*. The oil has been blotted-up by dust from the air, by lint from cloth and thread. You say it's *gummy*.

Oil your machine frequently with 3-in-One, and you will usually avoid such trouble. For 3-in-One is specially blended from three oils to keep parts *clean* as well as *lubricated*.

If your machine has stood idle and unoiled too long, do this: pick away threads and lint; then oil liberally with 3-in-One and run the machine a short time. In three minutes, all the dirty gum will be worked out. Wipe it off and put in fresh 3-in-One. Your machine will run like new again.

All good stores have 3-in-One in handy cans and bottles.

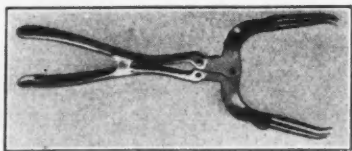
Three-in-One Oil Co., Windsor, Ont.

The Domestic Workshop

By VERA WELCH

THERE'S quite a list of handy little gadgets to talk about this month—not one of them that won't save you time, trouble, or patience. And when you consider that we're already in the throes, more or less, of spring cleaning and that next month the crocuses will be lifting jaunty heads above the earth—springtime at hand and summer ahead—no wonder those three economies loom up in increasing importance.

If you've ever nursed burned fingers from handling hot vegetables or removing steamed puddings from boiling water—and if you haven't I'm sure you stand in solitary glory among housekeepers—you'll appreciate the benefits of the Hot Vegetable Lifter shown. It's a strongly made gadget, one of the Androck line. Pressure on the handles nips the three-pronged forks together so that they grip securely what-



A Hot Vegetable Lifter will prevent burned fingers.

ever they fasten around. You'll find all sorts of uses for a gadget of this sort in your kitchen. Baked potatoes, for instance—lifting them out of the oven; corn on the cob—lifting them out of the pot; removing steamed puddings or preserving jars from boiling water. Don't you think it's convenient to have something at hand for tasks like this, instead of evolving elaborate precautions that end, as they nearly always do, in burned fingers?

And here's a miniature washer that works by hand. But it's not only "cute to look at," it can do real honest hard work and do it well. It has been designed to take care of those little day-to-day washing jobs that you don't send to the laundry, or that you don't want to keep for the big family washer—lingerie, handkerchiefs, baby's clothes. Little things like these have a wretched habit of mounting up. But they needn't, not if they're washed out as they become dirty each day. It's a good idea to get into the habit of doing this, for it not only saves on your big weekly wash, but also ensures your keeping your drawers always well stocked with clean things.

The Junior Vacuum Washer simply consists, as you can see, of strongly constructed base and tightly fitting lid, through which is inserted a rod equipped with handle and spring. On the end of the rod is the plunger, which is to do your washing for you. The principle is, of course, exactly the same as that of the old-time hand-washer, but this plunger springs back automatically each time it is pressed down—which is quite a saving on muscle and temper.

You fill the washer one-third to one-half full with water—you can heat the water in it on the stove if you want; add sufficient soap flakes and insert the soiled clothes. Put the cover on the washer and move the plunger up and down until the articles are clean. Usually you will find that five minutes is sufficient for the average wash. Then you remove the cover by pressing down on the plunger rod and releasing it so that it comes up with a sharp jerking action on the up stroke. The dirty water can then be poured off, and clean, fresh water added, repeating the plunger action for rinsing. This same washer can be placed on the stove for boiling any articles that require it. Certainly a very simple little device, but

it's extraordinarily convenient, especially, I should imagine, in households where each day brings its quota of baby laundry.

IF YOU want to make your own noodles, for soup or for a favorite baked dish, there's a special little machine which makes the process very simple indeed. The Nu-Way Noodler is shown on this page. Do you notice how it is shaped. There is a revolving disc inside, which unscrews and comes out. The bottom is perforated to allow the noodles to drop through into boiling water or soup. These same perforations, incidentally, act as a grater to grate crackers, cheese, bread crusts, etc., when preparing baked noodles. The device is strongly made of heavy aluminum, with a well balanced, comfortable wooden handle.

The batter for the noodles is simply made—just eggs and flour and a little salt. You pour the batter into the bowl of the noodler, after having removed the circular disc inside; screw the disc on to the vertical threaded screw, turning it down until it almost touches the batter. Then, holding the machine over the boiling soup or water, screw down slowly. Hold the machine about five inches above the surface of the soup. As the batter strains through the holes in the lower portion of the bowl and drops into the boiling water, it forms into noodles. If the noodles are to be fried or used for any other casserole or baked dish, dip them carefully from the boiling water



A hand washer like this is useful for small, daily laundry tasks.

into a colander and let cold water run over them until free from sticky surface. Then drain them well and proceed in the usual way.

THERE HAS BEEN such a damp, rain-sodden winter in many parts of Canada that a great many have suffered abominably from periodic salt strikes—which have nothing whatever to do with Ghandi! Every now and then the salt gets heavy with superfluous moisture and clogs up even the wide-holed kitchen shakers. And that, as you know from bitter experience, is a distinctly annoying thing to happen. Luckily, there are ways out, these days, from almost every kitchen tangle. Niagara Hy-Tools have brought out some special moisture-absorbing salt and pepper shakers which ensure a free running salt at all times. They are nicely made, well shaped shakers, obtainable in the natural wood or painted in a variety of attractive colors.



You can make your own noodles very easily with this little device.

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Clean and pure; always dry and free-running.

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Brush Up!

(Continued from page 44)

ceiling so the whole surface may be covered with little effort in a short time.

Dusting is part of the daily sprucing up and how uninteresting and unsatisfactory it can be by the old-fashioned method of flipping a feather duster. It wouldn't meet modern standards of efficiency which demand tools to gather the dust, not merely scatter it. We select from our supply of brushes again—a short-handled, soft, chemically treated mop, compactly held in a sturdy frame with a short handle—easy to clean with and easy to keep clean. If we're after the dirt around banisters, there's a brush for this purpose, too. When the problem is to rout the enemy from around and behind the radiator, we cover the whole thing with a damp sheet or large cloth and twist a narrow brush between the coils. In this way a very laborious and difficult task turns out to be quite a simple matter. We can use a brush, too, for dusting curtains, upholstery and wicker furniture.

For bathroom use we have a handy mop for wiping up the "splashes" from the basin or bath, a brush for the tub to save

bending over to wash it and a stiff bristled brush for the toilet bowl.

And when it comes to the many odd jobs around the kitchen, it is surprising how often the right brush will speed up the work of washing and scouring. An inexpensive dish mop allows you to use hot water and saves the hands. You will find it convenient as you will, too, the little special brushes for cleaning milk bottles, percolator spouts and the general utility brushes for heavier duty. A pastry brush is not designed for cleaning purposes but is a handy little gadget to have around for greasing tins—provided you keep it thoroughly clean.

Brooms and mops and brushes should be selected with the same care one gives to the choice of any other worthy utensil to do duty about the house. Look for good materials, good design and good workmanship, well-placed handles of convenient length and comfortable to hold. They should be kept for their particular purpose and given proper care when not in use. Wash them in warm suds as they become soiled, dry them thoroughly as quickly as possible and store them in a convenient place for they will be called into service often. It is wise to reserve a special cupboard or utility cabinet for cleaning supplies. There should be space on the floor for the vacuum cleaner and carpet sweeper and a shelf about a foot from the top for soaps and cleansers. Hang your supply of mops and brushes from hooks in the bottom of the shelf; they will keep their shape and last longer and will be within easy reach when required.

A Taste for Cheese

(Continued from page 45)

or fruit make attractive salads to serve as the main dish or to fit in the dinner menu. Mixtures containing cheese may be lightly frozen if we want a more novel service for this good food. The firmer, more flavorful types may be grated or cut in small pieces to accompany the salad. Or try mixing Roquefort cream cheese or cottage cheese with the dressing for fruit or crisp greens.

We may feature a cheese dish as the *pièce de résistance* of the meal and it will be very generally relished, particularly when served with other appropriate foods. Nutritive value, taste and economy recommend Canadian Cheddar or one of the full-flavored packaged kinds for use in this way. This is a good choice too for the cheese sauce to serve on toast or with bland vegetables, poached eggs or omelet. Cream cheese with a tart fruit jelly or jam sometimes appears at the breakfast table and, of course, any kind of cheese is good for any kind of sandwich which is served on the slightest excuse any hour of the day.

It is surprising how often cheese seems just the thing to end the meal. It may accompany the sweet or take its place altogether. Or it may be served after the dessert is eaten to clear the palate and provide the perfect climax.

Cheese is real food—a hearty he-man sort of food, or a dainty morsel of creaminess and delicacy of flavor. A liking for it is considered a mark of discriminating taste.

Savory Spaghetti with Cheese

- 1/2 Pound of spaghetti
- 1 Small onion
- 2 or 3 Whole cloves
- 1 Cupful of seasoned tomato sauce
- 1/2 Pound of small sausages
- 1/2 Cupful of mushrooms (if desired)
- 1/2 Cupful of grated cheese

Place the spaghetti without breaking it into a large kettle of boiling water, add the two onions which have been stuck with the whole cloves and cook rapidly until the spaghetti is tender. Remove the onions, drain the spaghetti and rinse it in clear hot water. Add the tomato sauce and the sausages which have been boiled for five minutes and cut in crosswise slices. Add the mushrooms if desired and cook the mixture for five minutes. Mix with one cupful of grated cheese and sprinkle more cheese over the top. Serve very hot. Eight servings.

Cheese Canapes

- (A late supper suggestion)
- 1 Can of crab meat
- 1 Cupful of thick cream sauce
- 1/2 Cupful of grated cheese
- Toast rounds
- Grated cheese
- Paprika
- Cress or lemon for garnish

Season the cream sauce well and add the grated cheese. Stir until melted and add the crab meat which has been flaked. Cut rounds of toast or sauté rounds of bread in butter and heap the crab mixture on these. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese, dust with paprika and place under the broiler until the cheese melts. Serve immediately with a garnish of water cress or thinly sliced lemon. Six to eight servings.

Cheese Dressing for Fruit Salad

- 1 Cupful of cottage cheese
- 1/2 Cupful of tart jelly
- 1/2 Cupful of whipping cream
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- Pinch of salt

Mash the cheese until quite smooth, beat the jelly with a rotary egg beater until free from lumps, add the cheese to it and whip until thoroughly blended. Whip the cream until stiff and fold in the cheese and jelly mixture, add the lemon juice and salt and serve at once with fruit salad.

Cheese Sauce

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
 - 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
 - 1/4 Teaspoonful of mustard
 - 1/2 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
 - 1 Cupful of milk
 - 1 Cupful of grated or cubed cheese
- Melt the butter, add the flour and stir



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NEVER, never let anyone say they saw you down on your knees rubbing wax into a floor. It just isn't done by Smart Housekeepers. Spend your time doing something better—reading a book or doing your nails. Use this new kind of polish that saves a lot of back-breaking drudgery. You spread it on lightly, then go about your business. Come back in 15 minutes to see your floor looking like new, clothed in a soft, lustrous sheen that neither heel-marks nor wear can touch. The floor looks better than ever before and you do, too—for rubbing wax into a floor is tiring, wearing, and awfully hard on beauty. So save your floors and save yourself. Ask at any paint, hardware or department store for a tin of this amazing no-rubbing floor polish that is MADE IN CANADA.

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**GILLETT'S
LYE** EATS DIRT

Short Cuts in Cooking

(Continued from page 46)

but mean that the same operations do not need to be duplicated every day or so when preparing meals.

One such work-saver is sugar syrup. By simply boiling together for ten minutes equal quantities of sugar and water, cooling and bottling, there is a ready supply of sweetening for drinks, grapefruit and fruit cups; no need then to stir and stir or wait for the sugar to dissolve, and still find much of it in the bottom of the glass.

Chocolate syrup is another product which saves time and adds variety to the meals in many households. It can be made with chocolate or cocoa and kept in a covered jar in the refrigerator to be used in drinks hot or cold, to be thinned a little for sauce, stiffened a little for frosting, added to plain puddings or used over ice cream.

For the chocolate syrup, melt one square of unsweetened chocolate, add one cupful of boiling water, combine well and add one and a half cupfuls of sugar. Boil for three minutes, cool and add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. If cocoa is used, combine half cupful of the cocoa with one and a half cupfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt and one cupful of cold water. Cook over slow heat, stirring constantly until the mixture boils. Boil for three minutes, cool slightly and add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Pour into a jar, seal and store in the refrigerator.

GETTING away from sweets for a bit, it is easy to find ways of cutting short the work in preparing the more savory foods. A supply of thickening for soups, sauces, gravies, stews and such dishes would save almost daily repetition of the same task, so why not make up a quantity and keep it in a cool place to be used as needed? This cooked mixture of flour and shortening—for that is all there is to it—goes by the French name of *roux*, and in many households the two varieties, white and brown, are kept.

To make the *roux*, melt half cupful of shortening in a heavy pan, add three-quarters cupful of flour and stir over low heat until it is thoroughly blended. When it just begins to darken, remove from the heat, place in a tightly-covered jar and store in a cool place until needed. The brown *roux* uses the same proportions of shortening and flour but is cooked slowly until it is well browned, taking care during the browning that it doesn't burn. Stored in the same way, this makes excellent thickening for stews, meat gravies and the darker, highly-seasoned dishes. Use from one to two tablespoonfuls of *roux* for each cupful of liquid to be thickened, the exact amount depending on the thickness desired.

A container of dry bread crumbs is a great time-saver. Save the ends of the loaf, the crusts from dainty sandwiches and the slices that become too hard to serve; put them in a paper bag in a place where they will dry out thoroughly, then run them through the meat grinder. With these on hand there is always a coating for croquettes, a binding for meat loaves, a topping for casserole dishes with no more trouble than removing the cover from a jar or tin.

Salad dressing of one or more kinds always at hand will tide over many an emergency. Don't think of it only as an accompaniment to salad. Mixed with savory foods it makes a perfect sauce for fish. Try adding about half tablespoonful of each of chopped pickles, olives, parsley and capers to one cupful of mayonnaise and serving it with boiled or fried fish. It's delicious. Combined with relishes or highly-seasoned foods it makes a quick and easy sandwich spread. But most every one knows how indispensable salad dressings are.

Even baked products, not actually baked, of course, but ready to bake—can be made up in fairly large quantities. Pastry, for instance: a roll of pastry in the refrigerator is ready to make a crust for a meat pie, to cut into a few cheese straws, to make some tarts or turnovers at almost a moment's notice. And if the last of the refrigerator pastry has just been used, there is a hot water pastry that can be made up in a hurry. Here is the way it is done:

Pour quarter cupful of boiling water over half cupful of shortening and stir until the fat is melted and the mixture is smooth and thick. Add one and a half cupfuls of flour which has been sifted with half teaspoonful of salt and half teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir lightly to combine.

Ice-box cookies, too—almost standard equipment in the household where there are children or where company is always dropping in. Sliced off quickly and popped into the oven, they come out in such a few minutes crisply browned and such a simple sweet for any occasion.

In the actual preparation of foods, there are many little points to help save time. First, look to the recipes. They should be conveniently catalogued and kept at hand. Any corrections, or changes of flavorings seasonings, etc., should be noted in the margin so that mistakes will not be repeated. To use level measures in standard measuring utensils is the surest way to success. In this connection, there is the hint for measuring butter and other shortenings. If measuring from a full pound print, half of the pound will be one cupful of butter and quarter pound, therefore, will be equal to half cupful. But when the pound is partly used, this division is not practical. Half of one cupful is most easily measured by putting half cupful of water in the cup, then adding butter until the water reaches the top of the cup. Other fractions of one cupful can be measured easily and accurately in the same way, the water poured off, and the measured shortening transferred to the mixing bowl.

If melted chocolate is one of the ingredients, line the upper part of the double boiler with waxed paper before putting in the cut chocolate. When it is melted, the chocolate is removed—with very little waste, by the way—the paper is discarded and the pan is clean.

Another process which can be simplified and tidied up a bit is that of covering the doughnuts or fritters and similar products with powdered sugar. (The same hint can be applied to flouring fish, crumbing cutlets, etc.) Put the powdered sugar in a paper bag—paper bags certainly have their places, haven't they?—drop the fritters into the bag, shake it a little and lift out the fritters, nicely coated with sugar, and no waste or untidiness.

A great many commercial products are real short cuts, and the list of ready-to-serve and easily-prepared foods is constantly growing as more and more housekeepers appreciate their convenience and good value. It is possible to get a whole meal, and a delicious one, from cans and packages. Ready-mixed biscuits and cakes leave only the adding of liquid, a little mixing and the baking to be done. And what excellent results! Condensed milk can be used in a surprising number of quickly-prepared dishes—dainty cookies, tangy salad dressing, or a novel pudding are whipped up in no time.

Just a word about planning ahead. A week's menus and orders arranged in advance proves to be one of the greatest of time savers and worry reducers. Plan occasionally to have an oven dinner, everything cooking at the same time in the same way, no waste heat or space, and often several foods can be cooked, and even served, in the one dish.

There are countless other hints for saving time and energy—every one has her own particular kink, carefully worked out or discovered quite by accident. So when another worker joins the social service league or the golf club boasts a new lady member, it very likely means that one more woman has learned the value of short cuts in the kitchen.



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YOU'LL find a new thrill in cakes and pies when Coconut is used. And use Baker's Coconut, of course—deliciously fresh . . . always handy in three favourite styles. Order Baker's from your grocer today. He has it in tins, cartons and bags. Baker's Coconut is made in Canada from fresh coconuts.

COCONUT LAYER CAKE (3 eggs)

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1 can Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers. Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle each layer and outside of cake with coconut while frosting is still soft.

BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free recipe book to Consumer Service Dept., General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

been finely chopped and sauté until the onion is lightly browned. Add to the tomato juice which has been heated to boiling point. Add the salt, sugar and paprika and gradually stir in the tapioca. Cook over hot water for about fifteen minutes or until the tapioca is clear, stirring frequently to prevent lumping. When the mixture is cooked, place half of it in a greased baking dish and cover with the grated cheese. Chop the olives in coarse pieces and sprinkle over the cheese. Add the remainder of the tapioca mixture and cover with a layer of buttered crumbs. Place in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—and bake for twenty minutes. This makes a very tasty dish for a supper or luncheon. Four servings.

Cheese Tartlets

- 2 Eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- Salt
- 1 Cupful of white cream cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of rich milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of lemon rind (grated)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of currant jelly
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of blanched almonds, cut in slivers
- Flaky pastry

Beat the eggs slightly and add the sugar

and salt. Mash the cheese and work it until creamy, add the milk and when thoroughly mixed, add to the egg and sugar mixture. Add the lemon juice and rind. Line small tart shells with the rich pastry and place a half teaspoonful of the currant jelly in each. Add a spoonful of the cheese mixture and sprinkle with the slivered almonds. Bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—until the custard is set and the almonds and pastry browned.

Novel Sandwich Fillings with Cheese

Soften cream cheese with a little cream and spread on one slice of bread. Spread the other slice with mint jelly and put together to make a sandwich. Other variations of this are obtained by using marmalade with the cream cheese or by using grape jelly with cottage cheese.

Mash three pickled walnuts to a paste and combine with about quarter of a pound of nippy cheese. Moisten with mayonnaise and spread between slices of buttered bread. Add finely chopped dill pickles in any desired quantity to cream cheese and spread between slices of rye bread.

Spread thin slices of fresh bread with cream cheese which has been creamed with a little butter. Place an asparagus tip at the edge of the slice and roll the bread around the asparagus. Roll tightly in a damp cloth and put in a cool place until ready to serve.

Clams Appeal to the Most Fastidious

CLAMS are the most common edible shell-fish esteemed as a food and their uses are many and varied. They are eaten on shell, boiled, fried, stewed, steamed, and in many other ways.

Clam chowder is a never-failing favorite and may be made in a number of ways.

The most popular chowder is:

Boston Clam Chowder

- Clams. See clam consommé recipe later.
- 1 Quart of milk
- Water
- 3 Onions
- 6 Potatoes
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Pound of lean pork or bacon
- Salt
- Pepper
- Flour

Mince the pork and fry in an iron skillet. When crisp add potatoes and onions sliced very finely. Add sufficient water to cover and boil until tender. Then add clams which have been cut in half. In the meantime, bring milk to boil and thicken with flour. Add seasonings. Add vegetables and clams and stir thoroughly. Serve piping hot.

Favorite Clam Chowder

- 1 Small tin of minced clams
- Potatoes
- Carrots
- Onions
- Celery
- Milk
- Butter
- Flour

To begin with, I substitute a lump of butter for the usual flour. The vegetables—all or any—are peeled and diced, the quantity used depending entirely on the amount of chowder to be made. For four people I use one onion, three or four sticks of celery, three or four carrots, and three medium potatoes. The omission of one or more vegetables necessitates a slightly larger amount of the remaining ones. Onion, of course, is never omitted, though if any of the family finds it hard to digest, it may be placed with the other vegetables but left

whole and later removed entirely. Cover vegetables with water and cook till tender. Do not drain. Add enough milk to make desired quantity and thicken. Season. Add minced clams and heat well. Just before serving add a good-sized lump of butter.

Clam Pie

- $\frac{1}{4}$ Pound of pork
- 2 Dozen clams
- 1 Onion
- 6 Potatoes
- Salt
- Pepper
- Rich pie dough

Slice pork thinly and fry in skillet. Cut clams in half, being careful to save all liquor. Cut onion and potatoes in pieces. Add clams, onion and potatoes to hot pork fat. Cook a few minutes, then pour in clam liquor. Cook slowly for about twenty minutes until potatoes are done. If necessary, add a little more water. Season with salt and pepper. Roll rich pie dough thin, and line bottom and sides of shallow baking dish. Pour in cooked clam mixture. Cover with crust. Bake in hot oven until crust is brown.

Little Neck Clam Cocktails

- "Little neck" clams
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of tomato catsup
- 1 Tablespoonful of horseradish
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 or 4 Drops of Tabasco sauce

Place clams in a shallow dish after removing black parts. There should be one pint. Mix thoroughly catsup, horseradish, lemon juice, salt and Tabasco sauce. Chill and pour over prepared clams and let this stand several hours in a cold place. Serve in chilled cocktail glasses with two small cucumber sandwiches to each service.

Clam bouillon is, by some authorities, considered good for those troubled with indigestion. Those so troubled would take it plain. Others will enjoy the delicious pimiento cream to be served with it.

Fine Flavour for Plain Cooking

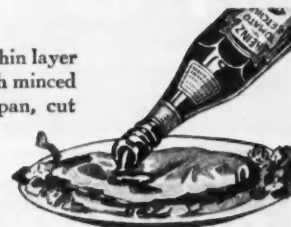


ONE OF THE
57

YOU can add an amazing freshness, zest and flavour to simple, inexpensive dishes with a dash of Heinz Tomato Ketchup. There is irresistible taste-quality in red-ripe, juicy, Heinz-grown tomatoes, blended with choice oriental spices and simmered to perfection in the Heinz Kitchens. See how delightfully this famous sauce brings out the flavour of other foods—

HAM OMELETTE

Make a fluffy egg omelette. Spread with a thin layer of Heinz Tomato Ketchup and sprinkle with minced ham or grated cheese. To remove from pan, cut across center half way through, fold over and turn on to a hot serving platter. Garnish with a watercress or parsley and serve at once.



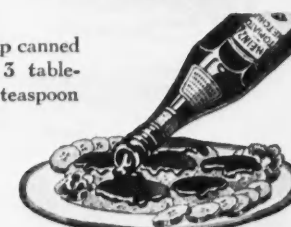
CHEESE CROQUETTES

Mix and cook in double boiler until thick, 2 cups cooked rice, 1 beaten egg and 4 tablespoons Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cheese and stir until cheese melts. Roll in soda biscuit crumbs or flour and fry in fat, $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch deep to a golden brown. Serve with Heinz Tomato Ketchup.



SALMON AND CORN PATTIES

Flake one pound tin of salmon. Add 1 cup canned corn, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 eggs well beaten, and 1 teaspoon salt. Drop heaping tablespoons in greased frying pan. Fry until golden brown on each side. Serve hot. Garnish with slices of Heinz Genuine Dill Pickle and sprigs of parsley.



CUBAN EGGS

In a frying pan place 1 cup sausage meat and 2 teaspoons finely chopped onion. Fry for 5 minutes and add 4 tablespoons Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Add 6 eggs, beaten well and seasoned with $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Stir gently until cooked and serve on buttered toast.



Heinz prices are lowest ever known.

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HEINZ

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Heinz Cooked Spaghetti Buttered Cabbage
Sausages Whole Wheat Bread Butter
Apple Brown Betty

costs only 53¢

See what a tempting, satisfying meal you can make for four persons at a total cost of only 53 cents—when a tin of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti contributes its wealth of nutriment and flavour.

Spaghetti as Heinz makes it, after the secret recipe of a famous Italian chef, is truly delicious and packed with food value.

Gluten-rich durum wheat... sweet butter... special cheese... milk—each yields its goodness to this wholesome dish. And every tender strand of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti offers the enticing flavour of that famous tomato sauce which adds piquancy to so many Heinz products.

Never was economy so appetizing! Never did a single dish give such zest and combine so aptly with almost any kind of meal.

Heinz Spaghetti—cooked, ready to serve—can be had in tins of three different sizes. Include a few tins in your next grocery order. You'll greatly enjoy building tasty meals around this savoury, economical food.

Prices are lowest in Heinz history.

HEINZ

COOKED SPAGHETTI

READY TO SERVE

Made by Heinz. Established at Leamington, Ontario, for twenty-four years

until smooth and well blended. Add the mustard and the sauce and gradually pour on the milk, while stirring constantly. Cook over hot water, stirring frequently until the mixture thickens. Add the grated or cubed cheese and continue cooking over hot water, stirring constantly until the cheese is melted. Remove from the heat immediately and serve with vegetables, eggs, spaghetti, macaroni or over toast.

Cheese and Marmalade Rolls

Split soft flat rolls and toast the cut surfaces on a flat toaster or under the broiler. Spread generously with softened white cream cheese and over this spread a layer of orange marmalade. Serve at once.

Savory Potatoes with Cheese (A tasty way to use left-over potatoes)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Cupful of grated cheese
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Small onion, finely chopped
- ½ Green pepper, finely chopped
- 1 Pimento, finely chopped
- 4 or 5 Medium-sized potatoes, boiled and cut in dice

Melt the butter in the top part of a double boiler, add the flour and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until blended. Add the milk gradually and cook over hot water until thickened, stirring to prevent lumping. Add the cheese and stir until melted. Season with salt and pepper to taste, then add the finely chopped onion, green pepper and pimento. In a greased baking dish, put alternate layers of the diced cooked potatoes and the sauce, having the sauce on top. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—and serve hot. Six servings.

Cheese Fondue

- 1½ Cupfuls of soft bread crumbs
- 1 Cupful of milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Pound of cheddar or cream cheese, grated
- 3 Eggs

Pour the milk over the bread crumbs, add the salt and the grated cheese. Separate the egg yolks and whites and add the beaten egg yolks to the bread mixture. Combine thoroughly. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the first mixture. Turn into a buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a fairly slow oven—325 degrees Fahr.—for forty to fifty minutes. Serve immediately. Six servings.

Sardine Rarebit

- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of dry mustard
- ½ Teaspoonful of paprika
- 1 Cupful of rich milk
- ½ Cupful of grated cheese
- 1 Cupful of sardines, mashed and boned
- A few drops of tabasco sauce or a dash of cayenne
- 2 Eggs

Melt the butter, mix together the salt, mustard and paprika and add to the melted butter. Stir until blended, then add the rich milk and the grated cheese. Cook over hot water until the cheese is perfectly melted. Add the sardines and the tabasco and heat through. Beat the eggs slightly and add a little of the hot mixture to them. Return to the double boiler and cook slowly until the mixture thickens. Serve at once on whole wheat toast. Avoid overcooking or the mixture will separate. Four to six servings.

Cheese Cakes

- (A "different" salad accompaniment)
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 3½ Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of grated Cheddar cheese
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- Few grains of cayenne
- 3 Egg whites

Melt the butter, add the flour and heat, stirring constantly until thoroughly blended. Remove from the heat, add the grated cheese, the salt and cayenne and stir until the cheese is dissolved. Beat the egg whites until stiff, and fold into the first mixture. Drop from a teaspoon on to a greased baking sheet, one inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven—325 to 350 degrees Fahr.—for about twelve minutes. Serve fresh as a salad accompaniment.

Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches

- 3 Eggs
- ½ Pound of grated cheese
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of paprika
- ½ Teaspoonful of dry mustard

Beat the eggs until light. Add the grated cheese, the sauce, salt, paprika and mustard. Mix thoroughly and spread thickly on slices of bread. Cover the mixture with bacon which has been cut in small pieces with the scissors. Arrange on a baking sheet and place in a hot oven or under a broiler flame until the bacon is crisp. Serve at once. This amount makes enough for eight slices of bread.

Jelly Cheeseovers

- ½ Cupful of shortening
- 1 Package of cream cheese (4 ounces)
- 1 Tablespoonful of sugar
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of pastry flour
- 1 Tablespoonful of cream

Cream the shortening and the cheese together. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the salt and sugar and add alternately with the cream to the shortening and cheese mixture. Wrap the dough in waxed paper and let stand in the refrigerator overnight. Roll out thin on a floured board and cut into squares about four inches. Place a spoonful of jelly in the centre of each square and fold over the corners to make turnovers. Place on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—until browned (about ten to fifteen minutes). These may be sprinkled with powdered sugar if desired. Drained fruit such as apricots, peaches, may be used in place of the jelly, or a mixture of sugar, cinnamon and chopped nuts makes a tasty variation. The dough should be kept well chilled, only enough to work at one time being removed from the refrigerator.

Ring Tum Tiddy

- 3 Small sliced onions
- 6 Slices of bacon (chopped)
- 1 Can of tomatoes
- 1 Can of corn
- Salt and pepper
- ¼ Pound of cheese (cubed)

Cook the onions and the bacon together in a frying pan. Add tomatoes and corn and heat to boiling point. Season to taste, add the cheese and cook until the cheese is melted. Serve piping hot on crisp crackers. Serves six to eight. This is a delicious camp dish.

Scalloped Cheese and Olives

(A Sunday night supper suggestion)

- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Small onion, finely chopped
- 1½ Cupfuls of strained canned tomatoes
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of sugar
- ½ Teaspoonful of paprika
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of minute tapioca
- ½ Cupful of grated cheese
- 18 or 20 Ripe olives
- Buttered bread crumbs

Melt the butter, add the onion which has

the rapidly boiling syrup, cover tightly and boil for twelve minutes.

To serve, place the dumpling on a flat dessert dish, arrange the apples around it, pour over about one tablespoonful of the syrup and serve with cream.

Maple Mousse

- 1/2 Teaspoonful of gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
- 1 Cupful of maple syrup
- 2 Cupfuls of whipped cream
- Salt

Soften the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the maple syrup which has been

heated to boiling point. Leave in a cool place until it begins to set. Beat until frothy and fold in the cream which has been beaten stiff with the salt. Turn into a mold, cover and pack in ice and salt and leave from four to six hours or freeze in the tray of a mechanical refrigerator.

Maple Nut Sauce for Ice Cream

- 2 Cupfuls of maple syrup
- 1 Cupful of cream or rich milk
- 1 Cupful of chopped nuts

Boil the syrup until a soft ball forms when a little is dropped into cold water. Stir in the cream gradually and add the nuts (walnuts or pecans) and serve hot or cold.

The Story of Bridget O'Flagherty

All about the Irish cut-out for the children, which is shown on page 69

ONCE upon a time, there lived in a pretty little cottage down by the sea (just like the one in the picture) a beautiful Irish girl named Bridget O'Flagherty, with Dilly her dickie-bird and Patrick her pup. When she grew up she was more lovely than ever, and suitors came from far and near to ask her hand in marriage. But Bridget was wise as she was beautiful and she always bore in mind what her mother had told her that "deeds count more than boasting words."

One day three suitors came to pay her court. The first was a great tall general dressed in a magnificent uniform, decorated with many medals and a large jewelled star, and he carried a glistening gold sword by his side. The second was a big fat rich man who thought himself so good looking that his nose turned away up into the air, and the third was a short little man who looked so funny that it was all Bridget could do to keep from laughing.

"Look at me," said the General, making a great bow. "How fine I am in my grand uniform and gold medals and braid and brass buttons. I would make you a splendid husband and take you to live in my great stone castle."

"Look at me," said the Fat Rich Man, presenting her with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. "Don't you think I would make you a delightful husband? I am so good looking and my clothes are so fine and you would live in a silver palace all your life."

However, the poor funny-looking little man who was called Mike, was so shy that he couldn't say a word, but just stood and smiled at Bridget.

At that moment there was a sharp little yap, and looking round Bridget saw to her horror that Pat her puppy had fallen into the sea.

"Oh who will save my precious puppy?" she cried, wringing her hands and looking at her three suitors.

"I am very brave," said the General, "but my beautiful uniform and nice brass buttons and gold medals would never recover if I jumped into the sea."

"There is nothing I would like better than to save your puppy," cried the Fat Rich Man, "but they say that cold water is not very good for the heart."

While each was making his excuse, Mike had thrown off his hat and jumped into the sea, and in a moment or two brought the puppy safely to land.

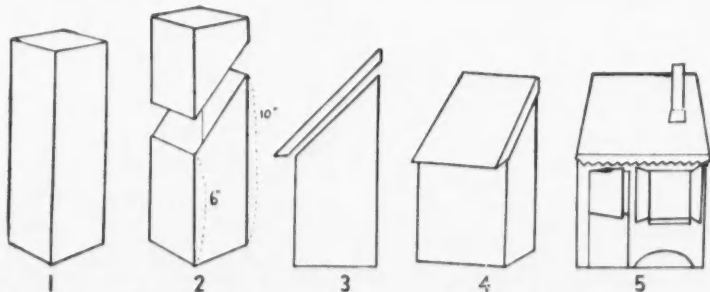
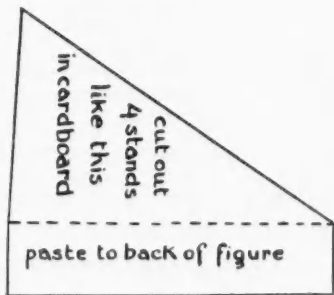
"I know now which of you I will choose for a husband," cried Bridget, looking at Mike, "for 'deeds count more than boasting words.'"

So Bridget and Mike were married and they both lived happily ever afterward with Dilly their dickie and Pat their pup, and the little green cottage down by the sea.

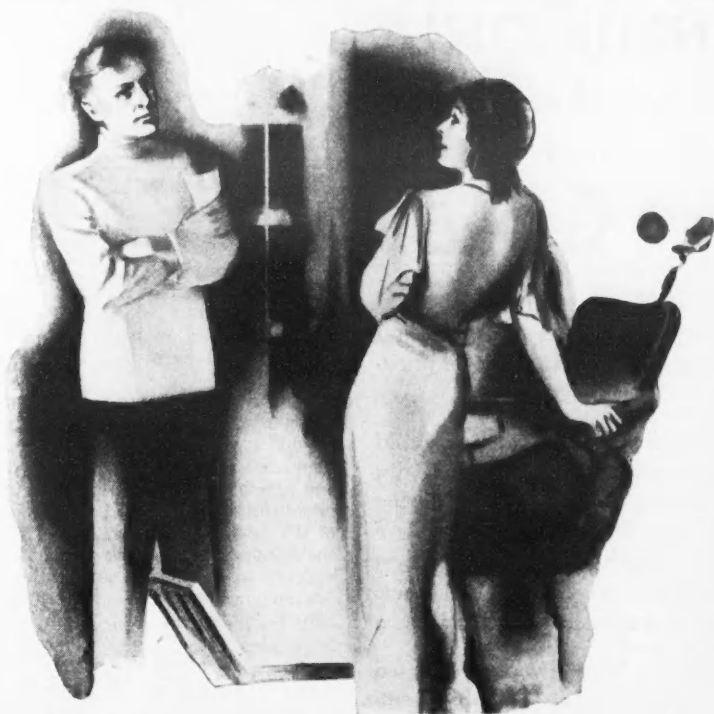
How to make the Cut-outs

TO MAKE this cut-out you will require, an empty shoe box with a lid in good condition, some light bristol board, a pot of good glue and a pair of scissors. Sketch No. 1: stand shoe box on end. Sketch No. 2: cut in two like this. Sketch No. 3: cut lid half inch longer than depth of box. Sketch No. 4: place the lid on the slanting box sides like a roof; its edges will hold it in place. Sketch No. 5: attach in their place the roof edging and bend it down along the dotted line, the flower bed, the upper and lower doors; cut around three sides of these through the cardboard so they will open and shut; paste the window but not the shutters, bend the latter slightly outward. Bend the dotted lines of chimney and paste in place on the roof.

Glue the figures on cardboard. When quite dry cut out and make them stand by attaching to each a cardboard prop made like the one shown.



WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT SALT AND MY TEETH?



Your Dentist

will tell you these facts about oral hygiene



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WINDSOR SALT—bag salt in handy package.



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The film which causes discoloration of the teeth is composed largely of bacterial growth entangled in the mucous secretions of the mouth. The use of Salt as a dentifrice restores the natural whiteness of the teeth by affording the maximum assistance to the tooth brush in the removal of this film. Salt harmlessly removes phlegm on the surface of the mouth, relieving catarrhal condition. Salt contracts the cells of the gums, causing them to decrease in volume and to become firm and hard. The action of salt penetrating deeper than the mucous layer produces a deep-seated effect, resulting in a clean, healthy mouth.

This is all any dentifrice or mouthwash can do. Salt helps Nature ward off the attack of mouth ailments. Windsor Salt does all these things perfectly.

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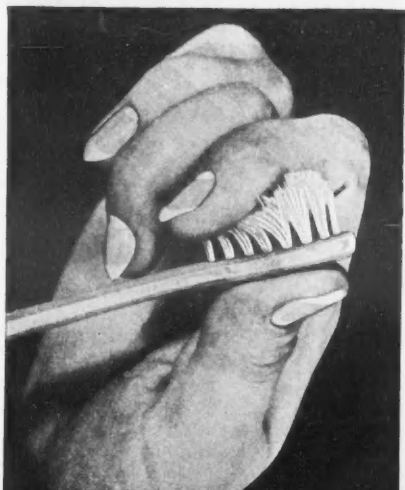
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Tek

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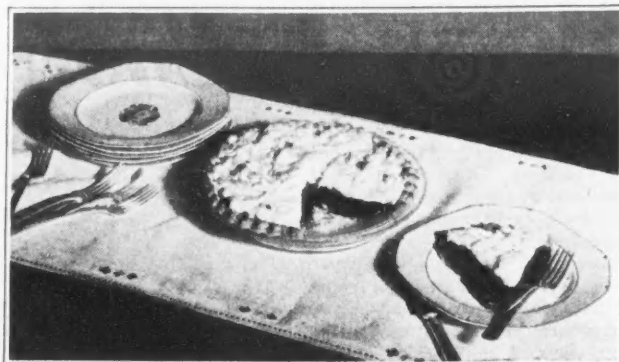
PARIS PATÉ
PARIS MEAT PATTY

Hermetically Sealed

At your Grocer's

In Praise of Maple Syrup

By ADA HELEN BUSH
For the Chatelaine Institute



THE golden sunshine of lengthening days, the frosty coolness of April nights, smoky white rifts of cloud overhead and mud underfoot—all proclaim that summer will soon be here. Foodstuffs, spring-like in appeal, begin to flood the markets: tender stalks of crimson rhubarb, leafy greens, scarlet radishes and firm pink tomatoes, encourage the alert housewife to keep pace with the changing seasons when planning her menu.

The farmer eagerly waits for the running sap and the housekeeper welcomes the first can of maple syrup which appears on the market. Then, she knows that spring indeed is here, and that the delicious maple flavor will lend new interest to her meals.

Few springtime delicacies present a stronger appeal than this Canadian-made product, which is as traditional to our Dominion as Paddy's cakes are to Ireland.

Maple syrup has more than mere distinction of flavor to recommend it. It is easily digested and possesses slightly laxative quality. It can be served without further preparation or in a variety of attractive combinations. Moreover, unlike most of our carbo-hydrate foods, maple syrup contains an appreciable amount of minerals and vitamins which are so essential to health. Thus, we may regard this sweet as a valuable addition to our diet.

Modern science has a place in the manufacture of maple syrup, as in all other lines of food production. The open sap bucket and kettle are giving place to the covered pan and stainless metal evaporating vat. We admit the romance of the deep iron kettle, smoking in the maple bush, but this materialistic age prizes mechanical perfection above sentiment. The widening market, co-operative mines and rapid transportation combine with the new efficiency of production to improve the grade and stabilize the cost of maple syrup, so that the finest quality is now available at reasonable price. It is to be found in grocery stores every day of the year.

Before giving some favorite recipes using maple syrup, let us suggest some foods with which it most suitably combines. The natural affinity of griddle cakes and waffles for syrup may be taken for granted, but some people neglect the truly delicious combination of hot biscuits, butter and syrup. An unusually delightful combination results when graham flour is used in tea biscuits. Such a dessert is especially suitable for children, and with an egg, a fresh vegetable, and a glass of milk, makes a meal fit for a prince or princess and one which will meet every requirement of the growing child. The following recipes have been tried—and not found wanting.

Pickled Pork Baked in Maple Syrup

Select a five pound pickled shoulder of young pork. Boil until tender when pierced with a fork. Leave overnight in the liquid in which it was boiled. In the morning skin the pork, place in a baking dish, stick over

with cloves and pour over one and one-half cupfuls of maple syrup. Bake one hour, basting frequently, in a moderate oven. After the first half hour, surround the meat with cored, unpared red apples and bake these, basting with the liquid in the pan, until tender. Serve as a border for the baked ham.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

6 Medium sized sweet potatoes
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
¾ Cupful of maple syrup

Boil the potatoes until tender. Drain, remove the skins and cut in halves lengthwise. Place in a buttered baking dish, pour over the syrup in which the butter has been melted. Bake in a moderate oven until the potatoes are glazed. Ten to fifteen minutes.

Maple Syrup Pie

1½ Cupfuls of maple syrup
3 Eggs
Salt

Beat the eggs slightly, add the salt and the maple syrup and beat until mixed. Pour into an unbaked pie shell and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr.) for ten minutes, then reduce the heat and bake at 325 to 350 degrees Fahr. until the custard is set.

Maple Surprise

3 Apples
¾ Cupful of maple syrup
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
¼ Cupful of sugar
1 Egg
2 Tablespoonfuls of milk
¾ Cupful of flour
1½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
Salt
1 Cupful of whipped cream

Cream the butter, blend in the sugar. Add the beaten egg and the milk. Add the flour sifted with the baking powder and salt and stir until smooth. Pare the apples and cut in half-inch slices. Grease deep muffin tins and place an apple slice in each tin. Add two tablespoonfuls of the syrup and cover with the batter. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. Turn upside down on a serving dish and cover with whipped cream.

Apple Maple Syrup Dumplings

4 Apples
1½ Cupfuls of maple syrup
1 Egg
¼ Cupful of water
2 Cupfuls of flour
4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of salt

Pare and core the apples and cut in eighths. Pour the syrup, heated to boiling, over the apples and cook slowly until tender but not broken. Remove the apples.

Beat the egg until light, add the water and stir quickly into the mixed and sifted dry ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls into

A MARMITE diet brings brighter days



Almost invariably a definite improvement in family health and spirits follows the introduction of Marmite into the daily meals.

That is because Marmite, the great British yeast food, supplies an abundance of the Vitamin which determines growth in children and keeps the nervous and digestive systems of adults in good order. That Vitamin is Vitamin B—and Marmite is one of the richest known sources of this Vitamin.

Greater food enjoyment, as well as better health, is gained when Marmite is used. Marmite's delicious flavour adds a piquancy to soups, sandwiches, gravy and meat dishes. It also makes a very appetizing beverage. You'll love the flavour—and be thankful for Marmite's gift of new vitality.

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If you have discovered any new device which makes your work in the kitchen or home easier, why not pass the information along to other women?

The Domestic Workshop

a regular department for the ferreting out of new aids for the housewife will be glad to hear of it.

If there is any additional information you would like regarding any of the articles mentioned in these columns, we will be glad to tell you more about them on request.

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brings better, easier, cheaper cooking. Confines odors. Makes splendid, lint-free dish-cloth. Use it over and over. Ask your dealer, or send 25c for large post-paid package to

Appleford PAPER PRODUCTS
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Jack and Jill—the most popular children's shoes today. They combine the qualities of natural foot-form for health, cushioned construction, with hair felt tread for comfort—the choicest leathers for long wear, smartest styles for the joy of life—and Visible Fitting for the truth about fitting—a protective service you can get only with Jack and Jill Health Shoes.

Safe for growing feet.



Jack and Jill
Health Shoes
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Could Your Church Use Extra Funds?

Are you anxious to do greater charity work, erect new buildings, establish a mission, etc., and find your work handicapped through lack of funds?

Whatever the effort you have in mind, the money would undoubtedly be welcome. We have a plan which will help you raise the necessary funds for your work.

Why not organize the members of your society and put on a concerted drive among your church people for new and renewal subscriptions to The Chatelaine Magazine.

This popular Canadian magazine should be in every Canadian home. The sales work is interesting and the commission liberal. Your earnings can easily run into large amounts. We will send you full information. Write

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fortably heavy. The best support is given by a broad bandage, with gussets, to fit the breast. This bandage is worn round and under the breasts and must not compress the nipples.

Care of the Teeth

Bad teeth are one of the greatest causes of illness. The poison from a septic tooth circulates in the blood and frequently shows its ill effects in remote and important parts of the body. It is a serious menace to the health of any one, but especially to the expectant mother. The absorption of the poison of a decaying tooth may set up rheumatic troubles, heart disease, kidney disease and other dangerous illnesses. Decaying teeth should have dental treatment if not too far gone. If the tooth should be extracted the doctor must first be consulted.

Clothing

The clothing of the expectant mother should be light and warm enough for the season. Underclothing should be changed frequently—once a week at least. The clothing should hang from the shoulders and not from the waist or abdomen. Corsets should not be worn after the third month. A maternity belt fitting firmly round the hips and under the abdomen may be used to suspend the stockings. Garters which impede circulation in the legs, and the elastic of knickers, should not be worn. Comfortable shoes with low, broad heels should replace the high-heeled ones in common use.

Essentials of Prenatal Care

The essentials of prenatal care of the pregnant mother are: general supervision by a competent doctor or by a prenatal clinic throughout the period; a careful physical examination which, among many other things, includes frequent examination of the urine, taking of the blood pressure and measurement of the pelvic girdle. In addition, the quality of the food must be assured and strict attention given to the prevention of constipation, the body wastes, exercise, fresh air, sleep, rest and the various matters of personal hygiene. Prenatal care of the mother is of such high importance that it cannot, in the interest of both mother and baby, afford to be neglected.

Early Risks to the Baby

"The first quarter of an hour after birth is the most dangerous period of life. Its mortality is as great as that of any subsequent month. No single discovery in medical science or improvement in practice could do more to save lives than would measures to avoid the losses that now occur within a few minutes after birth."

—Y. Henderson.

IN 1915, Dr. J. W. Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, to the application of whose advice must be ascribed the largest proportion of the modern improvement in infant mortality, said that the thousands of babies being born might be compared to battalions of soldiers going to the front for a campaign which might last seventy years for the babies and seventy weeks for the soldiers. If in the first week at the front each battalion of soldiers lost 100 men killed, and 200 more were wounded, it would be regarded as a very serious disaster and would undoubtedly excite criticism; but if it transpired further that each battalion had lost 100 men by death in barracks the week before the detachment sailed for the seat of war, and if it came to light that a good many more lives had been lost in crossing the Channel, the demand for a searching enquiry would be irresistible.

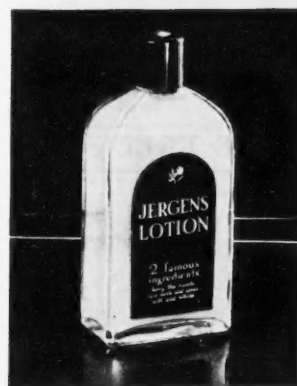
What had been stated as an extreme and very improbable disaster in war was nevertheless the average occurrence for all the thousands of babies being born in the British Isles. Out of each 1,000 born alive, at least 100 perished in the first year, the first of the seventy periods of human life; not a few were so damaged by diseases they suffered from, that they were long in completely recovering, if indeed they ever did

Continued on page 63

Hands like hers stir the heart



Soft, smooth hands are eloquent...romantic



Your hands...are they soft and appealing...or a bit harsh and dry, unpleasant to touch?

SKIN SPECIALISTS tell us that the skin of the hands is almost invariably too dry. For Nature has cheated a little in allotting precious oils to our hands.

And, to keep them lovely, we must replace the precious elements of beauty just as fast as they are stolen by cold or windy weather, overheated homes, daily tasks like dishwashing.

Doctors prescribe two famous restoratives for this purpose—one recommended for its power to soften; the other for its ability to whiten.

NOW BOTH THESE famous ingredients are blended in one fragrant, silvery liquid... Jergens Lotion!

Pour a little into the palm of either hand... smooth it onto the other.

Right while you're watching, hands grow whiter and smoother. With this regular care, red knuckles whiten, and rough finger tips soon grow soft enough to meet the "touch test" of satins and sheer stockings.

Your skin absorbs Jergens Lotion completely—it leaves no stickiness. And its mild antiseptic action soothes and heals any little cuts or scratches and banishes all trace of chapping.

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It makes a marvelous powder base! Many women prefer it to everything else for this purpose. For it soothes the skin, takes powder with a satin smoothness, and gives all-day-long protection from sun and wind.

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PNEUMONIA

often follows
neglected

COLDS

Unless checked, the simple cold pulls down the body resistance and frequently paves the way for pneumonia's deadly attack.

The best plan is to treat every cold promptly with Vicks VapoRub. This is doubly important during the next few weeks when pneumonia is at its height. Rubbed on the throat and chest, Vicks acts two ways at once in relieving colds:

(1) Its healing vapors, released by body-warmth, are inhaled direct to the inflamed air-passages.

(2) At the same time, it acts like a plaster and "draws out" the tightness and pain.

This method of treating colds originated with Vicks. Today, the whole trend of modern medical practice is away from needless "dosing."

VICKS VAPORUB

26
24
OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY



Steedman's Powders Keep Babies Healthy

Growing babies and children need a mild laxative to keep them in healthy, active condition. For this purpose Steedman's Powders have no equal.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

Safe and gentle, they purify the blood, cleanse the system and prevent complications and feverishness at teething time.

Three Healthy Boys

A Guelph, Ont., mother writes: "I have three boys—one 8 years—one 6 years and one 4 years. I never give them anything but Steedman's Powders, and I do not intend to give them any other medicine until they are around 12 or 14 years."

FREE BOOKLET

Our "HINTS TO MOTHERS" booklet gives valuable information and advice. Write for free copy.

JOHN STEEDMAN & COMPANY
594 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal

Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

Conducted by
John W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

No. 2. PRE-NATAL CARE

In the interest of both mother and baby, prenatal care in reference to exercise, rest, sleep and fresh air is essential.

IN LAST month's story it was pointed out that the development and growth of the baby depended, to a large extent, upon the health of the pregnant mother, her food and general care, all of which are included under the term "prenatal care." This care of the mother is of such importance from the standpoint of the baby that it is impossible to pay too much attention to it. Nothing relative to the well-being of the baby is quite so valuable.

Body Wastes

Something has already been said about the wastes of the body, how these wastes are disposed of by the skin, lungs, kidneys and bowels, of the ill effects of constipation, and how the bowels may be regulated by the use of proper food.

This article will be devoted to a consideration of exercise, fresh air, rest and sleep.

Exercise

Exercise is of high value in the disposal of the waste matters of the body. It causes deep breathing with consequent ventilation of the lungs, and the removal of wastes therefrom. It induces perspiration and activity of the skin; it strengthens the muscles and helps to relieve constipation. The more strenuous forms of exercise, such as rowing, swimming, golf, tennis, and horse-back riding should be avoided by the pregnant woman. Mild cycling may be followed but the best exercise of all is walking at a steady sharp pace, preferably in a park or road for half an hour each day. If suitably clothed such a walk may safely be taken in any weather. Needless to say, both clothing and shoes should be comfortable. Regular daily exercise is essential for the pregnant woman, not only for the reasons already given but also because exercise improves the tone of all the muscles, which is of value at confinement.

Fresh Air

The house should be well ventilated by open windows night and day; the more fresh air and sunshine the mother has, the better. Consequently theatres and other crowded assemblies should be avoided. If the weather is favorable much time should be spent in the garden or park. Sunshine is

of the greatest value, but to gain its advantages the sunlight must be direct and not through glass which cuts off the effective ultra-violet rays. These rays are also cut off by the smoky condition of cities; hence the higher value of country sunlight.

Sleep

The sleep before midnight is the most valuable. Late hours cause nervous troubles. The pregnant woman should go to bed early and have at least eight hours sleep. The room should be thoroughly ventilated and cool, the bed-clothing light and warm, supplemented if necessary by a hot water bottle. The cooler the air in the room the more refreshing will be the sleep.

Rest

In addition to the eight hours sleep an afternoon rest should be taken. With shoes removed and clothing unfastened a rest and sleep should if possible be part of the daily routine. If begun in the earliest days of pregnancy and steadily practised, this rest will prove of high value to both mother and baby.

Personal Hygiene

Personal hygiene includes care of the skin, of the breast and teeth, as well as the functions of the other organs—lungs, kidneys and bowels, already discussed. The skin should be bathed each day—it matters not whether in a shower, tub or by means of a basin of water. Ten or fifteen minutes will suffice for the bath, which should be followed by a vigorous rubbing of the skin with a coarse towel. This cleanses the skin, keeps the sweat and other glands open and tones up the nervous system.

Care of the Breasts

The breasts perform a most valuable function in the life of the baby. It is essential, therefore, that the breast and nipples be maintained in a healthy condition. In the bath the breasts should be carefully washed with soap and warm water and finally rinsed with cold water. The application of warm water followed by cold water has a tonic effect on the breasts. The nipples should be gently massaged and drawn out with the soapy fingers, and gently and thoroughly dried. In the last month a little glycerine may be rubbed into the nipples. Glycerine hardens the nipples without drying the skin. During the later months of pregnancy the breasts may become uncom-



**A well-shaped head •
a fine full chest •
strong back •
straight legs •
sound, even teeth •**

BOTTLED SUNSHINE

helped to build them

This boy's mother knows that in winter, outdoor sunshine cannot supply enough of the essential bone and tooth-building factor—Vitamin D. So she takes no chances. Regularly, every day, she makes sure her boy gets *Bottled Sunshine*—Squibb guaranteed cod-liver oil.

Squibb cod-liver oil provides the abundance of Vitamin D that every child needs to build sound bones and teeth and, in addition, is a rich source of Vitamin A which is essential to growth and good resistance. *Because its richness in Vitamin D and A is guaranteed*, Squibb cod-liver oil has become the standard with many wise mothers. And it is economical, also. A smaller dose of Squibb's supplies as much of both vitamins as a larger dose of inferior oils.

If your child is growing fast, give him Squibb "10-D" Cod-liver Oil. Often advised by doctors, it is specially rich in the bone and tooth-building factor, containing ten times as much Vitamin D as standard cod-liver oil.

The Older Children should have Squibb Mint-Flavored Cod-liver Oil given them every day. Pleasantly flavored it is invaluable in building up resistance.

FREE: Write today for free booklet, "Why Every Baby Needs Bottled Sunshine" to E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Ltd., 36 Caledonia Road, Toronto.

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COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced and guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.



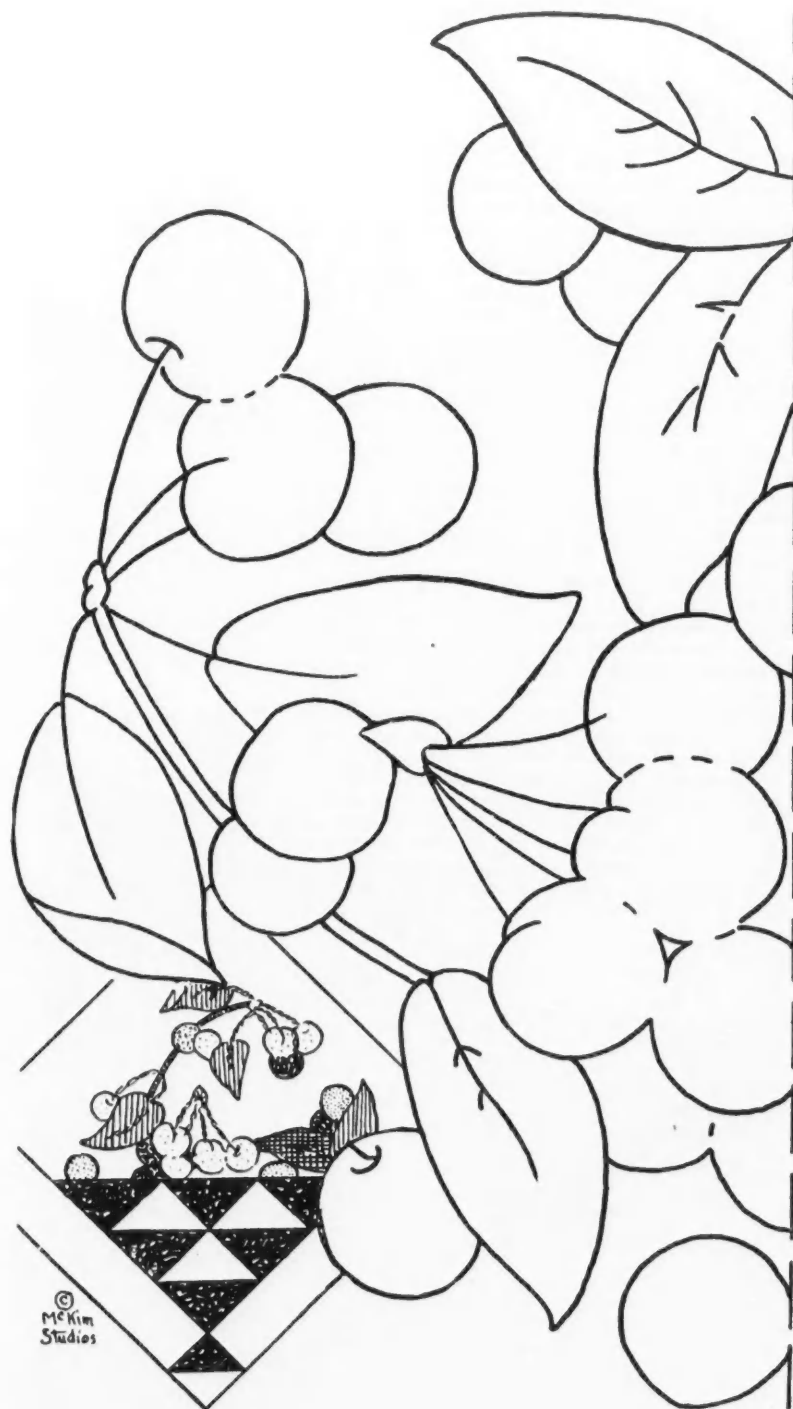
Chatelaine's Mothercraft Service

WITHOUT any cost to you at all, through the co-operation of the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare, Chatelaine readers may receive monthly, one of a very fine series of pre-natal and post-natal letters issued by the Council through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health.

If you would like to receive these valuable letters, write to:

Mothercraft Service,
Chatelaine, 153 University Ave.,
Toronto, Ontario.

THE FRUIT-BASKET QUILT



Block No. 4. QUEEN ANNE CHERRIES

YOU will find it difficult to match in materials the transparent pink cheeked tints of Queen Anne Cherries. As shown in the small sketch, three cherry tints are suggested, a light pongee or peach tint, for the eight lightly dotted, a sort of an apricot or deeper pink tint for the four marked in the medium value with deep rose for the three in shadow. The groups of two and four light cherries may be traced on to single swatches of color with embroidery marking the lines between.

Some will prefer a decorative outline stitch or heavy running stitch of color around all appliqué parts. This might all be in a brown matching the pieced basket and used for all stems. Or the inconspicuous way of whipping down each color with matching thread is always in good taste for appliques. All stems, with some placing lines are traced directly through carbon on to the background block. The appliques build up on this, overlapping each other as shown into really handsome designs.



a **FREE** Garden Guide

Grow vegetables to lower your cost of living....

Use this FREE Garden Guide! Plan now to grow your own vegetables—it will cut down the cost of living, it keeps you fit, it's the sensible thing to do this year! McDonald's Garden Book for 1933 tells you *what, when and how* to plant, and offers you seeds that do not fail, seeds that successfully reward your time and labor by making your garden more beautiful and productive. McDonald's tested seeds have for 57 years been relied upon by growers all over Canada.

PLEASE NOTE
... McDonald's seeds are obtainable direct from Ottawa only.

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Kenneth McDonald & Sons, Limited
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Please mail a FREE copy of your GARDEN BOOK to

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2 33



At Last A SAFE, Effective Treatment For Nervous Folks Who Can't Sleep Nights

No Drugs or Opiates — Nature's Own Way. Treats The CAUSE. Helps to Establish Sound, Healthful Sleep For You To-night and Every Night.

When you lie in bed at night—turning and tossing—restless and nervous—exhausted yet unable to get to sleep—Science says this is due to nerve irritation and gas in your stomach and intestines usually caused by acidity.

Therefore you can see the folly of taking inefficient indigestion remedies—of using dangerous drugs and opiates to induce sleep—they can't possibly treat the cause of your distress—they may make you sleep for a few hours but can NEVER permanently establish sound, refreshing sleep every night for you.

THE RIGHT WAY

Tonight if you want to enjoy the best night's sleep you've had in years—take a teaspoonful of Bisurated Magnesia in a glass of water before going to bed.

This safe, scientific prescription, known favorably to reputable, practising physicians, peacefully soothes the irritated stomach nerves and induces restful sleep

—it always works!

But why stop here when with 10 days' faithful treatment with Bisurated Magnesia, you can overcome insomnia altogether and make broken, sickly, frayed nerves well and strong again. Simply take a teaspoonful in a glass of water after each meal and before going to bed—you'll be able to sleep like a log nights and "nerves" won't trouble you.

GASSY STOMACHS

And Bisurated Magnesia so builds up, tones and puts vigor into weak, sickly stomachs that you'll be overjoyed to see how quickly gas pains, bloat, bilious and dizzy spells, indigestion, dull headaches and lassitude disappear.

A large package costs very little at any drug store. So safe many take it—so effective thousands have been helped to regain strong, sturdy nerves, healthy digestions and ability to enjoy peaceful slumber every night.

Bisurated Magnesia

Now While you have YOUTH



YOUTH is the time of sowing. Provide for your old age. Make sure you will never lose your independence. Small sums placed now in the Canadian Government Annuities System and at 65 you will have a

dependable guaranteed income which will give you comfort and leisure for the rest of your life.

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BEVERLEY OWEN, Editor, says:

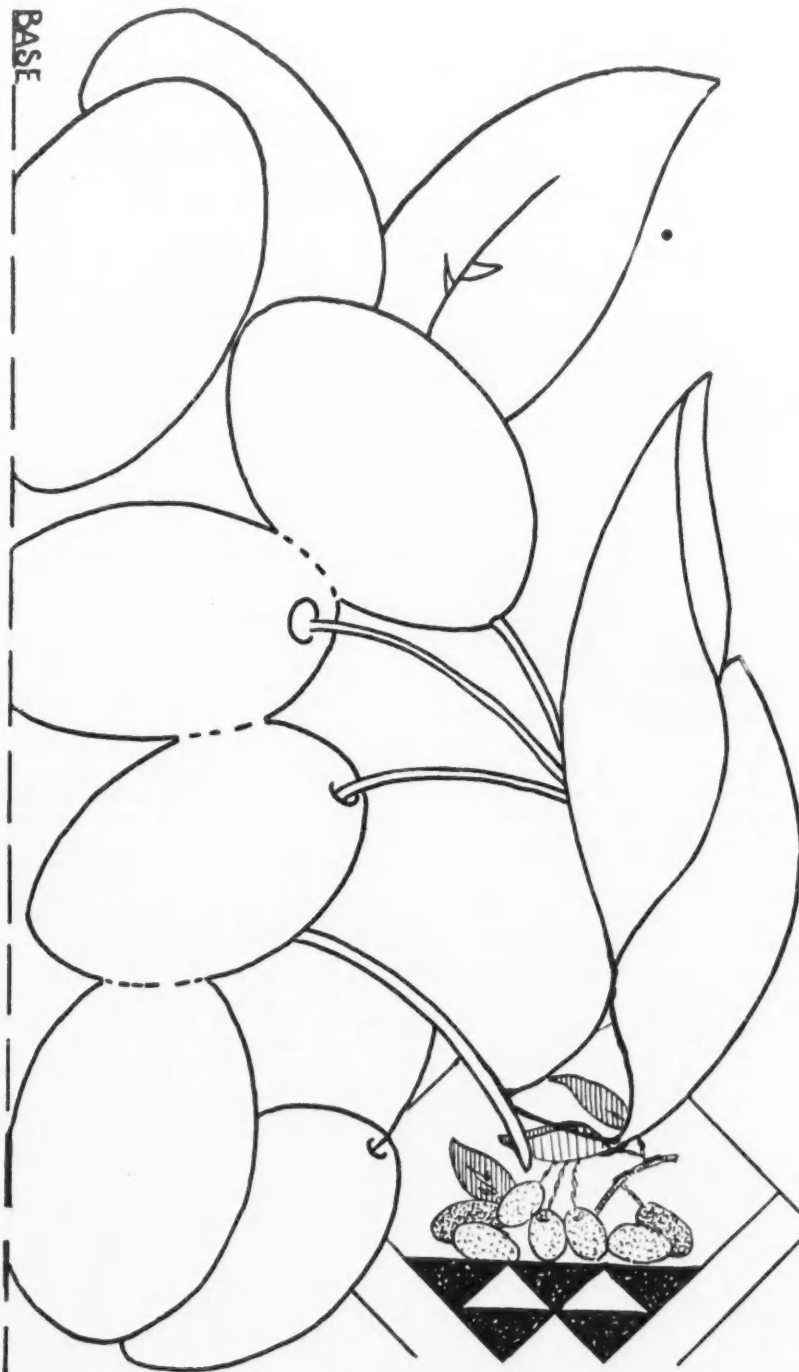
"'Radio Weekly and The Revue' takes its place on the news stands under a new identity... henceforth, it is to be 'The Revue'... Canada needs a bright, informative, lightly sophisticated and profusely illustrated five cent weekly... to be seen reading The Revue will be a mark of distinction."

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Ask your dealer to save you a copy each week. If you have no dealer near you, send your name and address, with \$2.00 direct to The Revue, 210 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, and we will send you 52 issues post paid.

— Send 5c in stamps for Sample Copy —

THE FRUIT-BASKET QUILT



Block No. 3. KUMQUAT

THESE picturesque little fruits follow the Malaga grapes and limes in our lovely new quilt series. They assure a splash of brilliant orange in the very top row which you will find repeated from time to time in the apricots, tangerines, persimmons and oranges balancing this glowing hue throughout the quilt top.

The five foremost Kumquats are to be traced on to brilliant orange a seam larger than this drawing as we do for all appliques. They may be cut in a group of four and one, or each made a separate ellipse. The two which are overlapped are in darker orange, a tangerine shade, with leaves very dark green except the under fold of the one which is a light greyish or bluish green.

Here is a helpful suggestion for basting back the edges of fruit appliques; simply run a fine gathering thread very near to the

edge, draw it in until an even fold the desired width is turned, and press. This leaves your round or oval pieces with no points on their turned edge and is quickly done besides.

The Kumquat stems embroider in light green with brown on the one branch-like stem.

There are thirty-two blocks in the complete quilt, one or more of which will be published in each issue of *Chatelaine*. Readers desiring to procure complete materials for the appliques, can do so by ordering from *Chatelaine*. A complete assortment of good quality, color-fast broadcloth in a wide range of rich colorings, is available for \$1.50, postage paid. Order from *Chatelaine*, Editorial Department, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.

Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

(Continued from page 59)

get well. Moreover, each battalion of babies lost at least 100 of its members before birth either as still-births or miscarriages, and some others died on the way; so that instead of a possible 1,100 babies that should arrive in life, but 1,000 came. Of these, another 100 perished in the first year, leaving only 900, some of whom were disabled and bound to succumb before reaching adult life.

Dr. Ballantyne went on to mention various facts which went to show that care of the mother before the birth was capable not only of preventing many of the prenatal deaths, but also of diminishing those which occurred after birth and especially in the first month of postnatal existence.

The Main Dangers of Infancy

The three main dangers of infancy are:

1. Congenital and developmental defects.
2. Digestive disturbances.
3. Infectious disease.

The first of these dangers accounts for nearly all still-births and for deaths in the first week of life. The other two conditions chiefly affect older infants. Digestive disturbances are intimately associated with the infant's diet. The infectious diseases cover acute and chronic infections, those of the respiratory tract being of first importance.

Modern Improvements in Infant Mortality

In the last fifteen or twenty years there have been remarkable advances in the conservation of infant life. At the end of the nineteenth century there was a tremendous waste of baby life; infant deaths under one year ranged from fifteen to twenty per cent of live births. At the present time this rate is usually but half what it was thirty years ago, and the reduction in the general death-rate is largely due to the lessening of infant deaths.

In 1931 there were 240,108 live births in all Canada. Among these there were 20,253 deaths in the first year, a rate of 84.8 per thousand live births, or nearly $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent instead of the fifteen or twenty per cent of 1900.

Cause of Improvement

This improvement in infant mortality has been accomplished chiefly through the lowering of the mortality from such causes as diarrhoea and intestinal disturbances, and to a lesser extent from the lung diseases and infections. Infant welfare work in the last three decades has been synonymous with better baby feeding.

No Improvement from the First Cause

But little or no general progress has been made in the reduction of deaths from the first and the most important of the three main dangers of infancy, namely, congenital and developmental defects. These conditions operate, as already pointed out, in the course of the pregnancy, at the birth, with the result of a dead baby, or within the first month of life. Notwithstanding the astounding advances made in the control of the other causes of infant mortality and in spite of the lavish expenditure of money and energy in the field of infant welfare and maternal hygiene, early infant mortality remains nearly where it was thirty years ago.

Greatest Loss in First Week

In Canada, approximately thirty-four per cent of baby deaths occur in the first week of life. These deaths, for the most part, are due to the following conditions: malformations, prematurity, congenital debility, syphilis and injuries at birth. To these may be added the still-births. The causes of still-births are much the same as the deaths of

live-born children in the first month. The preservation of these lives is one of the most important of public health problems. In numbers, still-births approach those occurring from cancer; they exceed the deaths from tuberculosis and all the other infectious diseases (except pneumonia and influenza) combined.

Early Infant Deaths a Disturbing Problem

The loss of all these lives is a serious matter, and the question at once arises: What can be done to lessen this terrible mortality?

It will be observed in most communities that where early infant mortality is high, so also is the later mortality of infants. This suggests that some local reason accounting for the similarity exists, and that there are preventable causes for the deaths of babies in early life. The best proof of this is the fact that in certain places the early mortality of infants has been reduced. In Boston, New York, Baltimore, Toronto and in Edinburgh, to name a few places, a decided lowering of the early mortality of infants has been achieved by the measures first established by Dr. Ballantyne at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary in 1901.

What is the Secret?

The secret of saving these early lives depends on prenatal care of the mother, early recognition and treatment of cases of syphilis, first-class medical and nursing care in the confinement, and post natal supervision. Reference in this series of articles has already been made to the value of medical supervision throughout the pregnancy. Too much stress cannot be laid on the necessity of careful physical examination, of the examination of the urine at regular intervals, the taking of the blood pressure, the food, the regulation of the bowels, and the correction of any deviation from health. If prenatal care were extended to all pregnant women, there would be a revolution in both infant and maternal mortality.

Medical Care and Nursing

It is unnecessary to say that the mother should have the best of medical attention in her confinement. Some years ago an enquiry instituted in the United States and Canada suggested that there had in recent years been an increase in the use of artificial means to hasten labor, and that this practice is often accompanied by disastrous results to mother and child. It is doubtful if this is true to any extent, but there seems to be no doubt that midwifery practice could be improved. It is up to the medical colleges to teach their students better.

Post-Natal Care

Of 800 deaths of infants analyzed by Cruickshank for the Medical Research Council of Great Britain, the definite causes were:

Asphyxia, birth injury or prematurely, 540.

Infective conditions, 238.

Gross developmental defects, 22.

The author of this investigation sums up the line of general preventive measures as follows:

1. The continuance of prenatal supervision throughout the pregnancy right up to the time of delivery.
2. Education of the public.
3. Provision of increased facilities for prenatal supervision.
4. Some scheme for the better education of medical students and graduates. The preventive side of midwifery requires greater emphasis.
5. Efforts to advance our knowledge of the obscure causes of post natal diseases. In this field the co-operation of the obstetrician, the baby physician, the physiologist and pathologist is essential to success. Brilliant advances in other medical lines are an indication that the baby will not be neglected.

Look Under the Top before you decide



Do not make the mistake of thinking that all electric refrigerators are alike . . . even though they may bear outward evidences of similarity.

The really vital and important part of the electric refrigerator is its mechanism. And it is in the mechanism that you will find the greatest difference between Westinghouse Dual-automatic and ordinary "conventional-type" refrigerators.

The entire mechanism (including the motor) of the Westinghouse Refrigerator is *Hermetically-sealed* within a steel shell, and operates in a permanent bath of oil. Trouble-free, attention-free, care-free operation of your Westinghouse Refrigerator is assured for a lifetime.

Such assurance is made possible only by the utmost precision of workmanship (accuracy maintained to the ten-thousandth part of an inch) plus the added protection of the "built-in watchman" (a patented invention that makes Westinghouse the *only dual automatic electric refrigerator*).

Before you decide on your electric refrigerator, look closely into its mechanism. In Westinghouse, you'll find it where it properly belongs—*under the top*—and you'll recognize it as a masterly engineering achievement that spells lifelong enjoyment of refrigeration at its best!

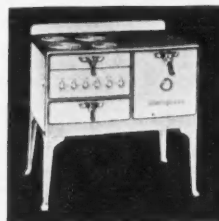
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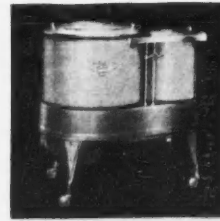
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Here's a quick, safe way to gain clear, sparkling eyes like those you admire on the screen. Just apply *Murine* daily as advised by directors of Warner Bros. Pictures, who keep it constantly in the studios for use by Kay Francis, Bebe Daniels, Joan Blondell, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young and other famous stars.

An eye specialist's formula, *Murine* contains 10 ingredients (no belladonna) which act remarkably to brighten the eyes and clear up any bloodshot condition. Get a 60c bottle from your druggist and apply a few drops each night and morning. You'll note an *immediate* improvement in the way your eyes look and feel!

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FOR YOUR
EYES

New Clothes



We all like to buy new clothes, but sometimes it is quite a problem to figure out just where the money is coming from.

"Where can I get more money?" that is the question, isn't it?

Let our Club for Girls help you! Here are a few things which members have told us:

"I earned as much as \$5.00 in a single afternoon."

"My cheque for \$25.00 certainly arrived at an opportune time."

"I enjoy the work, it is so easy, and pays such handsome profits."

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Room 308,

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Footnotes on Springtime

By VERA WELCH

YOU can do anything at all," said the Duchess sagely. "if you wear the right hat." She might have added, "and the right shoes," for if anything can lower the tone of one's ensemble it is a pair of shabby or unsuitable shoes.

To the women of this continent goes the distinctive reputation of possessing neat feet—a comforting thought, don't you think. When we sally forth to buy our new spring bootery? but if, in spite of this, one does happen to be blessed with a seven and a half C foot there's really no reason for embarrassment. Shoes nowadays are designed for both comfort and smart appearance.

Such pretty feminine shoes in this spring's advance stock—lots of trimmings, delicate colors, combination leathers, attractive and comfortable shapes! Look for the new chaff beige, a darker beige than the usual light color which, alas, soils so very easily. Grey, too, will be distinctly *comme il faut*—mostly the beige-toned putty grey which harmonizes with one's costume better than a straight blue-grey. Then there is a lovely smoke-grey whispered from Paris; it may be that we shall see this, too, for our spring. Navy blue and a somewhat lighter blue called admiral will be very much to the fore.

I love the unusual effects which can be achieved by contrasting leather trims. Take the white and green spectator sports shoe "A". The toe-cap, back, tongue and strap have a rough, pebble surface, in contrast to the smooth white calf of the rest of the shoe. Color is brought in effectively at the toe-cap, the tongue, strap and back. The reptile strap shoe "J" uses contrast both in leathers and colors. The heel and trim are in navy blue.

The shoe "B" illustrates the use of self-toned trim in contrasting leather. Incidentally, three and four eyelet tie shoes like this, and like the two shoes "G" and "H" shown, are very fashionable this season, and they fit the foot so snugly. These two models, one in a soft blue calf and the other in corosan (light beige) kid, illustrate the new punched or perforated shoe which is very popular indeed—and small wonder, when one sees the really



Illustrating the vogue for contrasting colors and leathers — A, spectator sports shoe in white calf trimmed with green; and B, a pretty dress oxford using self-toned, contrasting leathers. Shoes by courtesy of Getty & Scott Ltd.



Two popular types of arch-support shoes — C, the slimly fitting five-eyelet tie style; and D, a strap trimmed with lizard, and buckling smartly at the side. Shoes by courtesy of Wilkie's Glove-Phit Shoes.



Attractive versions of strap and tie arch-support shoes — E, an unusual double-strap treatment, and F, black kid trimmed with grey piping. Both these models also look well in tones of brown and beige. Shoes by courtesy of The Lockwedge Shoe Company Ltd.



Right at the top of the shoe tree is the gore pump. This and the tie are favorites for spring wear. The shoe M shown is carried out in black kid. Shoe by courtesy of The Murray Shoe Company Ltd.

lovely patterns that can be obtained. Another perforated effect is seen in the chaff beige suede trim used on the brown morocco shoe "I".

Like the white and green model, the two sports shoes, "K" and "L", use effective color contrast in their design. Toe-caps, heels and backs of each of them are, in the two shoes shown, of black calf, while the shoes themselves are in white buck.

Speaking of white shoes reminds me that it is hinted this summer will be the whitest summer yet, so far as footwear is concerned. All-white shoes, white and black, white and brown, or white with some other contrasting color, to tone with one's ensemble, will be found in all the shops as summer days draw near.

Pumps and ties are destined to occupy a joint first place in favor this spring. Among pumps the gored shoe is particularly popular. It is a smart, trimly fitting shoe, well suited to most feet—such a pump as the black kid model "M". Tongues or tongue effects, by the way, will adorn a great many shoes this spring—ties, straps and pumps alike.

The shoes "E" and "F" and "C" and "D", demonstrate the good looking type of shoe that is available now in special arch support models. The shoes shown are in black kid,



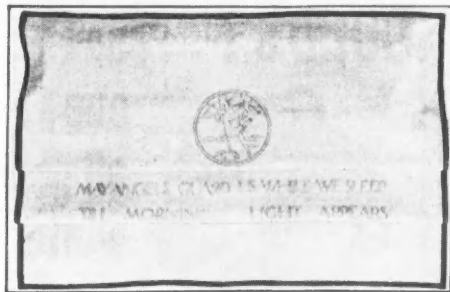
Punched shoes are right in the spotlight of this season's styles. G is in corosan (light beige) kid, and H in a soft blue calf. Both shoes show the trend toward three and four eyelet ties. Shoes by courtesy of Blachford Shoe Manufacturing Company, Ltd.



Contrasting leathers again — I is carried out in brown morocco with chaff beige suede trim. Reptile is often used for contrast, as in J, where the trim is navy blue. Shoes by courtesy of Albee Shoe Company, Ltd.

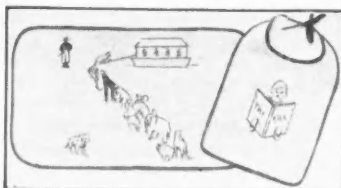


Black and white will be used extensively in the summer shoes, as will white trimmed with other contrasting colors. The two spectator sports shoes K and L, shown, are in white buck with black calf trim. Shoes by courtesy of The W. E. Woelfle Shoe Company, Ltd.



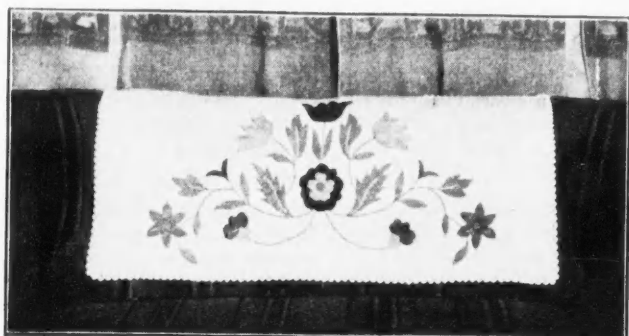
C181

C181—Cot cover. A very sweet design for a small child's bed—size 45 by 60 inches, stamped on artistic English jaspé. Outline stitch only is used, so that the work is a very simple matter. Price \$1.25; cottons for working 10 cents, and bias binding, if desired, 15 cents. Cotton and bias in blue are supplied, unless otherwise requested.



C180

C180—Child's tray cloth and bib. An amusing little set for baby—very quickly worked in outline and running stitches—stamped on best quality factory cotton and priced at 25 cents, with cottons for working 10 cents additional. Bias binding, if desired, 10 cents.

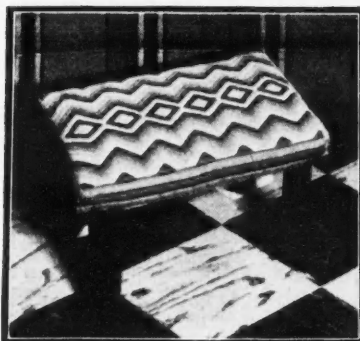


C171

Wool work is always attractive

A SET of back panel and arm rests will do wonders to rejuvenate an old Chesterfield, or to protect a new one. Only the back is shown in the illustration, but with it come two matching arm rests, all to be worked with the same striking design on heavy cream or brown linen. The design, incidentally, is surprisingly simple to work, being done mostly in chain stitch, with just a little work in long and short stitch and satin stitch. Chair set, footstool, cushion and runner can also be obtained, stamped with this same effective design.

C171—Chesterfield back, size 18 by 36 inches; arm rests 12 by 14 inches—the set being priced at \$1.00. Wools for working,



C173

C174—Cushion (front and back) size 18 by 24 inches, is priced at 75 cents, and wools for working this 50 cents.

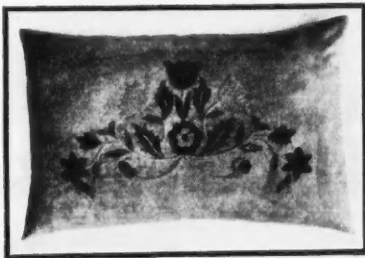
C175—Runner, size 18 by 45 inches, comes at 95 cents, and wools to work it \$1.00. Heavy edging for this comes to 35 cents.

C176—Footstool, illustrated, in Florentine work on squared canvas. The model is worked in two shades of fuchsia, royal blue and green, but colors to match your room can be supplied if preferred. For canvas and wools, with instructions, the price is \$1.50.

Please be sure to state color of linen desired—brown or cream.

Note: If you do not happen to have a footstool, a perfectly practical one can easily be made at home. All that is needed is a piece of heavy board, size about 9 by 14 inches, and four ordinary doorstops—one to be screwed into each corner of the board, for legs. We cannot supply the boards, as these are too heavy for mailing, but if you cannot procure the doorstops, we can supply these at 25 cents per set.

Send your order, accompanied by postal-note, to Marie Le Cerf, *Chatelaine*, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.



C174

\$1.00. Heavy edging, if desired, comes to 60 cents. Wools in light and dark rose, light and dark green, and gold were used in the model, but colors to match your room can be supplied if preferred.

C172—Chair back and arm rests are priced at 60 cents the set, with wools for working 75 cents additional, and heavy edging, if desired, 45 cents.

C173—Footstool cover in crewel work to match, size 14 by 18 inches—price 35 cents, and wools for working 40 cents. (See foot-note concerning footstool.)

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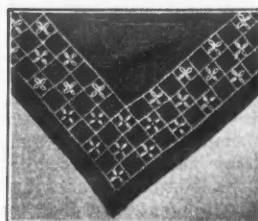
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C185

From Chatelaine's
Handicraft Studios



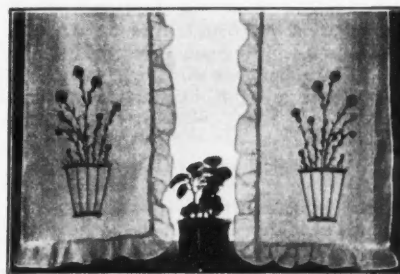
Home Handicrafts

By MARIE LE CERF

C185—Luncheon set in old English Wedgewood design. It is the very thing for a beginner, as French knots, chain and lazy daisy are the only stitches used. Comes stamped on Dutch blue, Wedgewood blue, green, yellow, cream and white linen. Either blue should be worked in white; yellow linen worked in green; green linen in gold, but the cream or white linen may be worked in any color desired. Thirty-six-inch cloth and four serviettes are priced at \$1.35, and cottons for working at 30 cents. A full size tea cosy can be supplied to match at 55 cents; cottons for working at 10 cents, and cosy form, if desired at 55 cents.

black felt cover. Lovely for a shower gift or for your own desk. Price, complete, 95 cents.

C184—Curtains. For dainty windows at little expense, there is nothing like these little, frilled side-curtains in fine, white French lawn—equally suitable for kitchen, sunroom or bedroom. The curtains are not



C184

made up, but strips are sent for the frills, which are quickly hemmed and attached by machine. Size, including frill, 13½ by 38 inches. Price per pair, 50 cents; cottons for working, 15 cents.

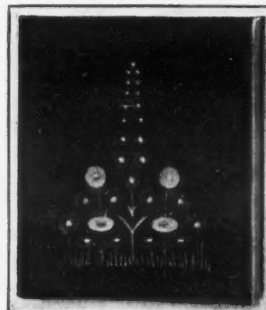


C179

C179—Needlework picture, "The Road Through the Woods." A most exquisite and unusual little design, size 3½ by 5½, with mat effect. Practically all work in fine chain stitch. Stamped on sampler linen, size 7 by 9 inches, and priced at 25 cents; cottons for working at 10 cents.

C178—Phone book cover. Really serviceable as well as gay and ornamental, and only a few stitches are required before pasting the felt appliqué flowers on the

C182—Bedroom set in charming nosegay design: scarf, cushion and vanity set (the latter not illustrated). A most colorful little set—the French knot flowers in mixed colors and the ribbon bows in a very beautiful shade of blue. Stamped on artistic English jaspé: Scarf, size 18 by 40 inches, priced at 40 cents; 3-piece vanity set at 30 cents. Cottons for working either scarf or



C178

vanity set 20 cents; lace edging for either 20 cents. Eighteen-inch round cushion (front and back) 35 cents; cottons for working 15 cents; lace edging 10 cents. Cushion form, if desired, 55 cents.

DAINTY



her wee dresses
should be embroidered!

Delicate . . . soft . . . precious little bundle of life . . . nothing is too good, too dainty for the dresses which your baby daughter wears.

The beauty of dainty dresses is enhanced by touches of delicate embroidery, fagoting, feather-stitching, smocking, picot-edging and the like—and what a joy it is that you can make these things, that cost so much to purchase, at home for a fraction of the cost, when you use Clark's "Anchor" Embroidery Threads.

Bewitching, beautiful pastel shades and threads of snowy white are yours to choose from whether you select

Clark's "Anchor"
STRANDED COTTON

Clark's "Anchor"
PEARL COTTON

or
Clark's "Anchor"
STRANDSHEEN

And what an added pleasure it is to know that these strong durable threads do not break, pull or snarl. The colors of course are guaranteed fast.

USE MILWARD'S NEEDLES
FAMOUS SINCE 1730

CLARK'S "Anchor"
STRANDED COTTON

is MADE IN CANADA by
the Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton

The Canadian Spool Cotton Co.,
Dept. X15, P.O. Box 519, Montreal, P.Q.
Please send me booklet "Crochet and Embroidery
Stitches," for which I enclose 5c.

Name _____

Address _____

At the Movies

(Continued from page 17)

robbers jump into his car and order him to drive them away; then oust him into Mexico to keep him quiet. His efforts to cross the border are particularly funny. Once in Mexico he is forced to pose as the great toreador Don Sebastian II, and after many swiftly told and utterly ludicrous adventures, ends the picture with a riotous bull fight. "The Kid from Spain" should surely be found generally funny by the great majority of fans. And if, by chance, you don't find Cantor funny—surely you will like the beautiful photography, the beautiful girls, or the music that accompanies practically the entire story. I enjoyed it mightily and feel no hesitation in recommending it to the entire family.

ALAS, with all my enthusiasm for British films, I have to confess to a disappointment in "The Flag Lieutenant." It is an ordinarily good picture—of an average with thousands of others shown nightly; but it was touted as being one of the big British pictures that would challenge Hollywood. Unfortunately, to this reviewer, at any rate, it was not up to the standard modern English films have been showing.

The story is an interesting one, although difficult to believe. A rollicking young navy lieutenant, very much of a play-boy, is sent on an expedition with an older officer who feels his navy life has been a failure in that he has never had his chance. The expedition is to relieve a fort in the north of Africa. Once there, the powder house is blown up, and the older officer determines to take the opportunity of slipping out of the fort, and down to the coast to try and get a message through to the rest of the fleet for added support. Just as he reaches the walls, disguised as a native, a spent bullet catches him. The young lieutenant makes the journey in his stead, and on his return, finding that his pal has lost consciousness of all that has transpired during the past two days, says that he was the one to take the message and that he is the hero. Only one other man knows the truth; but he is killed.

Thus at home again, the older man, quite unconscious of the truth is hailed as a hero, while the flag lieutenant is branded as a coward—the rumor having arisen that he

hid in an embrasure during the battle. He is threatened with absolute disgrace, the loss of his girl and general disaster. He can say nothing to defend himself as it would involve the exposure of his friend. The surprise ending is a totally unexpected one—no, the older man does not slip on a banana peel and get his memory back!—and gives a pleasant fillip to the conclusion.

But the action is too slow. The ideas too forced. The scenes in the fort are very amateurish in their execution and direction. One feels too much as if one were watching a talented group of home talent put on a play under difficult circumstances. Henry Edwards, who plays the rôle of the flag lieutenant directed the picture; and I have yet to see a film in which this practice had any sort of success—except in a Von Stroheim film.

"Between Fighting Men"—A very entertaining Western picture with the usual ingredients, fine riding, much shooting and fighting, and some good comedy touches besides.

"Come on Tarzan"—Good outdoor entertainment, about a remarkable stallion, and a man's fight to save the wild horses of the range. Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan, are as good as ever.

"Evenings for Sale"—A somewhat misleading title for a sweet romantic story, in which a charming young Austrian aristocrat becomes a gigolo in the night club of his butler. The rather silly, sentimental, rich American widow, charmingly played by Mary Boland, shows up as a lovable and genuine person who plays fairy godmother to the boy and his love affairs as well as his fortunes.

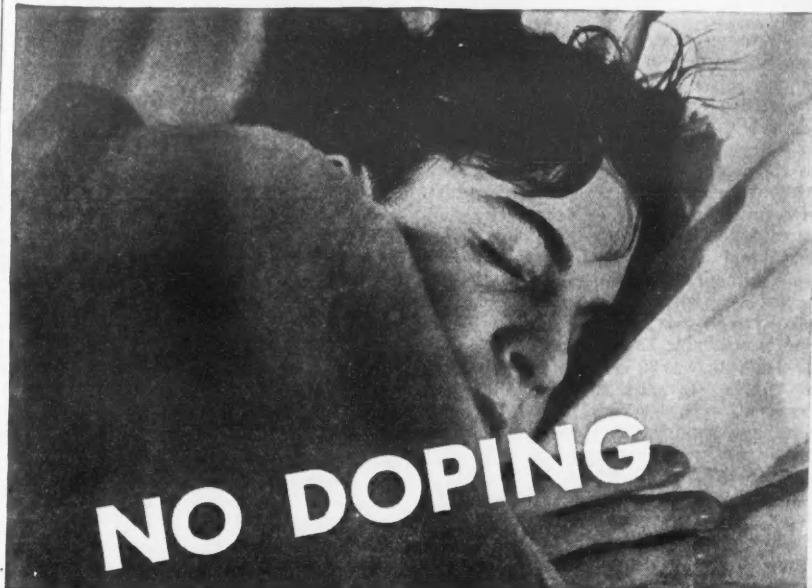
"He Learned About Women"—Highly amusing comedy about a young bookworm who is left many millions and goes out to learn about life. The acting of both the principals is excellent.

"Heritage of the Desert"—A Zane Grey story of the West in 1890 with the usual riding and shooting combined with the love and hate interest. Well produced and should appeal to the entire family.

"Love's Contract"—Gay English comedy. "Maid of the Mountains"—Good light entertainment. This is a free adaptation of the musical play, with far more dialogue than in the original. The orchestral accompaniment is effective. The comedy element is excellent, and the picture is lavishly staged.

"Once in a Lifetime"—Merry farce-comedy about three ham vaudevillians who crash Hollywood and end up in positions of high authority. Hilarious satire on movie people and methods, thoroughly funny throughout. Some excellent character work.

---Z-Z-Z-Z-Z



● Go to sleep in a jiffy; try this wonderful, safe, new method

If you lie awake at night, twisting and tossing, and yearn for something which will bring you sleep's sweet oblivion—here's news!

Nothing habit-forming—no dope—nothing to swallow which threatens increased weight—just a soothing, natural, easy treatment and

9 out of 10 report relief!

Several thousand have now used Absorbine Jr. for insomnia—and 9 out of 10 say it brings them deep, calm, restful sleep.

Here's how to try it. Just before you get in bed, pour a little Absorbine Jr. in

the palm of your hand. Then rub it on the back of the neck—with firm, steady strokes away from the brain.

Drowsiness comes quickly

Stretch out in bed. Relax. Breathe with long, slow rhythm like a person in slumber. Absorbine Jr. works quickly. Nerves lose their tension. Before you know it, you drift into deep, refreshing sleep.

Let us prove that Absorbine Jr. can do this for you—at our expense. Send in the coupon below, and we'll give you enough for a good night's sleep with our compliments. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle.

ABSORBINE JR.

(MADE IN CANADA)

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions. Used by millions for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

W. F. Young, Inc.
Lyman Bldg., Montreal

Please send me a free sample of Absorbine Jr.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Province.....



"Rome Express" opens a new chapter in British film history and has an all-star cast. Above are a group of characters in the drama, set on the train from Paris to Rome—the crook, the lover, the bore, the press agent, the spinster, the secretary, the wife, the detective.

It's easy to make rich, thick soup

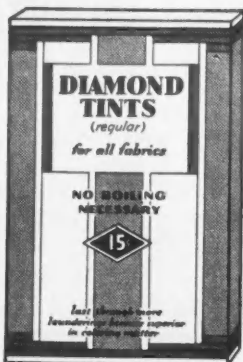
Just add some Symington's Pea Flour a few minutes before the Soup is ready to serve. This more than trebles the food value and gives a delicious savory flavor.

(Obtainable at all leading stores)

SYMINGTON'S PEA FLOUR

HIGH PRESSURE
STEAM PREPARED

Distributors: W. G. PATRICK & CO. LTD., 51/3, Wellington St. W., Toronto.
W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOUROUGH, ENGLAND.



A delightful
NEW experience
for you!

tinting with the NEW DIAMOND TINTS

NO BOILING NECESSARY

- You've never seen such lovely lustrous colors—all the popular new shades!
- You've never seen colors last through so many launderings!

At all druggists

Made by the makers of Diamond Dyes

A Flowering Window Box

THE window box was first designed to serve as a substitute on a small scale for the garden which many flower-loving women of the cities cannot have. But the time has gone by for such a narrow limitation. Not satisfied with flowers in the open ground, we want them near where we can see and admire them all the year round.

The window box is a convenient way of growing house plants, where there are only ordinary windows to accommodate them. The box may be made to fit the window and fastened securely to it, either with brackets underneath or with legs. It needs substantial support as the quantity of earth required is a great weight when wet.

Ready-to-use metal boxes are very handy and satisfactory, but they are not so attractive as simple boxes made of wood and finished to match the standing woodwork of the room. If hardwood boxes are too expensive, make them of cheaper wood and cover them with the paper or wood pulp that comes in all natural hardwood finishes. It is simply pasted on the boxes, and when dry should be given a coat of sizing glue. When that is dry, a coat of varnish should be added.

A pretty window box can be made from a cheese box, cut down a couple of inches, covered with the paper in imitation of hardwood, supplied with legs or mounted on a small lamp stand. Or it could be enamelled white or green, and filled with blooming tulips or narcissi, or given over to ferns, asparagus, vines and the like.

FLOWERS, like babies, grow best with loving care. When grown in boxes they require a great deal of water, and it is best to choose varieties that develop rapidly and bloom constantly. Many flowers adapt themselves to window-box growing, but no flowers so well withstand the heat and dust of our living rooms as geraniums. It is by no means necessary that they be the common type. The Lady Washington geraniums are far more beautiful and even more prolific in their bloom.

Heliotrope, the sweetest of all flowers, blooms freely in any sunny window, if precautions are taken to spray or wet the foliage every day. Without this refreshing bath the foliage will curl up and die and its buds blast.

The carnation is an excellent plant for the sunny window, but must be sprayed for the red spider.

The fuchsia is an excellent plant for the sunny window, but must be sprayed for the red spider.

The fuchsia does well if not exposed to strong light. An east window is best.

Petunias bloom freely, and are excellent for window boxes.

The most common arrangement of flowers in a window box is: nasturtiums in the rear of the box with a middle planting of geraniums, petunias, verbenas, Phlox Drummondii, and a front planting of sweet Alyssum, lobelia or some other trailer.

The outside north window that, to many, would seem especially undesirable for plants, will often develop the most interesting boxes. Hardier varieties of cultivated ferns; blooming or fibrous-rooted begonias; asparagus fern, especially A. Sprengerii; various impatiences; the trailing fuchsia; variegated Wandering Jew, and palm grass with its long curved leaves, are most attractive. The pansy, too, will do well in a north window.

Coleus in contrasting colors is very attractive. The effect of scarlet and yellow coleus is as brilliant as that of a variety of flowers. Scarlet coleus and golden feather are very effective. Coleus, upright and dusty miller, spreading, make a good combination. Scarlet salvia and trailing abutilon eclipse—green and gold variegated—are extremely effective. Any other plant with striking foliage would be pretty.

COLDS? ...not one all winter



You know how easily babies catch cold ... and how hard it is for them to lose one! This little champion is just over a year old, and he has gone all winter without a cold. His teeth are coming in fine. He gains weight regularly. He has enjoyed a fine winter; he has the disposition of an angel. Lucky? Perhaps ... but his mother has been extremely careful. Ever since her doctor told her to, she has been giving her baby daily doses of Scott's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil.

There's vitamin A in Scott's Cod Liver Oil. This protects children and adults alike. It helps build up their resistance to such common infections as winter colds. And Scott's Cod Liver Oil contains vitamin D, too ... the vitamin that assists children's growth. It helps insure good, strong teeth and straight, sturdy bones.

It has been found that a satisfactory dose of ordinary cod liver oil is three teaspoonfuls per day. But Scott & Bowne have produced a Norwegian Cod Liver Oil of extra-high vitamin potency. Two teaspoonfuls daily of Scott's Cod Liver Oil yields more of vitamins A and D than three teaspoonfuls of ordinary cod liver oil.

So in giving your baby Scott's Cod Liver Oil, you are fortifying him with extra vitamin strength ... and at the same time are using the dependable, pure, economical, and convenient source of those invaluable vitamins A and D.



Available at all drug stores in three convenient sizes (plain and flavoured) at 35c, 60c and \$1.00.

Made by Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Canada

Sales Representatives, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

Scott's Cod Liver Oil



Hair OFF

Unloved Face Lips Chin I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face ... unloved ... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids ... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 93-95 Church Street, Dept. 20K, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

40 PIECE JIG SAW PUZZLE FREE

Brocks have prepared a striking 40-piece puzzle, in full color, showing the picture of (but that would be telling, and it's more fun when you don't know the design). Truly it is a fascinating puzzle— heaps of fun for the children, and for their parents, too! And it's free for the asking. Just a goodwill gift from Brocks-Bird Seed. Send the coupon today.

FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY

With this Tricky, Fascinating
JIG SAW PUZZLE

Who just doesn't love to do Jig Saw Puzzles! It's the popular craze—matching your wits against the elusive pieces, as you fit them together to complete the design.

and a chance TO WIN A FREE CANARY



Closes April 17th
Winners will be
announced in leading
city newspapers
April 29th

150 CANARIES GIVEN AWAY

In addition to your getting this Puzzle absolutely free—everyone has a chance to win one of the 150 Canaries FREE. No money—no conditions—except sending in the coupon and agreeing to the decision. As coupons or letters come in, they will be tied in bundles. Then, when the Contest closing date is passed, a member of Nicholson & Brock Limited, who are awarding 150 Canaries Free, will draw at random one coupon from every one of the bundles, until 150 names have been drawn. To each person whose name is thus drawn, Brocks will send, absolutely FREE, a fine singing Canary. Only one name permitted to each home.

MAIL COUPON for PUZZLE
It entitles you to a chance to win
a SINGING CANARY

BROCK'S BIRD SEED

Messrs. NICHOLSON & BROCK, LTD.
125 George Street, Toronto 2. 337
Please send me FREE the BROCK'S JIG
SAW PUZZLE, as offered, also enter my
name in the Draw for a Free Canary.

Name.....

Address.....

Trip To England At 86

Not so very long before she made a trip from Vancouver to London, England, this woman of 86 was almost helpless with rheumatism. Her daughter tells how she was able to make such a journey:—

"Some years ago my mother was a martyr to rheumatism, and could not get about without the use of two sticks. She was told of Kruschen Salts and decided to try them. After taking one bottle she found great relief, and after two bottles was able to walk without the aid of sticks. She has never been without Kruschen since, and takes a small dose two or three times a week. She is still able to travel and go about, although she was 89 last February. Indeed, at 86 she travelled the double journey between Vancouver and London, England. She has recommended Kruschen to many people who have also found benefit from it."—K. B. L.

What a lesson there for the younger folk! Why should anyone suffer from unfitness, rheumatism, constipation, backache—after reading this woman's letter? What Kruschen can do for a woman of advanced age, it can surely do for you.

COUGHING AT NIGHT

What a hideous experience—unable to sleep—your throat sore and raw with coughing—lying hour after hour with your cough getting steadily worse.

You know you're in for a spell of serious illness with time lost from work, unless you do something to stop the wracking cough and get some sound sleep.

To provide against such an emergency always have a bottle of Pertussin in the house. Pertussin is effective in checking a cough. It soothes the inflamed throat, loosens the phlegm and promotes expectoration.

Unlike many cough mixtures which suppress the cough by means of dope or harsh ingredients only to have it break out again worse than ever, Pertussin is absolutely safe and free from harmful drugs of any kind.

For more than 20 years, doctors all over the world have prescribed Pertussin for children's bronchitis and whooping cough, and for adults as well.

You will like Pertussin. Get a bottle of Pertussin from any druggist. Write to Pertussin Limited, 255 Atlantic Avenue, Montreal, and a trial bottle will be mailed you free.



"Let them know
I have
**GRAY
HAIR?**

I should say NOT!"

Why give anybody a chance to think you are older than you are? It's easy to bring warm, even color to gray streaks. Comb clear, water-white liquid through hair and lustrous color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde... Dainty to use. Hair stays soft—takes wave or curl. Washes without fading. Entirely SAFE. Millions know Mary T. Goldman's. Ask for it by name at your drug or department store. Test it **FREE**—Send for Free Test Outfit. Try on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Mail coupon.

—MARY T. GOLDMAN—
8573 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City....., Prov.....
Color of your hair?.....

Good Maids and Their Mistresses Nation-wide Comment

(Continued from page 13)

trying to do by encouraging the discussion from every angle. I was so attracted to this magazine and the breezy Canadian spirit which seems to permeate its pages that I have recently sent my name to be added to their subscription lists.—(Letter to Mr. H. C. Hudson, Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park, Toronto.)

A Manitoba Housewife

The qualifications of a good domestic servant are unquestionably many: Alertness, gentleness, mannerliness, adaptiveness and punctuality, besides the ability to cook, assist with the children, serve correctly, announce and attend guests with graciousness, to say nothing of patience in the monotony of doing the same things over and over again.

The standing of the domestic servant is low because the incentive given for good work is small. Proficiency means leisure hours for the mistress, and should allow time for the domestic help to have outside interests and enjoyments.—P. C., Portage La Prairie.

Good Maids and Their Mistresses Prize-winning Letters

(Continued from page 12)

cannot serve a good meal if it is kept waiting.

K. Marquardt, Ontario: She is systematic. She never fusses. Her dinners and teas, etc., are carefully planned so that nothing need be done in a hurry. She knows exactly what she wants, and once her order is given she never changes it. Thus I need not worry that her social functions will be a failure through my fault.

"Betty," **Saskatchewan:** Servant troubles often arise over the fact that there are no limits to the working hours. It is usually from early morning until late at night. Such is not the case in this house. I have definite working hours, and if it is necessary to work overtime I am given the choice to do so with extra pay, or my mistress will get other help or do the work herself. She is a good mistress because she makes me feel the work is worth while. We are working together toward a definite goal—that of making a happy home where the family would rather be than anywhere else in all the world.

Minnie Kellar, Ontario: My mistress desires her meals on time as well as other work, and is as punctual to them as to any other engagement. What a pleasure it is to know that the meals will never be ruined by waiting!

Freda McArton, Saskatchewan: She plans the smooth running of her household and expects to co-operate with me in the execution of these plans. If the day is an unforeseen failure she regards the misfortune as hers as well as mine. She recognizes that, while the ordering of the household is in her hands, I am as much a

The Supervisor of an Employment Service

Certainly in homes where more than one servant is employed, domestic service may be organized, but in the home of moderate means where there are children, it is impossible. The mistress's and the maid's engagements are sure to clash, and from what I learn from the girls who visit the office, the maids always come off second best, regardless whether it is "afternoon or evening off."

I understand that one objection to uniforms is that the same is worn winter and summer, and is much too heavy for hot weather. The maid, too, is a Jack-of-all-trades. She may be engaged in doing the work that requires the garb of a char, but if the doorbell rings must instantly be converted into a trim, trig maid.

There is no reason why training should not be given in schools, but few girls would take it in preference to training for other professions. Many domestics are in that line because their parents could not afford training. What would these girls do if domestic service were run on a business basis?—M. K., Toronto.

A Professional Man

It is inconceivable that in this day and age, mistresses can be so inconsistent. They give of their time and talent to further the work of various branches of social service, or sit on this board or that; but you never hear of them arranging to "get together" for the solving of their own domestic problems. Yet this is the most important thing they could possibly do, because the resulting happiness would be very far reaching.—H. R., Montreal.

part of the household as the secretary is of an office. I am a satisfied maid.

Betty Giffin, Ontario: Perhaps the nicest thing about my mistress is her voice. I am a cook general, and my mistress does many things about the house. Sometimes we are working together and sometimes she is hostess at a formal dinner and I am serving it, but her voice never changes. She uses an ordinary conversational tone—never domineering or freezingly formal.

Mary Somerville, Alberta: One more point about my mistress is the way she has trained her children to treat me. She sees that they always speak civilly, and of course I do the same. I have been at places where the children addressed me like this: "Hey, cook! Get around and find my shoes. You big clown, you've lost the laces. Get them or I'll yell for ma!" My mistress wouldn't dream of her children speaking to me like that.

Margaret Boyd, Saskatchewan: When my mistress speaks to me, she is no different than when speaking to her finest guest, which makes me feel I will treat her the same. For any extra services or thoughtfulness on my part she shows real pleasure, just as she would to some of her friends for some kindness.

F. T., Toronto: . . . So there has grown up between us a bond of mutual trust and confidence. Convention decrees that I wear a uniform and cap, and call my mistress Madam and the children Master and Miss. I render them this courtesy cheerfully because it adds dignity to my position and concedes the right of my mistress to respectful and courteous address. I surrender nothing in so doing, but play up to the position assumed by the bravest girl and the most courageous man I know. Yes! I have a good mistress.

Marjorie Baxter, Ontario: My mistress met me with a kind word and a pleasant smile and I knew that both were sincere. I was shown to a bright little room, fresh and clean and oh, but the tears were near when I saw on my table a bowl of pansies.



It will be seen . . .
It must be clean!

ARE you embarrassed by an unsightly toilet-bowl, when guests go to your bathroom? Do you wash and scrub, but never get it clean? Try Sani-Flush! It cleans without scrubbing and scouring. Ugly stains, odors, and germs go. Porcelain shines like new! Even the trap, which no brush can reach, loses all its danger.

Sani-Flush is easy to use. Sprinkle a bit in the bowl (follow directions on the can)—flush—and the toilet is clean, fit to be seen! Stains, odors, and germs disappear. Sani-Flush can't injure plumbing!

At grocery, drug, and hardware stores, 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Another use for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)

Sani-Flush
CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS
WITHOUT SCOURING

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.



Stuffed up
inside?

Feen-a-mint is the answer. Cleansing action of smaller doses effective because you chew it. At your druggists—the safe and scientific laxative.

Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION

Price 15 cents

No. 41 — A good, sturdy little coat with pleats at centre-back. The collar may be rolled to form revers. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 54 inch material.

No. 1083 — A charming little style which can be worn with or without the jacket. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards for skirt, 1 yard for blouse, and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards for jacket, all 35 inch material.

No. 1074 — Nothing nicer than a jumper-frock for school. And they're so very fashionable just now. Sleeves may be either long or short. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards for jumper frock, and $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards for blouse, both 35 inch material.

No. 1046 — A jacket-frock in tailored suit style would be ideal for cool spring days. The frock is short-sleeved and collarless with a pointed hip-yoke and flared skirt. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54 inch material.

No. 8265 — Flowers riot happily over this little frock (Brentmore broadcloth). Tucks at the front, and scalloped yoke, cuffs and hem, are dainty fashion details. Matching bloomers are included in the pattern. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 35 inch material.

No. 79 — Does she need a new spring coat? Here's one with simple lines which belts snugly round the waist. Sizes 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54 inch material.

AND PRETTY NEW CLOTHES FOR THE CHILDREN

These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering patterns name the number and size of the style desired.



No. 56 — A smock is such a handy thing to slip on in the house or at the office. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 40 and 44 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material.

No. 745 — This tailored type of kimono is a never-ending joy in one's leisure hours. It is so trimly comfortable to wear. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35 inch material.

Price 15 cents

No. 22 — When small daughter graduates from sleepers, these two-piece pyjamas are just the thing — very gay in a new Brentmore broadcloth print. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material. The prints on these pages are from some of the Canadian cottons.

No. 90 — A fitted princess slip which "stays put" beneath one's frocks and doesn't hump up or twist around. There is plenty of fullness in it, too, despite its slim lines. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 46 inches. Size 36 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 96 — Charming pyjamas suitable for either sleeping or lounging. They are tied at the shoulder, the trousers joining the bodice beneath the sash. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

SPRING BRINGS THE NEED OF NEW "UNDIES"—

These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering patterns name the number and size of the style desired.

Six
New Chatelaine
Styles
adapted from the
Smartest
Parisian Models

Price 15 cents

No. 1081 — Very new and very different, this version of the famous jumper-frock. The blouse buttons up trimly front and back, but the belt blossoms into a bow, echoing the mood of the sleeve tops. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards for dress and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards for blouse, both 39 inch material.

No. 1079 — Some of the new printed silks and synthetic silks are delightful this year. They would make up charmingly in this style which again stresses large puff sleeve-tops reminiscent of the old "leg o'mutton." Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 39 inch material.

No. 1082 — Here's a frock which proves one can be both dashing and demure. The sleeves are given a somewhat different treatment; the yoke and front insert, all in one, buttons neatly at the back in the form of a belt. The high, scalloped collar is a particularly smart gesture. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 39 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39 inch material.



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The Mood of Spring

No. 8235 — Always you'll find the bolero effect coming back into periodic favor. This is a particularly happy adaptation. Buttons accent the pretty line, and continue very effectively down the shaped yoke of the skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 1075 — There are so many occasions on which a hostess gown like this is just the right thing to wear. Its graceful, flowing lines are charming for both young and older women. Black satin with a hint of pale contrast in lining and buttons is most effective. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 44 inches. Size 36 requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 1076 — Light-weight wool, so popular for spring wear, is used in contrasting weaves for this attractive town and country frock. Bows at neckline and wrist are a provocative touch. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards for skirt, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards for waist, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for bows and cuffs — all 39 inch material.



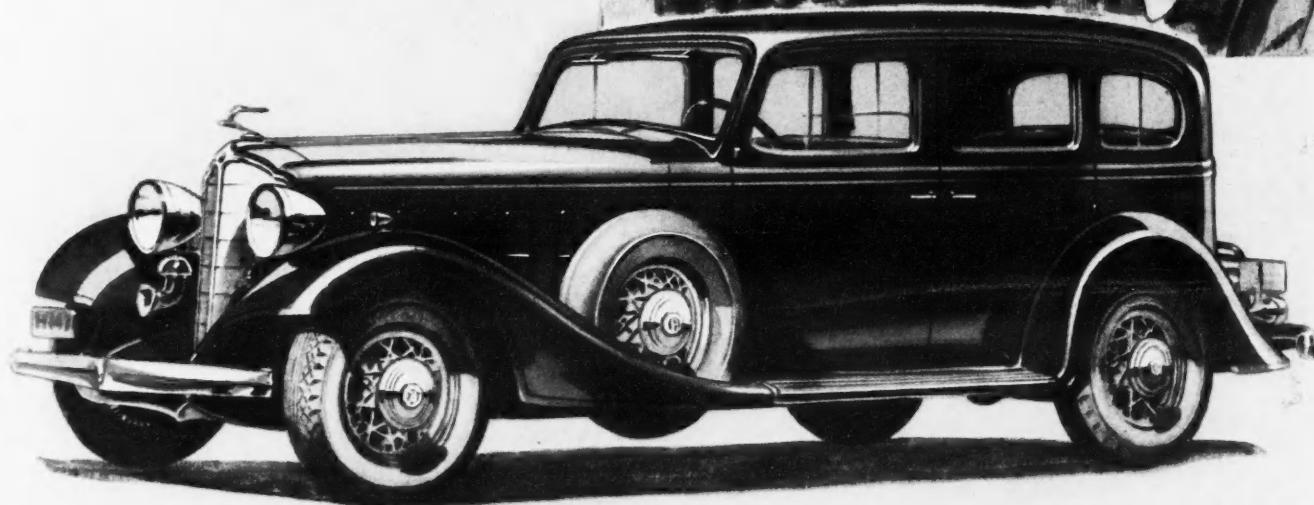
8235

1075

1076

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"We're choosing the New McLaughlin-Buick for More and Better Miles"



CANADA is coming to see the new McLaughlin-Buick—and staying to buy. "The finest McLaughlin-Buick ever built", people say. Others: "It's our choice for More and Better Miles".

The reasons are many: The new McLaughlin-Buicks are bigger and smarter than ever. They have new bodies by Fisher—two inches lower—with distinctive Wind-Stream Styling. They also offer that outstanding new development, Fisher No-Draft Ventilation—permitting each passenger to have all the fresh air he desires without danger of drafts to other occupants.


The great comfort, physical and mental, of McLaughlin-Buick ownership is even farther advanced by roomier

interiors... Automatic Shock Absorbers... new X-type frame... engine cushioned in rubber... and Safety Glass. The new McLaughlin-Buick is even easier to drive, because of Push-Button Starter... refined Automatic Clutch with silent second gear... and smoother brakes.

But see and drive the new McLaughlin-Buick—make yourself the judge of its exceptional *dollar value*. For this fine, big car costs very little more per month than smaller automobiles, on the GMAC plan. And proved ability to give More and Better Miles makes McLaughlin-Buick a truly economical and satisfying motor car investment.

NEW MCLAUGHLIN-BUICK EIGHTS

PRODUCED IN CANADA

OWN THE  CAR THE WORLD RESPECTS

This Month With Our Advertisers

THOSE who are in the know are fond of saying that if a writer is really interested in his subject it must show in the writing.

I hope you're finding it so with this monthly chat about the advertisements which are such an integral part of our magazine; for while most jobs which have to be performed month after month become monotonous, I always find a fresh interest in the surprises that lie in the page proofs of each issue. Who, I wonder, are the newcomers? Who has done something quite unusual? What are old friends doing with their space this month?

Since you have always shown a partiality for babies on the cover, you'll certainly share my pleasure in the dark-eyed baby who makes the first Carnation Milk page such a charming addition to the issue. Notice that he has the traditional "one shoe off and one shoe on!"

With this greeting to a very delightful baby, let's go adventuring among the advertising columns and see, to begin with, how photographs have been used this month. There is an infinite variety of them, all with the one object—that of attracting your attention.

There's a photograph that will make us all squirm with sympathy in the Pepsodent Antiseptic ad; and a prettily posed mother and child for Vicks VapoRub. There's a clever modernistic effect attained by Italian Balm for its suggestion to "working hands"—yours and mine! The camera has been used to catch a social group and emphasize their smart hands for Cutex Liquid Polish, and to portray with an attractive detail the delicious meal for fifty-three cents described in Heinz's ad for their cooked spaghetti.

I appreciate the simplicity that makes the most of every inch in the Tek toothbrush ad—every word is important and caught at a glance; and I liked the touch of humor in the "snore-sounds" that Absorbine Jr. have used with their sleeper's photograph.

More photographic effects are used in the page for Libby's Sauer Kraut—a forceful presentation of a popular food. It will be interesting to watch how the grocers everywhere will co-operate with Libby's during their Sauer Kraut week beginning on March the 6th, when special values will be offered throughout the country. For this type of tie-up between a national magazine and the nation's stores in cities, towns and villages, is always thoroughly effective.

We mustn't miss the photograph that shows Miss Loughton's mystery cake being turned on to its rack in the Magic Baking Powder page. I understand that thousands upon thousands of women are responding to these unusual contests, showing how interested women are in ideas that follow their own line of daily work.

Fun to make the cake—and then get the whole family suggesting a name that captures its particular individuality!

EVERY ONE of us will pause in appreciation at the very fine photographs used for Moffat's electric ranges. These are beautifully posed and presented, with the larger one illustrating the heading directly, and the smaller one making a very dramatic thing of one of the ranges. And if all the effects of modernistic lighting and shading are used for a movie star's picture, why not for a stove's?

Pond's have taught us to expect photographs of lovely women in their page—and psychologists will tell you that all women like to look at pictures of their beautiful sisters, whether in envy or appreciation. Before we leave this brief summary, do look at the realistic grin of the youngster in the Scott's Cod Liver Oil ad—and the pretty girl laughing in the rain for Colgate's toothpaste. The Dominion Life Assurance strikes a new note in insurance copy with a scene that tugs at every woman's imagination—that magical moment of walking up the gang-plank bound for a glamorous holiday! You'll find many more arresting photographic presentations in this issue, but unfortunately I cannot talk about them all here.

FOR WITH SPRING around the corner, and homes demanding refurbishing and brightening up for happier days ahead, it is time to watch particularly for advertising suggestions that will help us. Especially in these days when prices are so satisfactorily low.

One charming scheme for a gay little breakfast nook is suggested in the page for Dominion Inlaid Linoleum. There's a real color inspiration in this page—and don't you like the shelf arrangement? . . . Old English Wax brings a touch of humor to the illustration in their advertisement. By the way, a practical article on the care of floors is scheduled for the April issue. You'll find it helpful, I hope.

Congoleum Gold Seal rugs bring a beautifully colored presentation of a room with the new "Sahara" design in the rug, and of that happy moment in any home when the new rug is laid, and one steps back in pleased delight at the startling change it has made in the room.

And more and more! This issue is crammed with effective advertisements, with special offers, with free booklets and samples. For since *Chatelaine's* ambition is to prove a veritable textbook for modern home-makers, we try to give every sort of help and inspiration both in the editorial and advertising columns.

Byrne Hops Sanders.

Chatelaine's

March, 1933

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Compiled as a convenience to the readers of *Chatelaine*; this index is not guaranteed against occasional error or omission, but the greatest care is taken to ensure accuracy.



THE TEST

that proves the money-saving value and safety of Old Dutch Cleanser

The "safety test" is simple to make, but proves facts of great importance. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the porcelain drainboard of your sink and rub with a smooth coin. You won't feel or hear any scratchy, destructive grit as in ordinary cleansers, because there is none in Old Dutch. It is safe. Its particles are flaky and flat-shaped  and leave a clean smooth surface. This  shows how grit particles act . . . avoid them.

You get your money's worth when you use Old Dutch Cleanser because there are so many more particles of actual cleaning material in each package. Ounce for ounce it does more square yards of cleaning than anything else, and therefore, costs less to use. It cleans quicker, doesn't clog drains; is kind to the hands. Unsurpassed for tile, porcelain and enamel, for polishing metals or scrubbing the kitchen floor. It's the only cleanser you need in your home.

Doesn't Scratch



This is the Old Dutch Rubber Cleaning Sponge. Convenient and practical. A little Old Dutch and this sponge do a quick, thorough cleaning job. An attractive bathroom accessory. Send for it today. Mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch Cleanser label for each sponge.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER,
Dept. 80, 64 Macaulay Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____

MADE IN CANADA